Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 18, 1972 80 CENTS

DALLAS SCRAMBLES TO STAY ON TOP

COWBOY WALT GARRISON

PRO FOOTBALL

LEVI'S

The Marlboro Stetson. The Stetson has been the Westerner's crowning glory for over 100 years. The custom Marlboro Stetson has a 3½-inch brim and is handcrafted fur felt. $15.00

Size: Reg. Oval: 6⅝, 6¾, 6⅞, 7, 7⅛, 7¼, 7⅜, 7½
Long Oval: 6⅞, 7, 7⅛, 7¼, 7⅜, 7½. Color: Silver.

Marlboro Zippo® Lighter. The windproof Zippo®, specially engraved with a mustang roundup scene from Marlboro Country. $3.00

Colorful, handwoven Klagetoh double-saddle blanket. The Klagetoh Blanket, handwoven in a style and pattern made famous in the Klagetoh Indian area of Southeastern Arizona. The blanket is 100% wool.
Size: 31" x 62". $57.00

Marlboro Cookout Outfit: Apron, Branding Iron and Chuckwagon Cookbook. The cookout apron is rugged Naugahyde® imprinted with the brands of famous Western ranches. The branding iron lets you brand your steaks rare, medium, or well-done. The Marlboro Cookbook features 28 chuckwagon recipes that capture all the flavor of Marlboro Country. $3.50

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kings 19 mg. tar, 1.3 mg nicotine—
100's 20 mg. tar, 1.5 mg nicotine—Lights 13 mg. tar, 1.1 mg nicotine—
Menthol 18 mg. tar, 1.2 mg nicotine—av. per cigarette. FTC Report Apr. '72

Western Chamois Shirt. Chamois, the leather that's about as soft as leather can get. This particular chamois shirt has been tailored in a traditional Western cut. $75.00. Sizes: Small (14½-32), Medium (15½-33), Large (16½-34), X Large (17-35)

The famous "Marlboro Coat" A Western Classic. Soft hide sheepskin on the outside. Inside, a fleece lining for warmth. The cuffs turn up for sleeve-length adjustment. Rolled leather toggle buttons. $225.00

Color: Antelope brown. Even sizes only Men's 36 to 46. Ladies' 10 to 18

ı Coffee Cups. A coffee ugh to hold a man's cup 0 full ozs. The cups are ıamel. Set of four: $2.50

The Marlboro Country Store

Maybe you're one of the many people who have written to us over the years, asking if you could buy some of the things you've seen in Marlboro Country.

Our leather vests, for instance.

Or the famous Marlboro Coat.

Until now, we've had to say no. Because these were mostly specialty items, not generally available in stores.

But this year we've rounded up 14 items—some in limited quantities—and put them under one roof in a place we call the Marlboro Country Store.

Just turn the page and c'mon inside.

THE MISFITS

LEVI'S GENTLEMAN'S JEANS: WHEREVER A MISFIT NEEDS AN EXTRA INCH, THEY'VE GOT AN EXTRA INCH.

You say, "I'm not built for jeans anymore."

We say, "You're right—so we've built special jeans for you."

They're called Levi's Gentleman's Jeans. And they're Fuller-Cut at the thigh and seat. For more room to sit, squat, kneel, and cross your legs. With no chance of "stretched seat," "puckered seams," or "abominable abdomen."

In other words, Levi's Gentleman's Jeans are the casual pants you'll actually feel casual in.

Casual *and comfortable*. Because in addition to their exceptional fit, Gentleman's Jeans are available in an equally exceptional fabric: Avondale Dura-Twill.

Dura-Twill is a real paradox. Strong and durable. Yet soft and pliable. You'll find it's as suitable for mowing the back yard as sinking a long putt on the 18th at Pebble. (By the way—Dura-Twill is Sta-Prest.® We've seen pairs that have been worn and machine washed 25 times. It's hard to tell them from new.)

Not built for jeans? Wrong. There's just never been jeans built for you. But now that there are, you might as well make yourself comfortable. With Levi's Gentleman's Jeans.

The words Levi's and Sta-Prest are registered trademarks of Levi Strauss & Co. San Francisco, Cal.

Original Lithographs by famous Western Artist. Tom Ryan is nationally known for his realistic portrayal of the Western ranch scene. Many of his pictures now hang in the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City. Through an exclusive arrangement with Mr. Ryan, we're able to offer two of his lithographs in editions of 100, each signed by Mr. Ryan and numbered. Size 12¼" x 17⅜", black and white. First-come, first-serve basis. Please indicate choice by name: "Soakin' Up" or "Leading the Remuda" $125 00 each

Solid Brass Buckle and Latigo Leather Belt. These four buckles are believed to be made from plates that date back to 1852. You have a choice of four subjects: Dog Guarding Strongbox; Wells and Fargo; Train Robbery; Stagecoach. Because supply is limited, please give 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th choices.

The belt is tough latigo harness leather, hand-stained a deep antique color. 1¾" width. Adjustable. $32.50

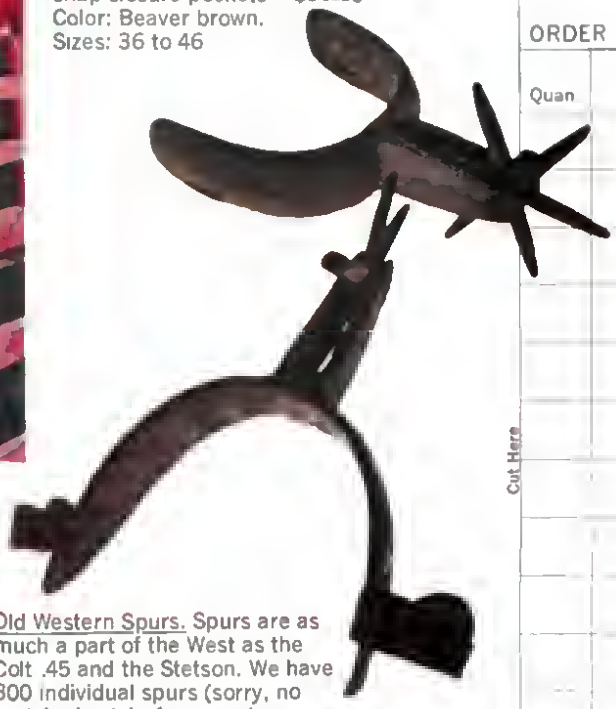
Professional Plymouth Lariat. Stretched, singed, hand-rubbed, and ready to use This 33-thread silk Manila lariat is one of the finest handling ropes around. $10.00

Rare Horsehair Hat Bands. Southwestern Indians have rediscovered the painstaking craft of plaiting horsehair into hat bands. The bands are available for the first time in many years. $6.00

Rancher's Rugged Boot Scraper. Galvanized iron, made to last. For those bad weather days. $5.00

If order form has been removed, please enclose two end labels from any pack or box of Marlboro, along with your check or money order, with your order, payable to: The Marlboro Country Store, P.O. Box 6666 Westbury, New York 11590 (Offer expires Feb. 28, 1973, or while supply lasts.) Offer available only to persons 21 years of age or over.

Cowhide Vest. Men's extra-long, work-grade cowhide vest. Rayon lined with full kidney flap and snap-closure pockets $30.00
Color: Beaver brown.
Sizes: 36 to 46



Old Western Spurs. Spurs are as much a part of the West as the Colt .45 and the Stetson. We have 300 individual spurs (sorry, no matched sets) of varying type and design . . . some dating back to the early days of the West.
$3.00 each

Whatever your brand of flavor, you'll find it in Marlboro Country.

The Marlboro Country Store

ORDER FORM

Cut Here

Quan	Name of item Size and other specifications	Price each	Total Price

If nobody bothered to warn you, you'd be proud to send your kids to the Happy Clown Day Care Center.

Forget what you see.

The most important part of a day care center is the one part that can't be faked and glossed over with bright paint and papier-maché.

That part is what's inside.

If it's a good day care center, inside it'll have qualified teachers. An adult volunteer staff, and a program for parent involvement.

It might have someone who knows what to feed kids to keep them healthy. And someone to care for them when they're not.

Inside it'll have affection, too. Kids seem to thrive on that.

Without at least a few of these things, a day care center is only a hollow shell. Something that can do a kid more harm than good.

That's Metropolitan Life's concern. The children. So we've prepared a booklet for parents called "Day Care: What and Why."

Right now in this country there are 5 million kids under age six whose mothers hold jobs. Quality day care would be good for all kinds of kids, including many of these 5 million. Yet only 700,000 spaces in licensed group care centers are currently available.

A word of caution, however.

Even worse than no day care centers at all would be lots of well meaning but inadequate ones. Those years a child spends in a day care center are few but vitally important to his future. More than half of everyone's learning ability is developed before school age.

If you're as concerned as we about day care centers being good ones, send for our free booklet. Write: Day Care, Metropolitan Life, One Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. Or call your local Metropolitan office.

Don't put it off. It's something we think a lot of kids can't do without.

Metropolitan Life

We sell life insurance.
But our business is life.

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"With Mitchum's power spray, I can even skip a day and still feel absolutely dry."

Bob Griese
QB Miami Dolphins

You can take it from Bob Griese who's an expert at calling plays--Mitchum's exclusive power spray is a power play against problem perspiration. It's *the* anti-perspirant that holds the line when the going gets tough. In fact, if you visit any locker room in the National Football League, you'll find Mitchum right there.

MITCHUM. NOW IN EVERY LOCKER ROOM IN THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

Sug. price $3.50
Unscented
and Scented
4.5 oz. Spray

Official Locker Room Product

Also available in Canada

Contents

SEPTEMBER 18, 1972 *Volume 37, No. 12*

Cover photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

A Sanctuary Violated: Munich 1972

24 *Cruel death, unwarranted war invade the Olympics*

27 *That terrible Tuesday: an athlete's point of view*

28 *Almost an afterthought: results from the Games*

32 Young Harmon Makes His Mark

From Hollywood comes Mark Harmon, who made Old 98 proud by quarterbacking UCLA to victory over Nebraska

34 Still Blushing at the Face-off

Canada's humiliation deepened as Russia proved its hockey superiority through a full week of play

36 Nasty Heads the Boom at the Top

Forest Hills showed that if no one man dominates tennis, Ilie Nastase is now a lot more equal

Pro Football: the New Season

46 *It is time to take stock of the game, says Tex Maule*

52 *National East* 60 *American East*

54 *National Central* 66 *American Central*

58 *National West* 68 *American West*

70 *It is time, too, for a look at The Boomer, pro tackle*

116 *And, finally, to know what Dallas' Tom Landry is about*

109 Two Men on a Horse—One at a Time

Levi's Ride and Tie race drew a strange bunch of contenders in a new contest straight out of the Old West

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Credits on page 139

Next week

THE RED SOX—can they make it? An inquiry into the breathless deeds of Yaz & Co. and the wild pennant race with Detroit, Baltimore and New York, by William Leggett.

REVENGE is what the Nittany Lions of Penn State will be after when they meet Tennessee, the team that spoiled their undefeated season last year. Roy Blount reports on how they do.

IN A HUNT for the truth about hunting, Spanish philosopher José Ortega y Gasset concludes that the pleasure of the quest is the most appreciated, enjoyable occupation of mankind.

The departments

21 Scorecard

88 Olympic Medal Winners

94 Baseball

99 College Football

102 Golf

109 Horse Racing

139 For the Record

140 19th Hole

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- How Insensitive
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- Love is Blue
- Two for the Road
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- More (Theme from "Mondo Cane")
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- Alone Together
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Enjoy them all for 10 days free... a fabulous collection of all-time great melodies newly recorded as you heard them first, loved them best—now more brilliant than ever in modern stereo.

Now you can actually hear your favorite melodies *just as you remember them* TIME-LIFE RECORDS has re-created each hit tune to capture *in stereo* that magic moment when you first heard it and thought "I really like that!" For that's what musical memories are made of—the heart-tugging nostalgia of the "Song from 'Moulin Rouge,'" the bittersweet joy of young love in "A Summer Place," the Chaplinesque charm of "Poor People of Paris."

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Enjoy Volume One from the "As You Remember Them" series for 10 days FREE. If, within that time, you're not completely delighted, return the volume and owe nothing. Or you may keep Volume One for an unusually low price and we'll enter your subscription for additional volumes in the series. Each of the seven future volumes will come to you on the same try before-you-buy plan at approximately two-month intervals. You are never under any obligation to buy any volume, and you may cancel your subscription whenever you wish.

Act now. All 30 great melodies of Volume One are available on either three stereo LP records, or two 8-track tape cartridges or two tape cassettes. Whichever you choose, a wonderful world of music becomes yours. So return the attached card today. Or fill out and mail the coupon below.

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0508

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Like overzealous trapeze artists, all of us occasionally need saving from ourselves. Around SPORTS ILLUSTRATED the task of providing a strong net for syntactic excess falls to our band of grammatical purists in the Copy Department. It is their job to help editors restrain or rescue writers seized by the irresistible impulse toward cloudy metaphors and faulty antecedents and caution editors whose red pencils go astray.

When Copy Chief Betty DeMeester and her five-person staff are confronted by an issue such as this week's—at 150-plus pages one of the largest in our history—the net gets stretched a little tight, but it rarely collapses. (On top of the sheer volume of material that was processed by the Copy Department for this week's magazine, the chart of Olympic winners beginning on page 88 added its quadrennial complications. DeMeester best summed these up when she began inquiring how one abbreviates Spitz.)

NET-TENDERS DeMEESTER AND HERMAN

Considering the sort of responsibility that is laid on DeMeester's crew each week, it rates a gold for performance—and also for confidence. "We never change anything without an editor's O.K.," says DeMeester, "but on disputed points where we know we are right, we may go to a couple of editors to get it."

Because of the exigencies of events and deadlines, and because they are always among the last to complete work on each issue, the Copy Department is often required to labor odd—some might say weird—hours. DeMeester recalls the round-the-clock stint following the Frazier-Ali fight; she left the office expecting to find that it was still dark outside and was greeted instead by the morning lineup at Radio City Music Hall across the street. "That day was completely turned around," she recalls. "I found myself eating breakfast during the cocktail hour."

What sort of rescue work are DeMeester and her five staff members—Deputy Iris Herman, Deirdre Randall, Robert H. Williams, Lillian Geller and Catherine Ogilvie—required to perform?

"We keep our eyes open for the obvious things, of course—like fullbacks running downfield who 'literally' lose their heads," says Iris Herman. "And little things that slip by because people just know they are right—like the word 'tendonitis,' which is really spelled t-e-n-d-o-n-i-t-i-s."

All of this would seem to indicate that the most valuable asset a copy reader could bring to the job is pedantry. Actually, DeMeester says, she tries to recruit well-rounded, curious and alert people. And good spellers. Especially, good spellers.

"I have a little test I give my applicants," she says, pulling out a list of words. "I've tried this on several of the editors around here. Most of them flunk it."

With malice as the goal, here is an abbreviated list of DeMeester's words, of which three are misspelled:

Privileged
Supersede
Harass
Judgement
Rarefied
Tranquility

If you picked supersede, harass and rarefied as the proper and preferred spellings (and you know what is wrong with the others) you probably belong down there with DeMeester and her friends, holding the net for the rest of us. But only if you can keep your cool at four a.m.

Dick Munro

Sports Illustrated

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Oh, the memories that 20 years can bring. Of home, of family . . . of children growing up. And so many changes that, somehow, familiar things take on a special glow.

Little things. Even the Round thermostat on the wall that helped keep you so comfortable all those years.

The newest one still resembles the original Honeywell Round of nearly a generation ago. Same familiar classic shape.

But with subtle styling refinements. And constantly improved performance for carefree comfort control . . . heating in winter, cooling in summer. Is it any wonder the Round is the world's most popular thermostat?

And it's always around to comfort you any time you buy, build or remodel. So, remember. For lasting quality in comfort control . . . specify the Honeywell Round.

Honeywell
The Automation Company

Generation gap?
JIM BEAM
never heard of it.

Rafer Johnson and Jesse Owens, America's honored athletes.

In 1936, Jesse Owens went to Berlin. He took part in the international sports competition there, and he came home with four gold medals on his chest.

In 1960, almost 25 years later, Rafer Johnson went to Rome for the international sports competition.

And he too came home a champion—winner of a gold medal for the Decathlon, the most gruelling sports event ever devised.

They may be of different generations, these two, but they're of the same determined mind. Both want to do what they do better than anyone else.

The Beams are that way, too.

What they do is distill Kentucky Bourbon. And for six generations now, they've been doing it better than anyone else.

During all that time it's been one family, one formula, one purpose: the world's finest Bourbon.

A proud record. A proud Bourbon. With a rich aroma full of promise. And a taste that's smooth and light and mellow.

Jim Beam. For 177 (177!) years, out in front all the way.

JIM BEAM

The world's finest Bourbon since 1795.

86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY

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Old Gold Filters.
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FILTERS
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Gift Stars
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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '72.

'Tis the Season There is a frost-on-the-pumpkin feeling these days at all National Football League Team Shops. It's that time of year, a time of burnished color, of stadiums come alive with the spectacle of professional football. It is a season of change, of excitement. It is all of that and more. At NFL Team Shops, we are a part of the panorama. We offer quality merchandise that carries the official seal of the NFL, products specialized for identification with your favorite NFL team. Look for us in department stores and chain stores. We help make a good thing even better.

NFL

Photographed in the Highlands outside Dufftown, Scotland.

This wee beastie knew the secret of Grant's 8 Scotch before the Grants did.

In 1885 Major William Grant was looking for a special kind of place to build his new Scotch distillery, with spring water clearer and fresher than anyone else's.

Then someone told him about Robbie Dubh's spring, in the village of Dufftown, where the rugged Highland cattle grazed. For years they had it all to themselves.

The water was perfect. So the Major bought the land, moved the Highland cattle to a new pasture of their own and soon was making the best Scotch whisky you could buy.

Today the icy fresh water of Robbie Dubh's spring is still part of Grant's 8 Scotch. It still helps create the smooth, light, balanced flavor that's mellowed to perfection for eight full years.

And Major Grant's great-grandchildren still give this special blend of Highland and other fine whiskies the kind of personal care and attention that only a family-owned and family-operated business can offer.

That's the secret of Grant's 8 Scotch. And you share it every time you open a bottle.

Grant's 8 Scotch: share our family secret.

Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof. ©1972 William Grant & Sons, Inc., N.Y. Importers. Bottled in Scotland.

CH1

Sears announces Cartridge Television for home or business.

1. Now you can view hundreds of prerecorded programs and feature films in full color, anytime you want.

2. Now you can create your own TV "shows" with your own TV camera—for fun or business.

3. Now you can record important TV programs you would like to see, such as a moon landing, even if you're not home or asleep*—then play them back later.

4. Complete system includes superb color TV console, plus a player-recorder for videotape cartridges. A black-and-white TV camera is optional.

Long awaited, often delayed, cartridge television's move out of the laboratory and into the living room is a reality at last.

Sears Cartridge TV is now available at the larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores.

You must come in for a demonstration.

Cartridge TV goes as far beyond conventional color TV as a complete hi-fi system, with tape deck and record player, goes beyond radio alone.

Simple to operate.

Sears Cartridge TV is an electronic system that lets you play prerecorded images on a normal TV screen.

The prerecorded material can be information of all kinds or packaged entertainment, including some of the best pictures Hollywood ever produced. (See list next page.)

It comes in cartridges which play from about 15 minutes up to 112—nearly two full hours, with no interruptions. You can buy or rent them. Most are in full color.

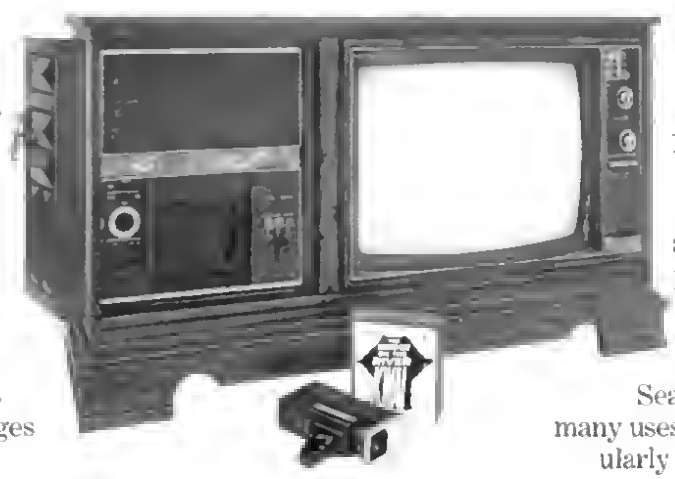
The cartridges are simple to use. They're like audio cassettes. Simply snap them into place. That's it. You're ready! There's no threading or tearing of tape to worry about.

You can also buy blank tape to use with your own special TV camera to shoot your own TV "shows," the same way you now make home movies.

But instead of having to wait days or weeks for development, you can see the playback *in seconds* on your own TV screen.

These blank cartridges can also be used to record important TV programs you would like to see, such as a moon landing—even if you're not home or asleep.* You can play each cartridge up to 100 times.

Or you can erase the tape to use again to record other programs.



Invaluable for businesses.

Sears Cartridge TV has many uses for business, particularly in salesmen training.

CH2

Cartridges are simple to use...they snap in place

Candles out at 1 P.M.

party on TV at home

Set RECORD timer, go out...later, see playback.

By putting salesmen on tape, and showing them the playback on TV, they can then see themselves as others will see them.

They might discover quite a few ways they could improve their "pitch." By shortening it. Organizing it better. Or just by putting some plain "life" into it.

Sears Cartridge TV is also an up-to-date way to present training programs. You can put the entire program on tape. It then has a lasting quality. Should someone miss a point, he can simply play the tape back again. Again and again, as many times as he wishes. Even weeks or months later to help refresh his memory.

Black and white TV [illegible] pounds, comes with 14 [illegible] cord. (Longer length, optional.)

Use Sears Easy Payment Plan.

The complete Sears Cartridge system includes a superb color TV console (25" diagonal measure picture) plus videotape player-and-recorder. Black-and-white TV camera is optional. You can buy it with the system now. Or, if you prefer, at a later date.

You can buy the complete system, or any of the components, on Sears Easy Payment Plan.

Partial list of movies and programs for Sears Cartridge Television:

Enough Sears Cartridge TV entertainment is already available to run nonstop, 24 hours a day, for a month and a half.

Sears list is continuing to grow. A partial list of what's been lined up as this advertisement goes to press:

Movies

Carnal Knowledge
The Anderson Tapes
Dr. Strangelove
Cat Ballou
The Bridge on the River Kwai
The Caine Mutiny
On the Waterfront
Ugly Sonny
It Happened One Night
Carrie's Flower
Divorce Italian Style
Casino Royale
Macbeth
Hamlet
Georgy Girl
Guess Who's Coming to Dinner

Sports

Super Bowl VI
Football Fables
The Wild and Wonderful World of Auto Racing
Louis vs. Schmeling

Sports Instruction

Basketball with Bill Russell
Golf with Gene Littler
Fishing with Gadabout Gaddis

Home Arts & Crafts

Furniture Styles Then and Now
Needlepoint with Erica Wilson
Screen Process Printing

Self-Improvement

Price Stocker's** Guide to Wines
Continental Cuisine

Travel

England & Scotland
Italy
Israel

Music & Theatre

Mario Marcelli
Chicken's Swan Song
Orson Welles' American Heritage
Marty Robbins

Religion

Reinhold and the Bible
The Religious Experience

Education

The Beginning and Development of Life
The Coming of Man

** An original cartridge program

*Recording of programs for private, non-commercial use only

What about service?

Sears Cartridge TV is well past the shakedown stage. Sears knows that it works. Sears Merchandise Development and Testing Laboratories have been analyzing it for over a year.

Sears Cartridge TV can live up to Sears reputation for selling good products that you can depend on.

SEARS GUARANTEE

If, within 90 days, any part or tube should fail due to defects in materials or workmanship, Sears will replace it free. No charge for service, part or tube.

After 90 days, and for up to one year, Sears will replace free any part or tube that fails due to defects in materials or workmanship. However, you pay for installation.

If the picture tube fails due to defects in materials or workmanship at any time for up to *two* years, Sears will replace it free. You pay for installation.

Moreover, Sears services what it sells—and services it no matter where you move in the U.S.A. A point worth considering with so major a purchase as cartridge TV.

What does it all add up to?

Sears Cartridge TV turns your home into an entertainment center and your TV set into your own private TV station where you alone choose what you want to see, when you want to see it. With no interruptions other than those *you* want to make.

"Cartridge television," says *Fortune*, "would seem to coincide with the growing demand of people to do their own thing."

Come in and see how Sears will help you "do your own thing."

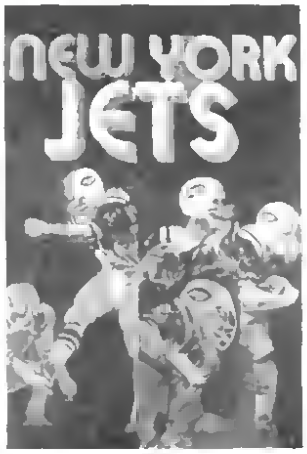
Sears

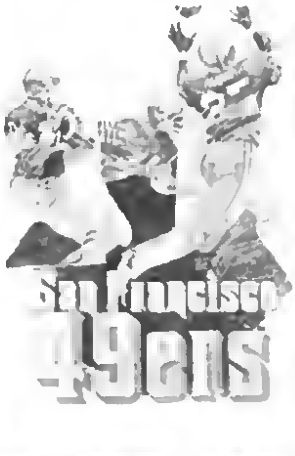
CH3

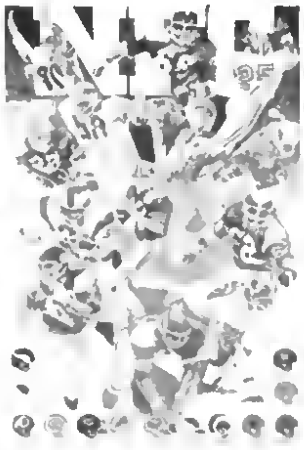
TURN TO OPEN
Tanqueray
IMPORTED
4/5 QUART
94.6 PROOF
Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray
PRONOUNCE IT "TANKER-RAY"
& 80
IN
NEUTRAL SPIRITS 94.6 PROOF IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS LTD. N.

NEW OFFICIAL NFL POSTERS! FOR 1972-73 IN FULL COLOR. $1.00 EACH.

Pick your favorites from all 26 teams and mail coupon now. (Save on any 3, 5 or a full set!)







AFC & NFC CONFERENCE POSTERS NEW FOR THIS YEAR

Big (2 ft. x 3 ft.), bold and beautiful and BRAND NEW FOR 1972-73! Any one $1.00. Any three $2.50 Any five $3.75 Full set of 26 teams plus Team Helmets NFC and AFC Conference posters All 29 posters $15.00 Add 50c postage and handling for each order Name your favorite NFL teams and send check, cash or money order (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) to Official NFL Posters Box 9805 St Paul Minnesota 55195 Don't forget your return address

Remember each team has approved its own poster as best typifying the team's spirit and drive Decorate your room, den, office with one or the full set of 29 in vibrant colors

Get your Official NFL Posters here!

- BEARS
- BENGALS
- BILLS
- BRONCOS
- BROWNS
- CARDINALS
- CHARGERS
- CHIEFS
- COLTS
- COWBOYS
- DOLPHINS
- EAGLES
- FALCONS
- 49 ERS
- GIANTS
- JETS
- LIONS
- OILERS
- PACKERS
- PATRIOTS
- RAIDERS
- RAMS
- REDSKINS
- SAINTS
- STEELERS
- VIKINGS
- OFFICIAL HELMETS
- NFC CONFERENCE
- AFC CONFERENCE
- Full set of 29

Safeco paid the Egans' claim in 45 minutes.
At Safeco, we have a standing goal to make payment in full within five working days from the time our adjuster gets your claim
And as in the case of the Egans (Policy #03151350) we often do better That's why 95 6% of the people who've made claims with us are happy with their settlement
Safeco. Insurance on your car, home, health boat, business, life and everything else you value Your Safeco agent is ready to help He's in the Yellow Pages. Why not phone him today?
Smile, you're with Safeco

Maybe your son shouldn't go to college.

If he's qualified and motivated, and you can afford it, fine.

But getting him into college is no guarantee that everything will be smooth sailing from then on.

High cost of dropping out

Only about half of those who begin as college freshmen ever get a degree. Some lose interest, others simply fail

Whatever the reason, it's an expensive way for you to find out that college isn't for your son

We can help

Let's say your son is bright but not even interested in high school, let alone college But you both know that a good education is essential to his getting a job where he can do the thing he does best.

We can help Because our ITT Educational Services has 29 business and technical schools located in major metropolitan areas

At many, studies may be pursued either during the day or in the evening. And 12 months of study can cost considerably less than nine months of college Costs, naturally, depend on the courses and their length.

Specific career goals

We offer over 40 different courses, ranging from air conditioning, automotive mechanics and data processing to fashion merchandising, secretarial sciences, hotel and motor inn management, and tool and die design. However, not all courses are taught in all schools

Personally rewarding

Each year, over 30,000 young men and women are trained by our business and technical schools Many go on to a lasting, personally rewarding career

Because we've helped them learn to do well the thing they like best.

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, N Y 10022.

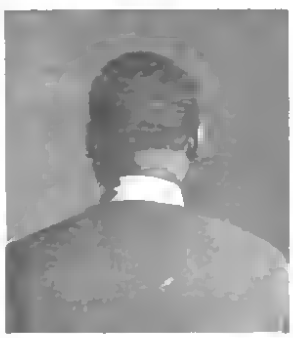
ITT

SERVING PEOPLE AND NATIONS EVERYWHERE

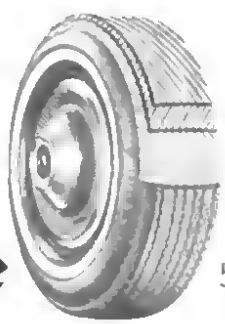
We asked people* if they would stop and help if you had tire trouble.

Here's what they said:

"No



See why Firestone puts steel between you and tire trouble?



Firestone 500 Steel Belt

the people tire

unwind!

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO., LOUISVILLE, KY. ©1960

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80-86.8 PROOF, BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS IMPORT COMPANY, NY, N.Y. ©1972

Play "the most realistic football game" in town

Ours! . . . There's a reason why over one million games players consider SPORTS ILLUSTRATED **PRO FOOTBALL** "the most realistic and exciting football game ever devised." We work at it.

GAME CHARTS BASED ON PLAY-BY-PLAY OF EVERY PRO GAME!

Each year we "scout" all 26 pro teams. We take the play-by-plays of every game played during the past season and computer analyze them to determine each team's strengths and weaknesses. We then convert all this information into 26 color-coded Play Action Team Charts. These easy-to-use charts put you right down on the playing field — let you coach and quarterback your favorite pro teams — and make the play of SI PRO FOOTBALL fast, accurate and exciting.

YOU CALL ALL THE SHOTS!

There are no tricks to playing our game. Just sound football strategy. You call all the shots. Your ability to get the most out of each team — with a solid Game Plan, tough defense, heads-up play-calling, and "the breaks" — will determine whether you win or lose.

SI's PRO FOOTBALL GAME INCLUDES . . .

. . . a molded plastic Playing Field — with sliding ball and first-down markers, plus offensive and defensive play selection wheels, a Scoreboard that indicates the score, time outs and time remaining, quarter and down, 26 Play Action Team Charts, 5 Special Game Dice, and a Play Book edited by Weeb Ewbank, Coach of the New York Jets. All for just $9.95 (plus 50¢ to cover postage and handling).

GET IN ON THE ACTION!

So get in on the action. See if you have what it takes to be a pro quarterback. Get hold of the 1972 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED PRO FOOTBALL GAME today!

PLAY SI COLLEGE FOOTBALL, TOO!

Now you can share in the excitement, tradition and intense rivalry of college football. Based on a complete analysis of every play run by every team, the SI COLLEGE FOOTBALL GAME lets you coach and quarterback 32 of the greatest college teams of recent years — using the same realistic Play Action system created for SI PRO FOOTBALL. The teams.

AIR FORCE '70	MINNESOTA '60	PRINCETON 64
ALABAMA '66	MISSISSIPPI '61	PURDUE 66
ARKANSAS '69	MISSOURI 61	STANFORD 70
ARMY 66	NAVY 63	SYRACUSE 66
DARTMOUTH '70	NEBRASKA '70	TENNESSEE 70
FLORIDA 69	NORTHWESTERN '70	TEXAS 69
GEORGIA '68	NOTRE DAME '66	UCLA 65
GEORGIA TECH '66	OHIO STATE '68	USC 67
LSU '69	OKLAHOMA '67	WASHINGTON '60
MICHIGAN '69	PENN STATE 69	WISCONSIN 62
MICHIGAN STATE 66		YALE 68

Each game includes playing field, scoreboard, 32 Play Action Charts and special Collegiate Rules and Play Book.

TWO GAMES-IN-ONE SPECIAL OFFER! SAVE $3.95!
(Available by Mail-Order Only)

Here's a way to play both games this season — without buying both! Simply order the SI PRO FOOTBALL GAME — plus a set of College Team Charts and special College Rules and Play Book — for only $16.95 postpaid. (You save $3.95). Since the basic components (playing field, scoreboard, dice, etc.) are the same for both games, you can play both by simply switching Team Charts.

THE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED PRO and COLLEGE FOOTBALL GAMES can be purchased at many fine department, general merchandise, and sporting goods stores. If you prefer, however, you may use the coupon below to order your game direct by mail.

Please send me the SI Football Game(s) I have indicated

_____ 1972 Pro Football Game(s) @ $9.95 ea., plus 50¢ postage

_____ 1972 Pro Team Charts only @ $6.50 ppd.

_____ College Football Game(s) @ $9.95 ea., plus 50¢ postage

_____ College Team Charts and Play Book only @ $6.50 ppd

SAVE $3.95 TWO-GAMES-IN-ONE SPECIAL OFFER!

_____ 1972 Pro Football Game plus College Team Charts and Play Book @ $16.95 postpaid

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

My check or money order for $_____ is enclosed.
(Please allow 2-3 weeks for delivery) 918

How a Lincoln agent helped Tom Curtis write a great American love story.

Tom Curtis is a writer
He pounds his typewriter long hours to give his wife and little girl a good life.
Tom loves his family He wants to protect them.
That's why he asked a Lincoln National life insurance agent to help him write a kind of love story.
A love story that will protect Tom's family no matter what happens to him.
A personal insurance program that combines his hopes and finances and plans with the Lincoln tradition of making life insurance a gift of love.
Our agents won't show you how to love your family more.
But they can show you how to express it.

Lincoln National
THE INSURANCE COMPANY

[illegible] indicate [illegible]
A Lincoln National [illegible]

[illegible] Nation[illegible] life accident health and group insurance pensions and variable annuities [illegible]
See LNL's Gift of Love commercials on NBC TV [illegible]

The International House of Pancakes Presents...

"MUG IT UP!"

JUST 59¢ EACH!

(PLUS THE COST OF *ANY* BEVERAGE YOU BUY.)

A $1.30 VALUE EACH!

COLLECT YOUR SET of official NFL Thermo-Serv* Mugs. There's a mug for each conference—with all the teams. Mix them or match them—they're just 59¢ each with the purchase of any beverage at your participating International House of Pancakes.

Top rack dishwasher safe. Use them indoors and out. Leaves no moisture rings on surfaces. Keeps hot drinks hot, and cold drinks cold!

*Thermo-Serv, a division of West Bend

©1972—*International House of Pancakes*

...WHERE THERE'S A WHOLE WIDE WORLD TO CHOOSE FROM!

Saars Giva n Taka II Stretch Jeans fit lika you want jeans to fit. Comfortably. Thay look like you want jeans to look. Nice and new. And they feel lika you went jeans to feel. Nice and old. All baceusa thay're mada of a naw 2-way stratch bland of Travira® polyaster, Avril® rayon and Lycra® spandex. Trim 'n Tight end Trim Ragular modals in petterned or solid fleres.

What's more, they wear like you want jeans to wear. Wash, tumbla dry, ready to go.

That's a lot to get, bul you don't pay a lot to get it. Give n Take II Stretch Jeans at most Sears, Roabuck and Co. stores or through the regular and Big and Tall catalogs.

Giva n Take II Stretch Jeans and all that goes with tham at THE JEANS JOINT In

Sears The Men's Store

Give n Take II Stretch Jeans.

These Sears jeans stretch... the better to fit you with.

SUPPLIER FOR THE U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM

SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

TERROR IN MUNICH

The murder of the Israeli athletes in Munich is a disaster of a kind that must not be repeated, and one way to ensure that is to abolish the Olympic Games.

If the organizers of the Games cannot prevent them from becoming a political arena, there is no sporting sense in holding them. Recent evidence is that the organizers are unable to do just that. The Olympics represent too attractive a forum for political action, ranging from the parade of national prejudice to blackmail of nations deemed undesirable, from the cynicism of small-time politicking to its most extreme extension: war and terrorism.

The object of a demonstrator, rioter or terrorist is to draw attention to himself or his cause, and how can he better achieve that than by choosing as his turf the Olympic Games, which now must be the most widely covered, regularly staged event in the history of the world?

A less drastic solution would be to sectionalize the Games. World track championships could be held in one place, world swimming elsewhere at another time, and so forth. Each championship would be a briefer and less important affair, consequently less of a temptation to exploitation. Another approach might be to revise the nationalist structure of the competition so that athletes no longer primarily represent their countries.

The International Olympic Committee has a new president, Lord Killanin of Ireland, and the IOC's first order of business must be reform of the Games, if not their abolition.

SEA CHANGE IN THE BIG EIGHT

A startling change of opinion about the Big Eight football race and national rankings has taken place. In July regional media people voted Nebraska the preseason favorite for the conference championship. Nebraska got 40 first-place votes, Colorado was second with 29 and Oklahoma, picked for third, got 19.

Since then another poll of writers and broadcasters has been announced, this one undertaken after 34 of them had visited all eight training sites. Now Oklahoma has been given 24 first-place votes, Nebraska only nine and Colorado three. Kansas State was chosen fourth, Iowa State fifth, Kansas sixth, Oklahoma State seventh and Missouri eighth.

This poll, in turn, is at variance with the national Associated Press poll, which put Nebraska first in the nation, Colorado second and Oklahoma sixth.

Many of those voting in an AP poll have no personal knowledge of most of the teams. But the Big Eight area writers have *just* had an *opportunity* to see all teams in practice, and their surge to Oklahoma seems significant enough to pass on to you.

And Nebraska lost, 20–17, in its season's opener against UCLA.

USED CAR MARKET UP SNARPLT

Ever since high school days in Lockport, N.Y., "years and years ago," Charles R. Wood had wanted to own a Duesenberg. Now he has one, none other than a 24-foot-long, shiny maroon Doozy that once belonged, in 1933, to Greta Garbo. Cost: $90,000.

Wood made his buy at an auction held during the second annual Auburn-Cord-Duesenberg Festival in Auburn, Ind. Four persons started the bidding, but it soon dwindled to a two-man affair between Wood and Darrell Harper of Cincinnati. Harper stopped at $89,000, after a nudge from Mrs. Harper.

Wood now has 23 cars in his antique car museum at Lake George, N.Y. He says the Duesenberg, reputedly able to do 110 mph in second gear, will be the queen of his collection and will be named, naturally, Greta.

SOMETHING FOR A RAINY DAY

Even with plenty of towels it has been impossible to keep footballs suitably dry during a game on a rainy day.

Now comes Clarence C. Beadle Jr. of Berwick, La. He has been awarded a patent for an electric drier, portable so that it can be carried along the sidelines. The drier, shaped somewhat like a football except that it is larger, is designed so that the ball can be put inside and then, after a blower and heating coils have done their work, taken out and reintroduced to the game.

The dry ball is exchanged for a wet ball from the playing field, and the cycle starts again.

BUNNY BAITS BEAGLES

Early this spring a snowshoe rabbit took up housekeeping under Lewis H. Giroux's barn in Winslow, Maine. One day she hopped out from under the barn with six little ones trailing her.

Giroux, though he is a hunter and beagle enthusiast, enjoyed watching them until one of the young bunnies began annoying his four dogs. It took to relieving itself directly in front of the beagles' pen, to their consternation and disgust, which they expressed with loud

noises. Giroux grew tired of awakening at 5 a.m. to shoo the rabbit away. And it did no good, since the rabbit would return in a matter of minutes.

Giroux livetrapped the rabbit and twice tried dropping it in remote spots. Each time the rabbit returned to resume its baiting of the beagles.

It took a little thinking, but Giroux finally outsmarted the rabbit. He turned the dogs' pen around so that it faced the woods instead of his lawn. The rabbit still returns to its favorite spot, but the dogs don't care. They now look the other way.

continued

Now there really is a difference between rent a car companies. The Wizard of Avis.

Most people think rent a car companies are pretty much alike.

Most people are wrong.

The Wizard of Avis makes renting a car easier than ever before. The Wizard of Avis. The most sophisticated computer in the travel world. Now at many Avis counters. Soon everywhere.

How does it work?

Well, suppose you make a reservation and give The Wizard all the information it needs. When you come to pick up your car, The Wizard will remember everything you told it and automatically print up your form with absolute clarity in seconds. That's fast.

And if you're a Golden File* member (that's The Wizard's permanent file), your form can be waiting for you, printed up and ready to sign when you get to the Avis counter to pick up the car you reserved. That's super-fast.

The Wizard also helps us make sure your bills are letter-perfect. And perfectly accurate.

And when you turn in your car, The Wizard computes your bill automatically and may find you qualify for a lower rate. Even if you didn't ask for it. It's that kind of Wizard.

If you want The Wizard, you'll find it at Avis. And only Avis.

After all, if the competition had a Wizard, don't you think they'd let you know about it?

The Avis Girl. She turns The Wizard on. We like her, too.

Avis. We try harder.

And the harder we try, the easier it gets.

*WIZARD IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK AND [illegible]

Avis rents the dependable Dodge and other fine cars.

©AVIS RENT A CAR [illegible]

NOTE TO PARENTS

For your son's financial future, if he is athletically inclined, consider basketball.

According to the Professional Football Players Association, which may be prejudiced, a National Basketball Association player has an average salary of $50,000 a year. Major league hockey is next at $32,000. Baseball averages $31,000 and there, down at the bottom of the heap, lies the poor old football player, averaging $28,000.

SLIM CHANCE FOR ELI

ELI's comin'. He is a sports-minded cousin to Hal, the talking computer in *2001: A Space Odyssey*. ELI, for Electronic Line Indicator, was developed by a Houston firm headed by Fred Karsten, a tennis umpire for more than 25 years. Karsten's idea is to eliminate human error in calling ins and outs in tennis and, for that matter, in other sports, like baseball (balls and strikes) and football (first downs and field goals). No more Leo Durocher confrontations at the plate on a bad call by an umpire. No more flung rackets at the stands at Forest Hills. Electronics tells all.

ELI tells whether a tennis ball has nipped the tape or has just missed it, which is something few linesmen are capable of doing with infallibility.

"ELI eliminates the possibility of human error," says Karsten, "and I'm the first to admit that tennis officiating is full of it. It also reduces the number of official judges for a match from 12, which is ridiculously high, to three."

Those three would operate 10 transmitter-receiver sets needed for a singles match (14 for doubles) and something called a vibrometer which would detect "let" serves.

ELI not only would make the close calls that cause such controversy now, but also would announce his decisions from a three-word vocabulary of "Out," "Footfault" and "Fault."

Karsten looks forward to a day when ELI might also call balls and strikes for baseball or measure first downs in football.

"We've gotten an excellent response from tennis people already," says Karsten. "Not all of the other umpires like it, of course, but those who understand I'm trying to help them don't mind. They know they will always be needed to run the machines and interpret the rules."

Karsten believes he could start supplying major tennis tournaments with a perfected model of ELI by next June. Already, he says, the Virginia Slims women's tour is interested.

HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

Stashed behind his office desk, Earl Banks, Morgan State football coach, has a shopping bag filled with hair from 41 human heads, a gift from his freshman football players. The tradition at Morgan is that freshman candidates cut their hair before each season.

"It's the first year they ever presented it to me," a bemused Banks said. "They presented me with something they hold — uh, held—very dear to their hearts."

And what would the coach do with the hair?

"Gonna make me a pillow out of it," he replied.

QUID PRO QUO

There was brief jubilation among the management forces of professional basketball when it was announced that the Senate antitrust subcommittee had taken favorable action on the long-delayed bill to give pro owners the waiver they need to merge the NBA and ABA. New ABA Commissioner Bob Carlson said he was elated, then added he would not know the full impact of the action until he had read the amendments appended to the bill by management's nemesis and the subcommittee's chairman, Senator Sam Ervin (D-N.C.).

A few hours later it was learned that Ervin had modified drastically the simple waiver legislation. The bill stipulated that merger would be allowed only on certain conditions.

- The owners would have to drop the reserve clause.
- Home teams would have to split gate receipts at least 70-30 with visitors.
- No TV of pro games would be allowed on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nights during the college and high school basketball seasons.
- A common draft would be allowed, but rookies could sign only a one-year contract with a single option season thereafter.

In essence the bill permitted the owners to merge only under those conditions favored by the NBA Players Association and Ervin. In fact the action on the bill, which now goes before the full Senate Judiciary Committee (which is expected to give approval), means a classic lost-the-battle but won-the-war victory for Larry Fleisher, head of the NBA players group. The players had fought the merger in hopes of eliminating the reserve clause.

The amendments on sharing gate receipts and limiting TV time were setbacks the owners simply had not bargained for. The bosses of the richest teams, such as the New York Knickerbockers and the Los Angeles Lakers, will object, as they have for years, to splitting receipts—particularly in the generous proportions the bill requires—and those teams are so strong in league councils that they can block anything they do not like. The TV regulations will bring new uncertainty into a solid, revenue-yielding situation that kept many pro teams alive. It appears now that the owners have no choice other than to return to Congress to fight against the amendments tacked onto their own bill.

And to think the hockey wars are just beginning.

DIETARY LAW

Hockey officials scheduled to officiate during the Team Canada-Russian series were working out under Scotty Morrison, National Hockey League referee-in-chief. Near the end of the workout Morrison announced, "O.K., the next sprint is for a case of beer."

There was an immediate protest from Yuri Karandin, top Soviet official.

"Beer, *nyet*," he said. "Vodka, *da*."

"Beer drinkers," he explained, "make bad referees. Vodka drinkers are better."

THEY SAID IT

- Johnny Peirson, former National Hockey League star, on the opening-game 7-3 defeat of Team Canada by the Russians: "It's nice to be in on history, but I didn't think it would be Dunkirk."
- Steve Arnold, director of player personnel for the World Hockey Association, asked what the new league would use for a farm system: "We've got the greatest development league anyone ever had—the National Hockey League."
- Bernie Farrell, coach of Philadelphia's Bishop Egan High School football team, after his players shaved their heads in training camp: "You won't find too many longhairs out there. They're Middle America, baby, Levittown all the way."

END

Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 18, 1972

A SANCTUARY VIOLATED

The saddest of all Olympic Games saw the flags of 126 countries at half staff under the Olympic flame, while rancor and controversy still raged

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

The outrage could scarcely have been greater or the grief deeper, which only partially suggests the sway the Olympic Games hold on men's minds. Certainly, the awful events cast their shadow across sport. Even as rabbis within Munich's high-walled Jewish cemetery prepared the bodies of the 11 fallen Israelis for the journey home, the Olympics were resuming after a 24-hour interruption. One of the first competitions following the delay matched Rumania against Hungary in team handball, which, like murder, was new at these Games. The Rumanians won 20–14, but Nicolae Nedef, their coach, could not rejoice. "The game doesn't seem to matter so much," he said.

Similar sentiments were voiced often as the Games of the XXth Olympiad wound to their melancholy conclusion. Five years of elaborate planning by the West German people had been undone, and from this bitter irony flowed others. The Games were meant to erase memories of German militarism, yet the Olympic site was suddenly aswarm with armored cars and, surrealistically, *Polizei* in sweat suits carrying submachine guns. As in a nightmare, Jewish blood was spilled again on German soil, although this time the Germans were cast as would-be rescuers. And, in the end, a $650 million stage built for sport became instead a platform for calamity.

Calamity struck because there was no way of controlling which madmen or jesters might choose to strut out from the wings. A youth in a flowing white robe stood outside the tent-roofed Olympic Stadium holding a sign—NO NATIONS, MANY CULTURES—yet his brotherly message had been mocked even before the Games began when the threat of boycott by African and U.S. blacks led the International Olympic Committee to expel Rhodesia. Later, demonstrators, wielding iron bars, battled police for three days outside Munich's massive, sooty Palace of Justice in what Bavarian officials called a leftist plot to disrupt the Olympics. Finally, providing what alone would have been controversy enough at a less troubled Games, the IOC drummed Vince Matthews and Wayne Collett out of future competition—meaning the 1,600-meter relay—after they chatted and were otherwise disrespectful while *The Star-Spangled Banner* played following their one-two finish in the 400 meters on Thursday.

The IOC found the behavior of the American runners "disgusting," possibly because of the immediacy of the horror that began when Arab terrorists scaled the eight-foot fence surrounding the Olympic Village shortly before dawn the previous Tuesday. For 20 hours attention had focused on the three-story building at 31 Connollystrasse, a street named for a Connolly other than Hal or Olga—one James B., a triple jumper who in 1896 won the U.S.'s first Olympic gold medal. As cameras zeroed in on the hangmanlike visage of a terrorist moving about a balcony in a stocking mask, the idea took hold that it was not only the lives of the Israelis but somehow also the very future of the Olympics that was at stake.

Except for the grim faces of reporters and the curious who collected on the grassy slopes surrounding the village, the scene could have passed for one more well-attended Olympic event. Instead of timing races, spectators consulted their watches to keep track of each deadline extension—there were four in all—the terrorists granted. Even after news of the attack was made known, the Olympics, astonishingly, had gone on, and the organizers did not call a halt to competition until 4 p.m., almost 12 hours after the first two Olympians had been murdered.

Despite the efforts at business as usual, it was glaringly clear that sport was not immune to violence. Even such an apolitical performer as Mark Spitz suddenly was vulnerable. As a Jew and the athletic hero of the Olympics, Spitz seemed an inviting target for terrorists, a thought that occurred to U.S. Olympic officials rather late in the chronology of events. Spitz and his coaches had been permitted to leave their Olympic Village quarters unguarded and ignorant of the attack at 9 a.m. Tuesday, four hours after the guerrillas struck. Only when the Americans arrived at a press conference elsewhere on the Olympic grounds did they learn of the tragedy. "They'd just take me hostage—they wouldn't kill me, would they?" Spitz asked worriedly. Eventually, five guards were posted at Spitz' room, and he left Munich 24 hours ahead of schedule.

On Wednesday morning, when athletes were to have begun the decathlon, 80,000 people filled the stadium for a memorial service. Olympians from the U.S. and other lands, including surviving Israelis in *yarmulkes* bearing the Olympic symbol, massed on the infield. The solemn occasion was marred by the absence of Soviet athletes and by the bumbling speech of 84-year-old Avery Brundage, who was in his last days as IOC president. "The Games must go on," he thundered to great applause, and he called the murder of the Israelis one of "two savage attacks" on the Olympics, the other being the black African pressure that resulted in Rhodesia's expulsion. His coupling of the two events

continued

aroused criticism, and he later had to issue an apology, regretting "any misinterpretation" of his words. Not Brundage but the reaction of the crowd bothered Asher Lubelski, a spectator and one of Germany's remaining 32,000 Jews. "The people came not in memory of the Israelis," he said. "They came to see if the Olympics would go on."

The Israelis put their dead aboard an El Al jet which took them home on the eve of Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year, but not before Joseph Inbar, president of the Israeli Olympic Committee, said, "Enough blood has flowed to end the Games." Egypt, Kuwait and Syria, apparently fearing reprisals, dropped out, and some Norwegian and Dutch athletes left in protest. But most agreed with the Soviet long jumper, Igor Ter-Ovanesian, who said, "It is terrible what happened. I don't feel like competing now. But it is good the Games continue. Terrorists should not be able to disrupt the Olympics."

The life-goes-on attitude was at once *comforting and unsettling. The Olympics* were canceled during both World Wars, but the Games were held despite Korea in 1952 and Hungary and Suez in 1956. In Mexico City the Games began only a few days after at least 50 students—other reports put the toll closer to 300—were killed by government bullets during a massive political demonstration. German and IOC concern over the fate of the Israeli athletes was unquestionably genuine, but it was obvious that that worry was coupled with an almost equal concern for the fate of the Games.

In carrying on, the men who ran the Games doubtlessly feared that to do otherwise might doom the Olympic movement. As Munich wearily prepared for the closing ceremonies, a pageant in which a military band was scheduled to serenade Brundage with "For he's a jolly good fellow," the 1976 Games must *suddenly have seemed a dubious prize* to Montreal, where one can almost imagine an Olympic Village surrounded by barbed wire and armed sentries to guard against firebombing Quebec nationalists. On the other hand, it was possible to hope that the violence in Munich was an aberration and to seek comfort in the fact that until the attack occurred, Israeli and Arab athletes had competed and lived virtually side by side.

By the weekend the Israeli quarters had become a shrine of sorts, and West German President Gustav Heinemann was among those who placed a wreath at the door. A block away dwelt the Lebanese, one Arab group that stayed on after the tragedy, a decision that Assistant Delegation Chief Emile Nassar discussed one afternoon. "We contacted the Prime Minister," said Nassar. "He advised us to do whatever the *spirit of* sport told us to do." Never has that spirit been more difficult to define than it was last week in Munich.

After winning 400-meter dash, Vince Matthewe joked and chatted during the national anthem.

THERE HAVE BEEN SHOOTINGS IN THE NIGHT

by KENNY MOORE

The author, a U.S. distance runner who five days later finished a gratifying fourth in the marathon, tells what the terrible day of murder and hostages was like for an athlete

I was torpid, just out of bed, ready to jog on a humid, glaring day. The Olympic Village gate was locked. A guard, dressed in silly turquoise, said, "There have been shootings in the night. You cannot leave."

I started back to my room. On the way I met my teammate, hammer thrower George Frenn, whose parents were born in Lebanon. He told me Arab terrorists had broken into the Israeli quarters, shot two people and taken others hostage. George was seething. "I hate lunatics," he said.

I lived in an apartment on the fifth floor of the U.S. building with Frank Shorter, Steve Savage, Jon Anderson and Dave Wottle, all middle- or long-distance runners. Frank was on our terrace, staring at police lines, ambulances and newsmen assembled under cover near the Israeli dorm, 150 yards away.

"I haven't felt this way since Kennedy was killed," he said. "Imagine those poor guys over there. Every five minutes a psycho with a machine gun says, 'Let's kill 'em now,' and someone else says, 'No, let's wait a while.' How long could you stand that?"

We took turns on the terrace, plucking seeds from a fennel plant there and grinding them in our palms. Below, people played chess or Ping-Pong. The trading of Olympic pins continued. Athletes sunbathed by the reflecting pool. It seemed inappropriate, but what was one supposed to do? The scratchy, singsong notes of European police sirens sounded incessantly. Rumors leaped and died. There were 26 hostages. There were seven. The terrorists were killing a man every two hours. They were on the verge of surrender.

At 3:30 p.m. I phoned a friend in the press village.

"Have you heard?" he asked. "The Games are stopped."

"Stopped? You mean postponed or canceled?"

"Postponed for now. But they say it may be impossible to start them again."

I went back to the room, where my wife Bobbie was waiting, and I wept. I experienced level after level of grief: for my own event, the marathon, those years of preparation now useless; for the dead and doomed Israelis; and for the violated sanctuary of the Games.

In Mexico and here the village had been a refuge, admittedly imperfect, from a larger, seedier world in which individuals and governments refused to adhere to any humane code. For two weeks every four years we direct our kind of fanaticism into the essentially absurd activities of running and swimming and being beautiful on a balance beam. Yet even in the rage of competition we keep from hurting each other, and thereby demonstrate the meaning of civilization. I shook and cried as that illusion, the strongest of my life, was shattered.

In the evening Bobbie and I walked around. We met Ron Hill, the British marathoner. Ron was agitated. "Why should this stop the Games? It's all political, isn't it? Let the police seal the thing off. The rest of the town isn't affected. I want that marathon to stay on Saturday."

"They're talking about a one-day postponement," I said. "Surely one day shouldn't matter."

"It does to me," he said.

Tom Dooley, one of our walkers, responded, "All political? Those people are just politically dead?"

Hailu Ebba, the Ethiopian 1,500-meter runner, said, "I have led a calm life. I can't believe those people are in that building and could get killed. They could shut this whole place down. Running is not that important."

At 10 p.m. Bobbie and I decided to spend the night away from the village. On our way to the front gate, the only one where exit or entry was permitted, we met John Carlos. John, often strident, now was muted, thoughtful. He shook his head. "People were upset over what I did in 1968," he said, "but I just expressed my feelings. I didn't hurt anybody. Now what are they going to say? Can they tell the difference?"

At the gate, the guards were now admitting no one, nor permitting anyone to leave. Hoover Wright, one of our assistant coaches, and his wife were also trying to get out. We looked at each other in confusion. Someone who knew him shouted from the crowd: "Hoover, there's going to be shooting! There's going to be shooting!"

We turned to check other exits and met Lee Evans, who said it was impossible. We went back, through the rising furor, to the room.

After a few minutes Dave Wottle came in from, to our amazement, a run. "I went out the back gate," he said. He had covered a three-mile loop and returned to the rear of the village, where he found his way barred by ropes. He jumped the ropes and then the fence. "I heard some guards yelling 'halt!' but I just waved without looking. After 50 yards I came to another group of guards. One recognized me. He said, 'It's Wottle,' and they laughed." When Dave looked back, he saw five guards returning guns to their holsters. "If I had known they were so jumpy, I'd have walked around out there all night."

Then it seemed over. Anderson and Savage, who had been kept outside the main gate for an hour, came in and told how helicopters had taken terrorists and hostages to an airport. The late news said the Israelis had been rescued. We went to bed, shaken by the prolonged anxiety but relieved.

We awoke to the final horror. The first newspapers said, "Sixteen Dead."

I walked to the memorial service. Russian soccer players were practicing on a field beside the stadium. Concession stands were open, smelling of sauerkraut. The program was long-winded in four languages. The crowd applauded when Brundage said the Games would go on.

"The Games *should* go on," said Tom Dooley, "and they will. But for the wrong reasons. The Germans don't want any hitches in their organization. There are the financial considerations. Those people who applauded just want to see who will win the 5,000 and the hell with the rest."

"What are the right reasons?" I asked.

"Just one. To stay together. Who wins or loses now is ridiculously unimportant, considered against these men's deaths. But we have to stay together."

"Can we go to future Olympics, knowing this might happen again?"

He was quiet for a moment. "I don't know. Maybe Olympians will have to be like the early Christians now. We'll have to conduct our events in catacombs, in quiet forests."

CONTINUED

IN DISASTER, MOMENTS TO REMEMBER

The depressing pall overshadowing the Olympics seemed deepened by the succession of failures experienced by the U.S. The stunning loss in those controversial last seconds in basketball, the defeats in track and field events traditionally American strongholds, the sickening fall of Jim Ryun—all these seemed to build into a picture of total American disaster. But bright spots shone through this miasma: Rod Milburn's strong, driving victory in the 110-meter hurdles in world-record-equaling time; little Randy Williams' sterling 27′ ½″ leap to win the men's long jump; the gratifying success of the 400-meter relay team; the cool, sustained superiority of John Williams in archery; and, above and beyond everything else, the classic, almost serene, victory of Frank Shorter in the marathon, America's first gold medal in this most significant of Olympic events in 64 years.

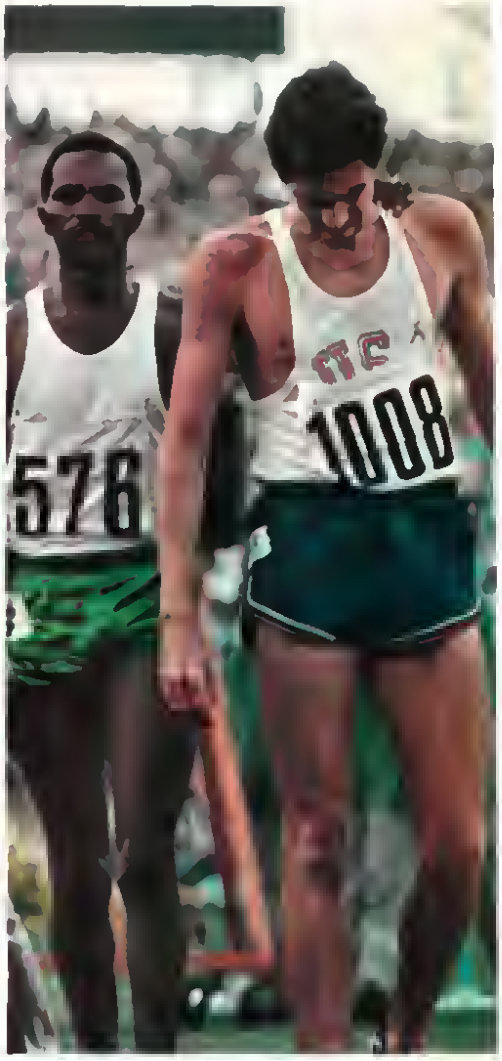
The night before, Shorter sagged with disappointment as the U.S. lost to Russia in that astonishing basketball game. "The gods really are against us," he said. Earlier, after the Arab terror, the introspective Shorter confessed he suddenly felt a physical fear of running. "I'm scared," he told Kenny Moore. "Do you realize how easily we could get shot out there?" The sight of the obscene clown who cut into the marathon just before the end and trotted into the stadium, a parody winner, a few hundred yards ahead of Shorter, brought sickeningly home the validity of Shorter's fears, the possibility of another insane intrusion into the once gentle backwater of sport.

Still, despite Shorter, the resurgence of the Finns in running, the anticipated

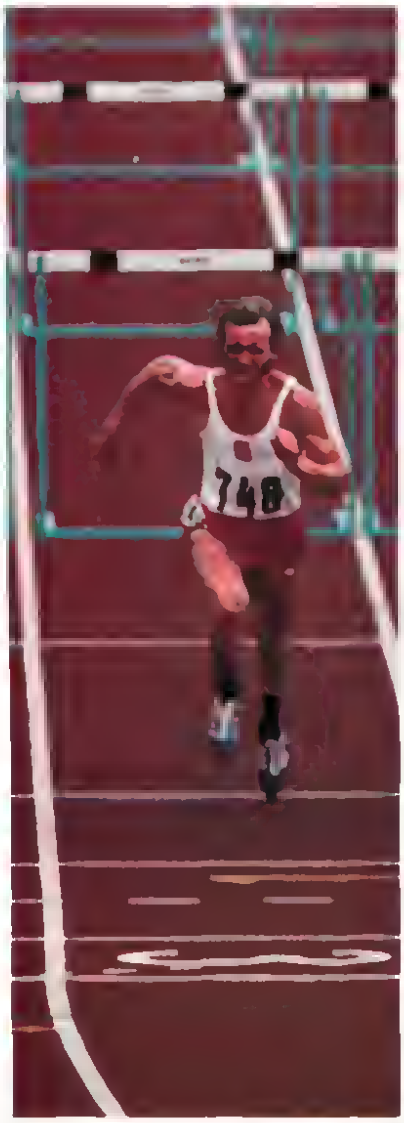
Powerful Rod Milburn (third from left), who faltered in the U.S. Trials, came on strongly to win the 110-meter hurdles in world-record time

flood of medals for East Germany and the overall supremacy of the Soviet juggernaut, failure more than success was the theme of Munich 1972, even in the quiet corners of the stage. The Russians were routed in shooting, and the field hockey players from Pakistan and India, who had won every Olympic gold in that esoteric sport since 1928, finished second and third behind West Germany.

Perhaps the 1972 Olympics were best summed up by the sight of Kip Keino, later to fail himself, comforting Jim Ryun. They were of the old order, when both victory and defeat were somehow splendid. Now both were only sad.



Frail, esthetic-looking Frank Shorter (above) finished a fading fifth in the 10,000, but his splendid victory in the marathon helped ease the sting of the frustration of Jim Ryun, here comforted by Kip Keino after falling in his heat in the 1,500. A quiet American who led his field all the way was John Williams (below), gold medal winner in Olympic archery.



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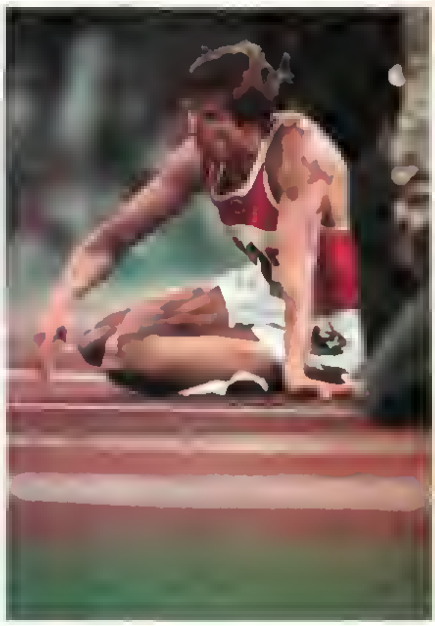
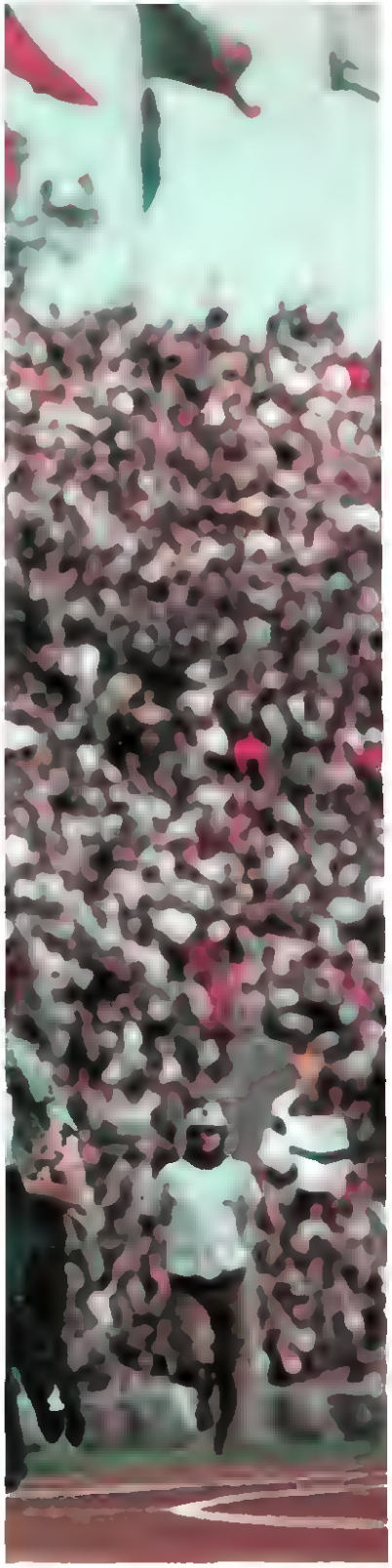
Almost overlooked was the achievement of Larry Young (below), who repeated his 1666 Olympic performance by finishing third in the long 50-kilometer walk.

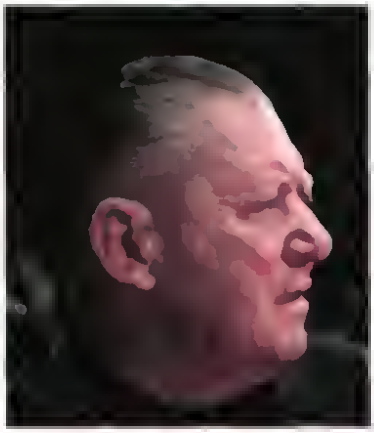


Nikolai Avilov (above) of the Soviet Union set a world record in the grueling decathalon but sagged in pain after the 1,500, final test in the 10-event competition.

Randy Williams (left) captured the long-jump title with a 27' ½" leap. One of the youngest U.S. Olympians, Williams carried a toy bear mascot with him to the victory stand.



Recalling the glory of Paavo Nurmi, Finland regained Olympian heights with decisive victories by Lasse Viren (above) in the 5,000 and 10,000 and by Pekka Vasala in the 1,500.



Bitterest defeat suffered by the U.S. came in basketball. Trailing the Russians by 10 points, the Americans rallied and went ahead by a point with three seconds to play. A chaotic ending, during which the Russians were allowed to put the ball in play three times, resulted in a Soviet victory and an orgy of celebration. After hours of discussion, a protest by U.S. Coach Henk Ibe (left) was rejected by an intransigent Olympic jury.

YOUNG HARMON MAKES HIS MARK

From out of Hollywood comes the saga of Mark Harmon, handsome, articulate son of Old 98, who in his first starring role last week quarterbacked underdog UCLA to a final-real victory over mighty Nebraska **by DAN JENKINS**

Take a kid who looks like he ought to be in a beach-party movie, give him a legendary football name and then throw him up against a ball club that is obviously suffering a mild case of the No. 1's. What have you got? You've got yourself an unbelievable opening to the 1972 college football season. You've got Mark Harmon, Old No. 7, handsome, trim, tan and dashing, and what he did in the creaky Los Angeles Coliseum last Saturday evening was beat big, fierce, overwhelming Nebraska for little, unfierce, unheralded UCLA, the basketball school.

Mark Harmon, you say? The name has a familiar ring to it. Any kin to Tom, Old 98, of the Heisman Trophy industry? Yes, as a matter of fact. The son. The articulate, grinning, stunningly talented quarterback son of Tom Harmon himself. And there he was, in his very first major college game, becoming a hit TV series. A Star Is Born.

All Mark Harmon did, with a little help from his friends, was throw a pass for a touchdown, run for another and then run and throw the Bruins to a winning field goal over the Cornhuskers in about as shocking an upset as anyone could dream up.

The final score was 20–17 and the winning points were booted with only 22 seconds to play by Efren Herrera, with Harmon holding the ball. In that instant a Coliseum crowd of 68,000 went absolutely mad, which was only a slight increase in the insanity it had displayed throughout the evening while Harmon and Pepper Rodgers' sneaky Bruins frustrated the 18-point favored Cornhuskers.

The first thing Harmon did, while his dad watched from the press box where he was announcing the drama for TV, was take the Bruins to a 10–0 lead early in the second quarter, contributing a 46-yard touchdown pass to Split End Brad Lyman. But Nebraska fussed around amid all of its fumbles and other errors to catch up by halftime. Then Harmon ran for a touchdown to put UCLA ahead 17–10 going into the fourth quarter. So Nebraska fussed around and tied the game again. Which meant that it was Harmon's turn once more.

He did it, not by actually kicking the field goal but by pulling off what became the biggest play of a big play game. UCLA was in a drive to win and Nebraska—well, mainly Nebraska's Rich Glover, who made about 7,000 tackles during the night—was hoping, by now, to salvage something with a tie.

What it came to was third down and 11 yards to go at the Nebraska 33, and very little time remaining. Harmon went back to pass from UCLA's new Wishbone, squirmed in the midst of a furious Nebraska rush, turned one way, then another, and suddenly fired as sharp a pass as any quarterback ever threw to his tight end, Jack Lassner, who was cutting across the middle of the secondary. Thirteen yards. First down. New Life. Down close. Field-goal range. Game over.

If Hollywood wanted to cast a young man in the role of football hero, Mark Harmon would be perfect. Thick blond hair, rapid smile, a beachboy tan, friendly. That's Mark. Earlier in the week, on Thursday, Harmon had tried to relax and talk about all the publicity he had already received and the big task he faced—trying to live up to it.

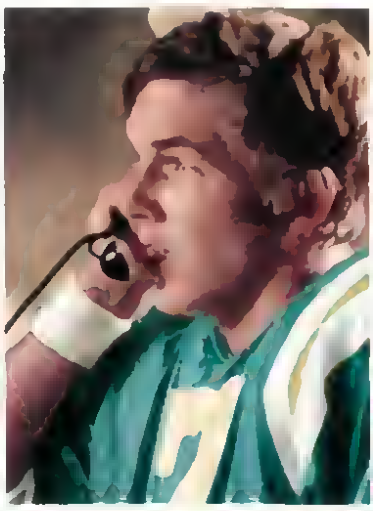
"Boy, am I nervous," he said. "We worked out in the Coliseum last night. I had never been down on the floor before. There wasn't anybody in there except us, but I was scared to death. I don't know what I'll do Saturday night. I just wish it would get here."

Harmon was an unknown quantity only because you never know exactly how good or bad a junior college transfer will turn out to be. He missed his senior year in high school because of injury (bad) but made All-America at Pierce Junior College (good). Still, he had only been running the Wishbone since spring practice (bad).

But now he was out in real life, pulling off this fantastic feat. Harmon had said he was nervous and jittery before the game, but he sure didn't look it. He looked poised and up to the occasion. He moved UCLA in for a field goal in the first quarter after the Bruins recovered a Nebraska fumble on the Cornhusker 35. And moments later, when Devaney's team committed another boner, it was Harmon's arm that sent the throngs roaring as they had not roared for the Bruins since Gary Beban was around.

On the first play after another fumble recovery at the Nebraska 46, Har-

Harmon, the father, broadcasts the game.



Harmon, the son, checks with his spotters.

Here eluding Nebraska's Jim Branch, Harmon ran for one touchdown, threw for another and set up the winning field goal with a clutch pass.

mon faked a handoff, stepped back calmly, hiding the football, and searched downfield. He found Brad Lyman, his split end, racing toward the goalposts along with the fine Cornhusker cornerback, Joe Blahak. Harmon hit Lyman right in stride and UCLA had a 10–0 lead. At this point Tom Harmon, who ran for most of his touchdowns at Michigan, was trying to appear nonchalant and doing a fair job of it.

"That helps," he said. "That takes some pressure off of him."

And finally Mark would do it again, there at the last with the pressure back on. After his dramatic pass to Lassner, Harmon coolly watched the seconds click away as he ordered a couple of keepers for himself and one for another guy. Then he placed the ball down near his 20 and let Herrera send Nebraska back to the ranks of the ordinary teams. And then he got up and jumped 20 feet in the air.

"Amazing," Mark said later. "Just amazing. But we really had confidence. Our defense did it. They got us the ball. My dad had told me to stay calm and just play my game and that's all I tried to do. On the pass to Lassner, he was my primary and I just had time to throw it. I could see Glover getting free and coming at me."

Actually, Nebraska had been looking pretty ordinary for a team that had not lost in 32 games. It would take a CPA to list the Cornhusker mistakes, but three fumbles and two interceptions—five turnovers—were enough. Two familiar old Nebraska heroes, Johnny Rodgers and Rich Glover, certainly did their parts to prevent the loss. Rodgers returned a punt 50 yards to set up a field goal. And it was Rodgers who did his usual squirming, leaping, flitting thing to score the touchdown that tied it 10–10.

But Nebraska didn't get the ball to Rodgers often enough after that. One reason was Nebraska didn't have the ball often enough, because of the turnovers. And one reason for the turnovers was the other quarterback making his debut.

That was David Humm, the left-hander about whom Nebraskans had been raving while Jerry Tagge was quarterbacking Bob Devaney's team to two national championships. Humm probably will do all right later this season, but on Saturday night he threw two interceptions and his ball handling was far from superb. In other words, he wasn't Mark Harmon.

Another thing Nebraska obviously lacked, something UCLA had, was a good inside-outside runner. UCLA had Jim McAlister, who was finally making *his* debut, and indications are that he just might become the neatest thing the West Coast has seen since O. J. Simpson was cavorting on the other side of town. McAlister went 35 yards the first time he touched the football and 90 yards in all, almost breaking clear a couple of times. With his excellent speed and strong balance, UCLA's future opponents will have to worry considerably over what havoc McAlister and Harmon may wreak when they learn even more about how to operate the Wishbone.

As Bob Devaney said, "We didn't play well enough to win, obviously. We knew the winning streak had to end sometime. If there's any consolation in it, we can say that we didn't lose to a team without football players. They sure have some."

Pepper Rodgers was pretty certain of that all along.

"I knew we were great on paper, but I couldn't say it. I knew we could win, but I didn't say it. You don't want to antagonize folks like Nebraska. But we've been so good in workouts, it's been scary. I mean Harmon and McAlister and the rest. I mean real scary."

And Pepper added, "I felt like a guy with some extra aces in the deck and the other guy didn't know I could play poker."

They know now. In fact, everybody does. **END**

STILL BLUSHING AT THE FACE-OFF

Canada's finest were roasted by citizens and press as the Russian invaders ripped the national game from its moorings **by MARK MULVOY**

All right, Comrades, who's next? The Dallas Cowboys? The Los Angeles Lakers? The Pittsburgh Pirates? Before some Russian outdrives Jack Nicklaus using a nine-iron, maybe Gary Powers and his U-2 ought to come back and find out just what the Soviets really are plotting behind all those 18-foot fences in Siberia. "I'm ready to believe anything," Montreal's Frank Mahovlich said last week. "After seeing what the Russian hockey players did to us at our game, I'm afraid nothing in sport is sacred anymore."

It is Russia's game now, after the most sobering week in Canadian sports history. In just seven days the Russians destroyed the 100-year myth of Canadian hockey superiority and the 50-year legend of National Hockey League invincibility. At the same time they left a lot of people wondering how they could ever again watch the Toronto Maple Leafs play the California Golden Seals. As the Russians proved conclusively, their 7–3 victory over Team Canada's NHL All-Stars in the first game of hockey's world series was not an outrageous accident.

Last Monday night in Toronto the Russians outplayed the Canadians for two periods of the second game but ultimately lost 4–1. Two nights later in Winnipeg they controlled play throughout and twice rallied from two-goal deficits to gain a 4–4 tie. Then, on Friday night in Vancouver in the fourth and last game of their Canadian tour, the Russians merely toyed with the All-Stars. They scored their first goal after only two minutes of play and then coasted to a 5–3 win. As the Russians departed, laden with dozens of pairs of new skates, gloves, pads and more hockey sticks than you can imagine, all compliments of generous Canadian manufacturers, they led the series 2-1-1. Four games will be played in Moscow (Sept. 22, 24, 26, 28) after a pair of exhibition matches against a Swedish All-Star team in Stockholm on Sept. 16-17. The Canadian adventure will end with a game against Czechoslovakia in Prague Sept. 30.

Oddly enough, Moscow may prove to be a friendlier place than Canada for the All-Stars. Not only did the Russians shatter the professionals with a fascinating exhibition of speedskating, pinpoint passing, precise positional play, amazingly accurate shooting and some exceptional goaltending by Vladislav Tretiak, they also won the crowds in every city. The Canadian players were

booed from Montreal to Vancouver, and they were attacked in newspaper and television-radio editorials from Halifax to Victoria. "I'm ashamed to be a Canadian," Bill Goldsworthy said bitterly after the Vancouver crowd jeered the Canadians all night. Phil Esposito, who was Canada's leading player in all four games, said, "We tried our best and gave it our all. I wish the hell these people would realize that."

Most anti-Canadian editorials made issue of the salary war between the NHL and the World Hockey Association, a struggle that has inflated player salaries to astronomical levels. As the Toronto *Globe and Mail* said, "If Valeri Kharlamov were getting, say, $2 million, and if Alexander Yakushev, Eugeni Zimin and Vladimir Petrov were each negotiating for even more, who would be passing to whom?"

The talk about million-dollar salaries was particularly amusing to the Russians, who describe their players as strictly amateur. One night Boris Kulagin, the No. 2 coach who seemed to be the chief strategist on the bench, was asked how much Tretiak earns as a lieutenant in the army.

"He makes what all army lieutenants make," Kulagin answered, staring at the floor. "And how much is that?" Again Kulagin said, "He makes what all army lieutenants make." "Well, does he make $200,000 a year, like Brad Park?" The Russian smiled. "Is Brad Park an army lieutenant, too?" Later, Boris Mikhailov, a slick forward who scored two goals in the game at Vancouver, scoffed at the conversation about salaries. "Brad Park makes $200,000 a year," he said, "but I get paid once a month." And he laughed.

By NHL standards, at least 10 of the Soviet players are worth more than $100,000 a year. In fact, two NHL teams—the Maple Leafs and the Minnesota North Stars—offered the Russians $1 million for the playing rights to either Kharlamov, probably the fastest skater and slickest stickhandler this side of Bobby Orr, or Tretiak, the spectacular goaltender. *Nyet* was Kulagin's response.

Well, then, he was asked, would the Russians consider lending one of them to the NHL for a year or two? "There is no precedent for such an exchange in our country," the coach said. And besides, he added, both Tretiak and Kharlamov were in the army, and they had their jobs to do. What jobs? "Tretiak," he said, "is a lieutenant, of course." Hold it. Last week he was a private, wasn't he? "Yes, perhaps, but now he is a lieutenant."

Despite being the two best players on the Soviet team, neither Kharlamov nor Tretiak received extra privileges as the Russians toured through Canada. Like all the Soviet players, they carried their own equipment bags to and from the rinks; they sharpened their own skates; they hung out their own uniforms. Such discipline amazed the pampered Canadians.

Along the way the Russians also introduced some novel training ideas that NHL teams almost certainly will not adopt. The traditional postgame meal for NHL pros is a large quantity of beer. "The Canadian doctors insist there is a lot of nutrition in beer," said a Russian journalist. But after a game the Russians consumed nothing stronger than fruit juice, Coca-Cola or springwater.

On the ice their workouts were long and hard. No one ever came to the bench for a squirt of the water. At one point the third-string goaltender, Alexander Sidelnikov, lounged against the boards for a moment. Kulagin appeared instantly. What he said only Sidelnikov knows, but the goalie pulled down his mask, skated to the far end of the ice and began to practice his splits.

The Russian shooting drills were models of logic. There were no slap shots from 60 feet. No slap shots from 10 feet. No slap shots, period. They stressed wrist shots, aiming for spots. As Montreal's Ken Dryden said, after giving up 12 goals in his two starts, "They get their shots off quicker than players in the NHL, and their shots are just as hard, if not harder."

Despite their repertoire of firm, quick shots, the Russians tend to pass the puck a good deal. If they revealed any weakness at all in Canada, it was their inclination to make the extra pass near the goal. Often they were well situated for an easy shot on either Dryden or Tony Esposito, but instead passed off. Kulagin, reminded of a Russian saying that goes, approximately, "Nothing ventured, nothing lost," scoffed at such criticism.

During practices and games the Russians employed a strict unit system on the ice. That is, they kept the same three forwards and two defensemen together at all times. "That's not such a bad idea," said Canadian Coach Harry Sinden. "It certainly helps with the teamwork." In the NHL, teams generally rotate three lines and two sets of defensemen so that the unit starting a game does not appear together again for six shifts—or about 12 minutes. If NHL teams adopted the unit system, though, a Bobby Orr or a Brad Park would see less time on the ice. Sinden thought about that a moment. "Maybe it's not such a good idea after all," he said.

Canada's humiliation, though deep, did not necessarily imply drastic reform. "What it comes down to is that we are different breeds," said John Ferguson, Sinden's assistant. "I don't think North Americans can—or want to—live the Spartan existence." Sinden interrupted him: "I don't know if I could take these guys out to a trampoline after practice and tell them to jump around for a couple of hours."

Another reason why the NHL will resist change has to do with economics. By dollar standards the NHL is a huge success. Forget the lack of parity between old and expansion teams, or, indeed, between All-Stars and Russians. Last year the NHL played to almost 100% of seating capacity in 11 of its 14 cities. The Vancouver Canucks finished last in their division. So how many season-ticket holders canceled their subscriptions? Seven. Why change?

But if Sinden, Boston's Stanley Cup-winning coach in 1970, returns to the NHL, something he almost certainly will do now that the building firm he worked for has filed for bankruptcy, he, for one, will try to benefit from the Russian techniques. "After all," he said, "whoever told the Canadians we knew everything about the game?"

As they left for Moscow, the Russians were saying much the same thing. "We came here to learn from the Canadian pros," Kulagin said, "and now maybe the Canadian pros can learn something from us. These four games have taught us the Canadian players are ordinary people like we are."

How ordinary are the Russians? "If someone gives them a football," said Frank Mahovlich, "they'll win the Super Bowl in two years." END

Montrealer Guy Lapointe attacks the Russian goal but, typically, fails to beat Tretiak.

NASTY HEADS THE BOOM AT THE TOP

Forest Hills proved that no man dominates tennis, although Ilie Nastase is more equal among equals. As for Billie Jean King, she remains supreme **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Over bad grass, through sudden-death tiebreaks, for record amounts of devalued dollars came the U.S. Open, trying its best to present us with the elusive Mr. Tennis. What with all the best players in the world assembling for the first, last and only time in 1972, the West Side Tennis Club figured that Mr. Tennis surely must emerge from Forest Hills. Somebody who would win the tournament big, personally eliminating all the other elite, establishing himself as clearly dominant in the game. Somebody, say, like Mr. Golf, Jack Nicklaus, or Mr. Hockey, Valeri Kharlamov. That was what this Forest Hills was supposed to determine.

Instead, the 1972 Open went a long way toward proving just the opposite. It only seemed to offer more evidence that, along with the tennis "boom" everybody keeps raving about, there has developed a *fascinating leveling process* at the top of the game. Due to age, injury, changing surfaces, interchanging psyches, international politics, ecology, Vietnam and the layered look, there are—pick a number—maybe as many as a dozen men separated in ability only by a net cord. On any given day . . . ? Perhaps not. But, as Forest Hills demonstrated, there is no Mr. Tennis.

What this gem of an Open did produce was the Australian Disappearing Trick, an overworked and straining Stan Smith, a couple of quarterfinalists named Frew and Roscoe and, finally, the championship of this strongest field in the universe fought out between a black man who represents the Doral Country Club and a Communist swinger from Bucharest. Tennis? Anyone.

For a long time, of course, the tournament looked like it belonged to Arthur Ashe, who had won the first Open in 1968 and not much since. Indeed, before all the upsets, he picked the winner as "either Laver, Smith or me." But if Forest Hills marked the resurrection of

Ashe, even more did it signal the arrival of Ilie Nastase, the dark-eyed clown prince from Rumania whose magic at net and flair with a racket have usually bowed to the demons of his temperament. At Wimbledon in July he almost put it all together in a memorable final against Smith, however, and then last week he went all the way.

Seeming far out of it against Ashe, behind two sets to one and two games to four, he suddenly regained interest and composure and blew Ashe away, 3–6, 6–3, 6–7, 6–4, 6–3, to become the first Iron Curtain champion of America. "I am just winning my round and seeing what is happening," Nastase explained about his performance at the Open. Included in this repertoire, however, were scenes of the Rumanian hitting shots from behind his back, comically peering through the net, covering his eyes after impossible winners, drop-kicking tufts of grass and scrambling into the celebrities' seats for unnatural recoveries.

Most of the time Nastase was sheer joy to the eye, a laughing child, but in the third-set tiebreaker of the final match, he showed why he had earned the nickname of Nasty. Because he did not agree with a call, he threw a towel at linesman Jack Stahr. After losing the tiebreak 5–1, he served a winning game in the fourth set and then hit the ball at Stahr. Nastase was zealously booed when he changed sides.

Moments later, after Ashe had broken at love and served at love for a 3–1 lead and what looked like an easy victory, Nastase very quietly gave everybody the well-known international gesture that means all sorts of bad things. This done, his anger spent, the dashing new champion settled down and went to work.

From the beginning, Nastase had been outserving Ashe, firing his low "flat parabola," as Ashe called it, beating him at his own game. Then Ashe began volleying better and, in truth, he had only to hold service twice to run out the match. "When I have somebody 4–3 on grass," he was to say after the match, "I'm usually the winner."

But Nastase's talent and newfound zest for combat were too much for him. Leading 4–3 in the fourth, Ashe could only watch as Nastase slashed returns out of reach. Ashe saved three break points in that game only to lose it on the fourth when Nasty passed him at the net. Nastase held for 5–4, and then Ashe was broken again when he blew an easy overhead to lose the set.

Arthur quickly broke back in the first game of the fifth set, but lost his own serve for the third straight time, and it was tied. From deuce, on his own serve in the sixth game, Ashe missed two backhand volleys and fell behind 2–4 as Nastase, jumping up and down and pounding his gut with his fist, really sensed the victory. Ashe managed one break point in the final game but could not come through, and Nastase held at 6–3 for the championship.

"This is a great player," Ashe told the crowd afterward. "And when he brushes up on his court manners, he'll be even better." Nastase had an answer even for that. First he looked puzzled, then he waved his $25,000 winner's check at the beaten American, and then he stuck it on his forehead.

Long before Nastase and Ashe came

continued

By beating Ashe, the petulant Nastase (opposite) thus became the third straight Wimbledon runner-up to win at Forest Hills.

DRAWINGS BY BERNARD FUCHS

to grips with one another, there were nearly as many Australian bodies scattered around the borough of Queens as there were cans of Foster's Export Lager beer stocked inside the locker room especially to accommodate the Aussies. Ken Rosewall, John Newcombe and Rod Laver, who among them had been to Forest Hills finals nine times and won five championships, all were eliminated prior to the quarterfinals. With the exception of Ashe and Cliff Richey, so were all other members of Lamar Hunt's World Championship of Tennis outfit who were seeded at Forest Hills.

It wasn't that people they hadn't seen for a while and weren't used to playing were beating the WCT stars. It was their own lesser-known tour brethren who were knocking them off. Only Tiny Tom Okker of the WCT seeds was beaten by an outsider—young Roscoe Tanner of Stanford, who served 21 aces past the Dutchman. But the WCT favorites were happy to cop any other plea that came along. For instance: the grass was as awful as ever at Forest Hills, resulting in terribly funny bounces that never occur on the immaculate indoor carpets on tour. The best three-of-five set matches were a punishing adjustment from the two of three to which they are accustomed. And, whoa, boy, what about this grotesque nine-point, sudden-death tiebreaker, when what they are all used to is a sedate best-of-12, win-by-two pansy of a tiebreak?

"All of us are under the most pressure, coming in here and being expected to win," said Ashe, speaking for WCT. "But we aren't used to the five-setters, most of our guys aren't physically in shape and we haven't been on grass in a year. The grass here actually looks funny to me."

"What these guys forget," Tom Gorman, an independent pro, said in rebuttal, "is that except for Wimbledon, we haven't seen grass either. They could have prepared the week before at Merion or Orange."

Criticism of the grounds, however, paled before the oral onslaught unleashed by the players upon the tiebreak system. In the players' defense, it is painful for anyone's fate to be determined by a bad bounce in sudden death, especially when a $160,000 purse is at stake. Still, as Tournament Director Billy Talbert pointed out, the system puts a "finish line" on a match, and it is the most exciting breakthrough for spectators since Joan Kennedy took up the game.

Rosewall, Newcombe and Laver all lost two sudden-death tiebreakers to hasten their exit. Laver's upset to Richey may have contained the most surprise, if only because it meant that since the Rocket won his second Grand Slam in 1969 he has not only failed to win either Forest Hills or Wimbledon but has been eliminated in the quarters or earlier in both tournaments (four losses, two no-shows). This time Laver won the first set against Richey, but at age 34 and with his aching back (supported by a brace) proving too much of a handicap, he then dropped the next three straight.

Cliff Richey, 12th-seeded, upset the fading Rod Laver and then fell to Ashe in the semis.

A lesser man would have defaulted, for Laver could hardly walk that night. "I tried to stretch out a few times," he said, "but I kept getting spasms."

Laver and Richey actually had been playing for the right to meet Frew McMillan, a South African who wears a Ben Hogan cap and hits everything with two hands. But that's the kind of Open it was. By this time practically everybody who was anybody had departed the lower half of the draw, and attention was focused on the meeting between Smith and Ashe.

Burdened with Davis Cup responsibilities, Smith, the defending champion, had not played a tournament since his victory at Wimbledon, and he looked ragged in the early rounds. Against his good friend Ashe, whose game is nearly a mirror of his own, he simply was not ready. For all purposes, it was over early when, after saving one set point to reach 6–6, Ashe went to serve in the tiebreak, behind 2–4. Here was Smith, one of the few players who likes sudden death, with three set points going for him and in wonderful position. Yet on all three of Ashe's serves to his backhand, the tall Army corporal failed to put the ball in play. He lost the tiebreak 4–5, the set 6–7 and his title 6–7, 4–6, 5–7, double-faulting on match point.

Afterward, Smith dejectedly admitted he was unable to "hang in, like I usually do." But Ashe thought Smith to be tired and "mentally not out there."

"Since when does Arthur have a degree in psychology?" snapped Dennis Ralston, who has coached both men. "No secret reasons for this. You can't win every big tournament. Arthur just outplayed him."

In the semifinal he also outplayed Richey in straight sets. After saving two set points in the 12th game of the third, Arthur went on to win still another tiebreak. Ashe used to lose tiebreaks in his sleep, but for the tournament he was 5-0 in the little monsters.

In taking the women's championship for the third time, Billie Jean King didn't win any tiebreaks. She didn't have to. Nobody got a set from her and, aside from a fairly stiff tussle with Margaret Court in the semifinals, Ms. King's biggest challenge was seeing how many sentences she could construct in her tacky trophy-acceptance speech using only the words "Virginia Slims."

The spokeswomen for the tour that

continued

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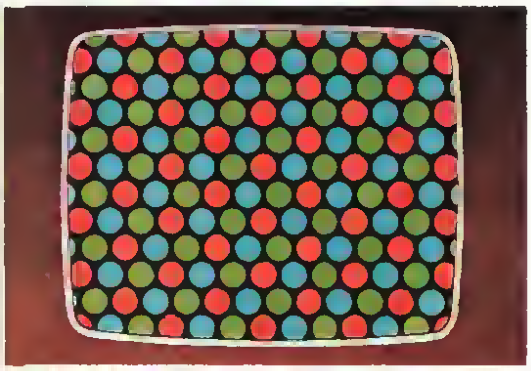

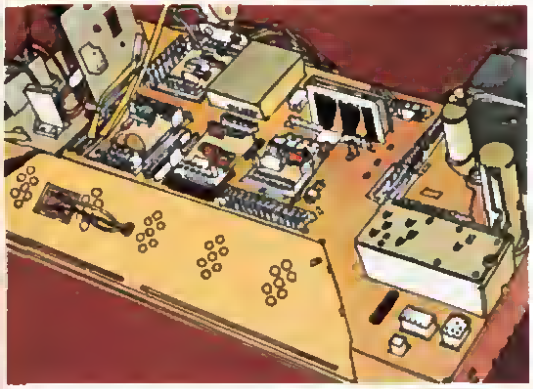

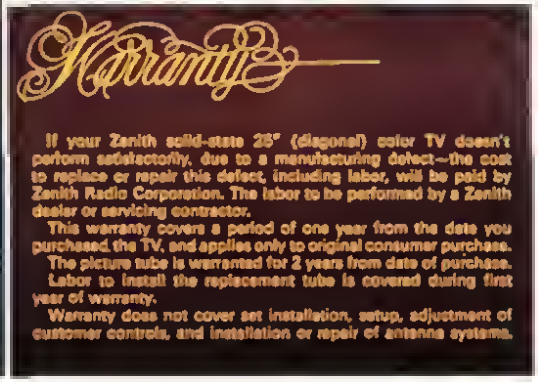

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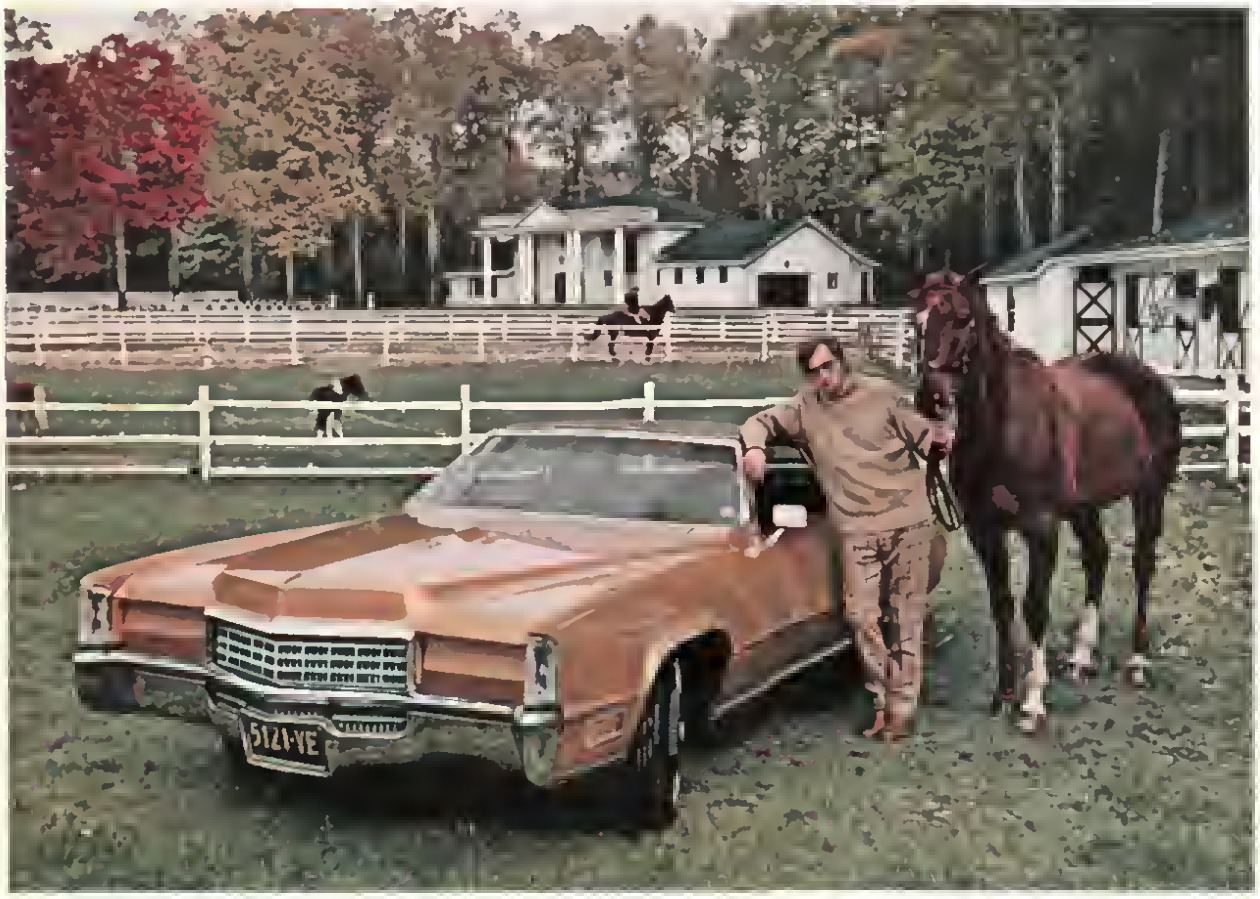

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is sponsored by the "You've Come a Long Way, Baby" cigarette firm have been claiming for a year now that the women outdrew the men and "saved" Forest Hills in 1971. That is, of course, stretching the point at least 100 millimeters. In reality, last year's tournament was missing many of the big-name male stars and subsequently it came under the spell of a little girl, Chris Evert, who is not on the women's tour and still isn't old enough to smoke outside her own bathroom.

Nevertheless, the women made much noise about "striking" Forest Hills this time because of the unequal distribution of prize money, which was weighted 3 to 1 in favor of the men. Reportedly, the Virginia Slims girls could not get Msss. Court, Evert and Evonne Goolagong to go along with them on such short notice and, finally, Publisher Gladys Heldman, the grand duchess of the tour, persuaded the girls (whom she refers to affectionately as "the little broads") to call off their strike for this time.

Pre-tournament hoopla surrounding the first appearance together of King, Court, Evert and Goolagong surely approached the atmosphere when that other girl quartet, the Lennons, did their first national number. Unfortunately, at Forest Hills, the prospectus generated far more excitement than what turned up on the court.

King and Court did meet, of course, but the girls of summer—Chris and Evonne—never got to each other or the other two. Ironically, it was two of "the little broads" that did them in. First Goolagong, not unlike a debutante getting cold feet in front of pushy New York society, was appalled at the interview room and labeled it an "animal cage." Then she went out and lost in the third round to Pam Teeguarden after blowing two set points at 5-4, 40-15 and letting her erratic forehand scattershot everything the rest of the way.

Pam Teeguarden turned out to be a kinky free spirit from Los Angeles who regularly receives acupuncture massages from her brother and claims to own "the world's largest Afghan." But no sooner did she get interesting than Kerry Melville, a shy 25-year-old from Australia, put the Afghan owner out with the loss of only two games.

Seventeen-year-old Chris Evert, in the meantime, was making her way back to

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the semifinal round she had attained at Forest Hills last year. The same ecstasy with which Open crowds greeted her every eyelash move in 1971 seemed absent this time—perhaps because she was winning much more easily—and early on she even seemed to be getting upstaged by her little sister Jeannie, 14.

The press quickly made a starlet of Jeannie. "What do you think of 'golden oldies'?" was one of the more intelligent questions—until she was thrashed by Lesley Hunt in the second round. Chris herself went out to Melville 6-4, 6-2. She could not solve the Australian's polished forehand top spin or a fluttering drop shot that kept her panting all afternoon. Once again in the semis, it was bye, bye, Ms. American Pie.

The King-Court match should have been better. Margaret had beaten Billie Jean easily at Newport two weeks before, serving as well as she ever had. But her comeback following the birth of a son has not reached the point where the Australian's nerves are steeled for the big ones. There were six break points in this particular big one, four against King, two against Court. King won them all, and the match, 6-4, 6-4. She also won an easy final 6-3, 7-5 when Melville succumbed to the "many stupid errors" that constantly plague her game.

But Billie Jean was anything but joyous after the victory. "Next year the women's money better be up," she barked, "or else I'm not coming back. Me or any of us. And I mean up—up to par—exactly the same as the men."

"Give 'em a year's notice, Billie," Gladys Heldman hooted, prompting her. "Right on."

"God, Billie Jean's beginning to think she's some kind of cabaret star," moaned a top male player after listening to her babble on at the microphone. And the record one-day crowd of 14,683 that watched her final and the two men's semifinals on Saturday was hardly drawn by the King-Melville match. Tournament Director Talbert is well aware of that, too. He also knows that the men, who formed a new players organization last week, the Association of Tennis Professionals, with Jack Kramer as the executive director, will start to wield tremendous power on their own. And one of their first efforts may be the abolition of sudden death at Forest Hills. That would be a shame. You've come a long way, tennis. Don't stop now. END

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by TEX MAULE

Across the land the computers hum and click and whirr, and out of them come electronic answers to the critical question of what play to run on third and 18 deep in your own territory while trailing by 10 points in the eighth game of the season. And out of them comes, at the touch of another button, the best 263-pound defensive tackle who can move well to his left, read a draw and close the trap hole and is eligible for the draft.

The automation of the '70s makes for brilliant plays, executed by extraordinary players. It will also make for another superseason for the National Football League—or will it? Increasingly, it has become apparent that professional football, for all its computers and modern methods, for all its talented players and years of experience, has problems, some involving playing conditions, some involving the play itself. This probably will not be the year in which they are solved, but it may well be a season when the need for a change of some kind becomes obvious—even to the people who run the game.

To go back, 13 years ago the NFL was made up of 12 teams. Questions con-

continued

cerning them were handled by Bert Bell, a small, fat irascible man whose offices occupied some scruffy rooms in Bala-Cynwyd, a suburb of Philadelphia. Bell was given to quick and hard judgments, such as suspending indefinitely two New York Giant players—Frank Filchock and Merle Hapes—simply because they did not report a bribe *attempt*.

Today the league, blown up to 26 teams, is administered from two very plush floors in an office building on New York's Park Avenue by Alvin (Pete) Rozelle, a tall, sophisticated and mellifluous man who once suspended two players for 11 months for betting on NFL games. He has not taken strong action since against player, coach or executive, although one NFL owner was involved in a rather dicey deal with race horses within the last year. Recently the league raised from $5,000 to $25,000 the amount the commissioner could impose as a fine.

In Rozelle's defense, he handles a far more complex job than did Bell. Almost routinely he must make multimillion-dollar deals with TV people where Bell had almost no television to cope with. The players have formed a union and accused the league of violating the antitrust laws; in Bell's day, a player thought antitrust meant an uncle had the full confidence of his wife.

But in some ways the league was a better one in the old days when Bell was always available and willing to listen to players, owners, innocent bystanders and sometimes sportswriters. Once almost as accessible as Bell, Rozelle slowly but surely has backed away from the day-to-day commerce of running his office. Bell was the general manager; Rozelle is chairman of the board.

During the Rozelle era new stadiums have popped up all over the league like mushrooms after a rain, but inside most there has been no grass. The newest arenas are floored with synthetic underfooting, which from the viewpoint of stadium managements makes sense. It is less costly to maintain artificial turf than to hire a corps of groundkeepers to minister tenderly and lovingly to good old grass. Also, the new surfaces are playable in all weather. But there is a negative side to synthetic turf, too. Uniformly unforgiving, it has been blamed for sending many players into early retirement in a crepitation of separating shoulders, strained ligaments and torn cartilages.

Pro football is injury-prone enough without adding to the game's dangers, if indeed that is what artificial turf does. Before this new season ever began, Roger Staubach, quarterback of the world champion Dallas Cowboys—playing on grass in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum—was hit near the sideline and suffered a separated shoulder that will keep him out of the lineup until at least midseason. The San Francisco 49ers, strong contenders in the NFC West, had no fewer than 11 starters hurt at one time or another in training season accidents, and Mike McCoy, a quality defensive tackle for Green Bay, broke a bone in his foot while playing on the hard surface of the Astrodome in Houston. The Los Angeles Rams lost Kermit Alexander (broken elbow), Linebacker Ken Geddes (broken arm) and return specialist Travis Williams (torn knee ligaments). The Detroit Lions suffered a major loss when their fine tight end, Charlie Sanders, separated a shoulder making a diving catch.

Obviously, a new surface as revolutionary as artificial turf should be thoroughly tested if there is any question that it is adding to the high injury rate of the NFL. As a matter of fact, the commissioner's office has been compiling extensive statistics on the entire topic of injuries, but it has refused to be drawn into a public controversy on the subject of artificial turf's potential danger. It does admit that NFL trainers have been asked to file extensive and detailed injury reports with New York for the past several years. So maybe those computers are being fed something besides statistics on raw recruits and soon there will be a reasonable comparison of the probability of debilitating destruction to players on natural grass and artificial surfaces.

Of course, if it develops that there are more injuries on the manufactured fields, it is not going to be all that easy returning to grass. The cost will be steep, many owners have no control over the stadiums in which their teams play—for instance, many stadiums are built to accommodate baseball as well as football—and there is always the matter of TV. Football looks better on the rug than in the mud created by a hard rain. Backs can run and cut and the TV audience can see who they are by their numbers, which was never so in the pre-artificial days, when one wondered if they were playing a game out there or whether they were just a lot of overgrown types engaging in a lively mud bath.

Whenever possible, however, the choice of surface should be decided by the league. That should mean the commissioner. If the statistical results are bad, the NFL is going to have to make the hard decision to return to grass. But will it? Change is coming more slowly in football these days, and when it does come, it often is so slight as to be almost unnoticeable. This year, for example, looking for a way to produce more action and more touchdowns, now that defenses have become so effective, the NFL owners decided to move the hash marks seven and a fraction yards nearer to midfield (SI, Aug. 28). During the exhibition games—excuse that, Pete—preseason games—there were plenty of high scores, but to what extent the repositioning works can be determined only under regular game conditions, when the rookies are on the bench and everybody is trying.

Putting the ball in play farther from each sideline supposedly gives the offense more room to exercise its options. But it also becomes more seductive to try a field goal, since the kicker has less of an angle for his attempt. There may be more blah plays in pro football than

continued

MAULE'S PICKS

NATIONAL CONFERENCE

EAST
Dallas

CENTRAL
Detroit

WEST
San Francisco

AMERICAN CONFERENCE

EAST
Baltimore

CENTRAL
Pittsburgh

WEST
Oakland

The predictions are those of Tex Maule and not the consensus (page 52) of the pro football staff, which also includes Morton Sharnik, Ron Reid and Joe Marshall.

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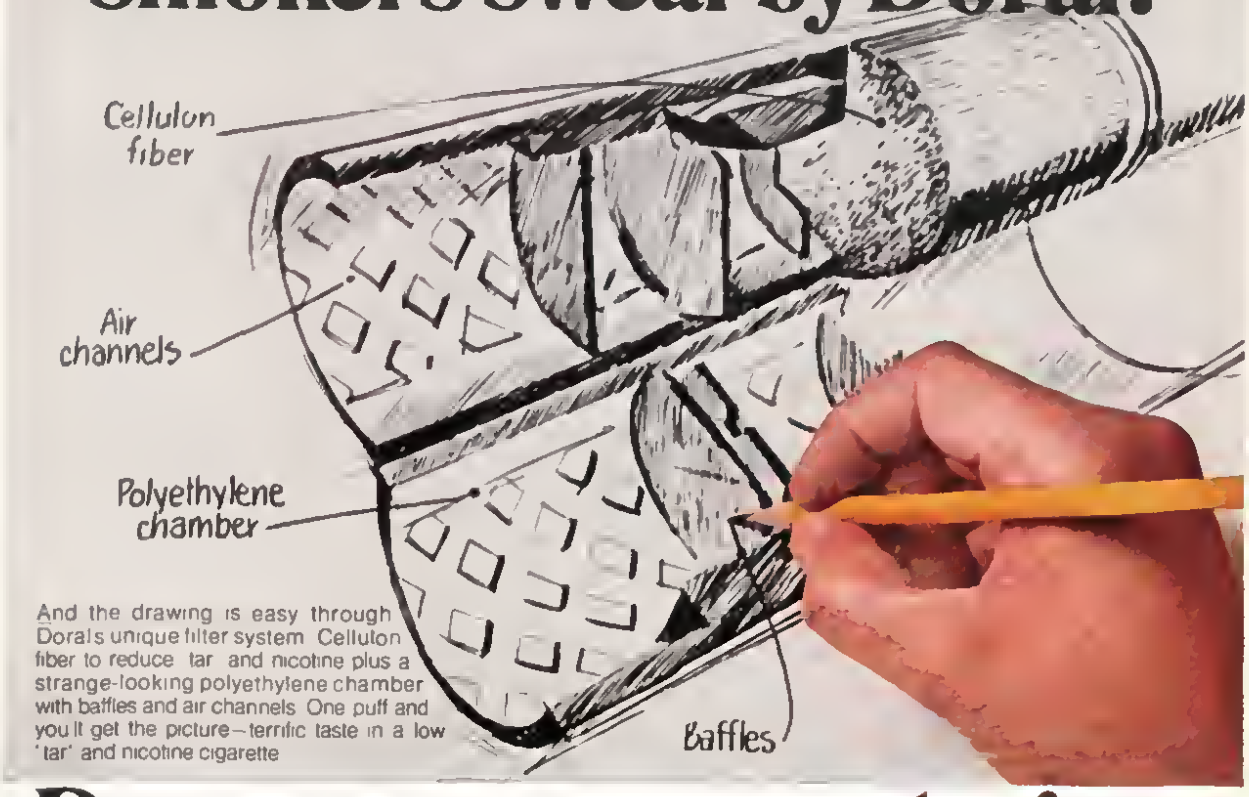

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the field goal, but it would be difficult to find them. A 50-yard field goal is a true negation of the whole philosophy of the game, since it rewards the attacking team for its inability to move the ball and militates against an exciting gamble by the offense for a first down or a touchdown.

If the pooh-bahs of the NFL—and/or Rozelle—want to soup up the attack, they can try other tactics. First, they can increase the penalty for a missed field goal by returning an unsuccessful attempt to the place from where it was kicked, not to the 20-yard line of the defending team. That for sure would force attacking teams either to go for the first down or to punt. Second, relax the rule on men in motion before the snap of the ball and take a maple leaf from the Canadian league, where the backs are permitted to go in motion in any direction before the ball is snapped. This is a simple rule that very well could destroy zone defenses and revive the long pass as well as increase the deception and effectiveness of the running attack.

Third, bring back the two-point conversion used by the AFL in its infancy and by colleges. To pro football coaches, the two-pointer is anathema, understandably. Second-guessing an unsuccessful run or pass for a two-point conversion is the easiest of all chores for a Monday morning quarterback. But it keeps suspense alive in close games and eliminates, to an extent, the importance of a late field goal that puts a team ahead by eight points and out of reach of a touchdown.

Fourth, play all games to a sudden death overtime. No one enjoys a tie. The NFL might even consider trying another method for settling ties—give each team the ball for six offensive plays beginning at the 50-yard line and award the victory to the club that gains the most yardage.

The NFL most likely will not try any of these moves this year. With a few exceptions the ownership—the league is beginning its 53rd year—more and more resembles its counterpart in baseball, afflicted with such diseases of age as hardening of the head.

There still is an enormous amount of enthusiasm among pro football's followers, but if the game is to continue to grow in popularity, the time has come for change.

CONTINUED

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Nobody loves you when your downs are out

National East

Everybody has quarterback problems, so why should the Cowboys worry? Even playing catch-up, they'll pass George Allen, who never wins playoffs

"The quarterback is the most important man on the football team," said Dallas Cowboy President Tex Schramm. "You don't go anywhere without him." The comment would seem banal except that it occurred just two days after Roger Staubach's disastrous game of hump and run with the Rams' Marlin McKeever. Still, the Cowboys have Craig Morton, which leaves them about as well off as anyone else in the NFC East, where none of the five teams has completely resolved its quarterback situation.

As for Morton, he appears remarkably calm. "Why not?" he asks. "I took the Cowboys to the Super Bowl once before, and this team has always performed well for me." The rest of the Cowboys seem equally confident, but, just in case Morton runs to darkness, there is now Jack Concannon. Nor has anyone counted Staubach out. "What made him try to run over that guy is what will bring him back quick," says Coach Tom Landry.

The well-tempered unit that Landry and Schramm have molded seems capable of overcoming any loss—say, for instance, of the Cowboys' No. 1 rusher, and biggest headache, Duane Thomas, who was traded to San Diego for Running Back Mike Montgomery and Wide Receiver Billy Parks. That still leaves Walt Garrison (*see cover*) and brittle Calvin Hill, who can fill Thomas' shoes if he doesn't suffer another Great Toe Throb. Montgomery and Robert Newhouse, the No. 2 draft choice from Houston, also are ready, but with the Dallas offensive line bulging with All-Pros it doesn't much matter who carries. And with Bob Hayes, who says he is faster now than he was when he won two gold medals at the Tokyo Olympics, Lance Alworth, Ron Sellers and Parks, it doesn't much matter who throws the passes either.

The offense, however, may have to readjust some of its thinking. Dallas sends its backs out on most pass plays, putting added pressure on the line. Consequently, Cowboy quarterbacks get sacked plenty. Only six teams, none with a winning record, were worse at protecting the quarterback in 1970. Staubach's quickness helped improve that statistic a bit last year, but without him Dallas may have to become protection-conscious.

If the Cowboys have some offensive problems, their opponents have quite a few more. The Dallas Doomsday Defense returns, which means other teams still have to face up to Tackle Bob Lilly, not to mention the best linebacking in the conference. One wonders when age will start to be a factor, Lilly is 33, Chuck Howley 36 and five other defensive starters are over 30. Indeed, averaged up, the Cowboys' starting 22 is as old as, you guessed it, the Redskins. But no one in Dallas shows signs of slowing.

Washington has two candidates for the quarterback job, and both Billy Kilmer and Sonny Jurgensen (SI, Aug. 21) are making it perfectly clear that, as Redskin Coach George Allen will tell you—and tell you and tell you—experience counts. As long as Washington stays in contention for the playoffs, Kilmer will start, but Jurgensen's quick-striking ability makes the Redskin bench quite an asset.

Kilmer or Jurgensen can hand off to Larry Brown, as good as any in the league, or pass to the likes of Charley Taylor, Roy Jefferson and Jerry Smith, all ranked among the top 10 active receivers in football. Brown, who has had a tender knee, was held out for much of the exhibition season as a precaution, but George Nock, acquired in June from the Jets, and Bob Brunet spent that time proving that Brown needn't be used all the time anyway. Taylor is back after missing most of last season with an ankle fractured while scoring a touchdown against Kansas City. "Charley keeps the defenses loose, not only with his pass catching but also with his tremendous downfield blocking," says Assistant Coach Mike McCormack. "We were 5-0 when he got hurt, but after that a lot of teams played what amounted to a goal-line defense against us."

One drawback to Washington's offense is its weak-kneed line. Jim Snowden, the team's best lineman, has already succumbed to torn ligaments and, of the five expected to start, two will perform on previously unreliable legs.

Before George Allen arrived, the Redskin defense consisted of 40 points and a prayer. Last year it finished fourth in the NFL, giving up just 190 points, the first time since 1958 (and a 12-game schedule) that Washington has yielded fewer than 300. Age has become a factor here, although not on the defensive line where Verlon Biggs, Diron Talbert and Manny Sistrunk are under 30. It is the deep seven that verges on senility. The most crucial spots are Middle Linebacker Myron Pottios, 33, and Safety Richie Petitbon, 34, both of whom have to stretch their guile a long way to keep their positions. At safety Allen added depth by trading for Roosevelt Taylor of San Francisco. *He* is 34.

The Redskins' biggest asset came out of the league office. The schedule has Minnesota on the first Monday night, but George Allen has never, never lost an opening game. And there is Dallas twice, but the other eight opponents compiled a 38-69-5 record in 1971 and only one, Atlanta (7-6-1), had a winning rec-

ord. The Cowboys could be playing catch-up all season, but that's bad? Allen teams have never, never won a playoff game.

Remember the Philadelphia Eagles grumbling when their new coach, Eddie Khayat, demanded haircuts? Well, they finished out the season 6-4-1 and went through training camp, on a United Methodist campus where no alcohol is allowed, confident they could continue where they left off. Pete Liske returns at quarterback, but Eagle fans, if not the Eagles, are looking to a rookie, No. 1 draft choice John Reaves of Florida, to complete the resurgence. Reaves is the one who, told that Concannon was going to the Cowboys, said, "I was hoping they'd get Liske."

The Eagles' real hopes lie in a young, aggressive defense that held 1971 opponents to 16 points a game over the last nine weeks. Free spirit Tim Rossovich is gone, but Steve Zabel, who will take over the middle linebacking spot, "won't let Tim be missed," or so says Defensive End Richard Harris. For himself, Harris says he "wants to be three or four times better," a comment which might cause astonishment among some offensive tackles. There is quality depth all along the defensive line, the linebackers play the run well (although sometimes at the expense of the pass), and the deep backs, particularly Safeties Bill Bradley and Leroy Keyes, are excellent. Still, the defense can't do it all; the Eagles need a running attack. For now, the only real offensive threats are some speedy wide receivers—Harold Jackson, Ben Hawkins and 6′8″ Harold Carmichael—and Kicker Tom Dempsey, who led the league in field-goal percentage last year despite never trying from inside the 20.

By his own admission, second-year Coach Bob Hollway has his work cut out for him in St. Louis. He says the keys to winning are staying together and playing together, but after last season he traded for four new offensive weapons, ridding himself in the process of his two top rushers—MacArthur Lane and Cid Edwards—and his top receiver, John Gilliam. Hollway's intention is to put more variety into his offense. He has added versatile Halfback Donny Anderson and Quarterback Gary Cuozzo, who, though a weaker thrower than incumbent Jim Hart or rookie Tim Van Galder, is more capable of handling multiple offenses.

One bright spot could be the receiving, where Jackie Smith, the tight end on whom the Cardinal offense has relied so heavily in the past, is well again after missing the last five games of 1971 with knee surgery. The wide receivers will be Mel Gray, a 9.2 sprinter, and No. 1 draft choice Bobby Moore from Oregon. Asked if he preferred to catch a football or run with it, Moore replied, "I just like to touch it; I like to have it a lot."

St. Louis suffered through enough defensive injuries last year to demoralize any team. But even healthy, the Cardinals have problems. With Washington twice, Baltimore and Minnesota in their first five games, the new Cardinals will have a tough time getting off the ground.

In New York last year the fans used to say that the Giants had but three football players, Quarterback Fran Tarkenton, Defensive End Fred Dryer and Safety Spider Lockhart. Now only Lockhart is left and one has to wonder. The Giants did pick up All-Pro Wide Receiver Bob Grim and Quarterback Norm Snead for Tarkenton, but since New York was already relatively strong in the receiving department and since Coach Alex Webster says he made the trade with confidence that backup signal-caller Randy Johnson could start, the Giants would seem to have got nothing for something. As partial compensation, Halfback Ron Johnson, who suffered a year full of leg miseries last season, is back in his 1970 form when he scored 12 touchdowns and accounted for over 1,500 yards running and catching.

The Giant defense finished 21st in the league in 1971 and can only get worse without Dryer and Tackle Jim Kanicki, who suffered an Achilles' tear. That is unless Defensive Coordinator Jim Garrett's Rover defense comes through. The Rover hopes to take maximum advantage of the club's one seasoned lineman, Jack Gregory, who played out his option in Cleveland, but even Garrett is not predicting instant success: "Time and patience should be on a marquee above Yankee Stadium," says he. Spell that "Wait'll Next Year."

CONTINUED

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLD ROTH

The East is famous for displaying a sense of style—even while running way over you.

Fans in the ardent, high-flying Central can't get into the stadiums fast enough to see their heroes thump one another

National Central

As though the Vikings haven't kicked the old Black and Blue around plenty already, they have come up with a new scoring punch in Fran Tarkenton and their best all-round team to date

Sometimes known as the Black and Blue Division, the Central has been knocked around plenty by Minnesota during the past four years. Now the Vikings should win a fifth division title, "In itself no small honor," says Coach Bud Grant in that measured way of his. Perhaps, but his players, tired of honors without profit, have other ideas. "We've got to think of the Big Picture, the Super Bowl," says one, rubbing an old hurt.

Maybe dusting off new hopes, too. With the most complete of their very strong teams, the Vikings could be ready for their finest hour. Favorable trades, a good draft, the wholesale settlement of eight contract squabbles and a general state of harmony are but a few of the team's plusses.

The real one, though, walks around daintily in size 10½ football shoes and—for the first time since he was traded to New York—the Minnesota uniform he started his pro career in. He is Quarterback Fran Tarkenton, of course, and paying all respect to the modest Gary Cuozzo, the team's first offensive leader since Joe Kapp's abrupt departure in 1970. The players believe Tarkenton is their man. Tarkenton knows he is. "I'm pleased to be back," he says. "It's as comfortable as rediscovering an old slipper." Or, he might have said, a good football team. After those famine years with the Giants, Tarkenton suddenly has real material to work with. He moves in behind a fine line with the giant All-Pro tackle, Ron Yary, to pass-block. There are three outstanding deep receivers: John Gilliam, obtained from St. Louis in the trade for Cuozzo; John Henderson and Gene Washington, who scored nine touchdowns in Kapp's last year and only four in Cuozzo's tenure. Then there is a fleet of running backs so strong that talented but anxious rookie Ed Marinaro said, "All those NCAA rushing records, and I'm afraid the Vikes will taxi me." In 1971 Clint Jones ran for 675 yards and he is just beginning to realize his full abilities.

Tarkenton, who uses the entire field to pick and probe, throws both long and short and favors his backs as receivers. This will keep the defenses loose, a departure from the past seasons when the inside gag was that Minnesota backs needed a pneumatic drill or pointy heads to pierce the tight defenses thrown against them. "Poor Cuozzo, the more defenses pinched, the more constricted he became," commiserates an ex-teammate.

"We're going to have some heavy stuff for those tight defenses," says Jones. "Eye-openers. The Minnesota offense is going to score points."

Helped by a defense that gave up only 139 points, the fewest in the NFL, Minnesota does not need to hype its scoring very much to be red-hot. Led by Tackle Alan Page, the league's Most Valuable Player, and All-Pro Defensive End Carl Eller, the rush is truly oppressive. While quarterbacks unload frantically, the first-rate linebackers, Wally Hilgenberg, Lonnie Warwick and

continued

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Roy Winston, drop back quickly to cover the under zones and punish the few ballcarriers who escape the defensive line. With Charlie West, a former minor league centerfielder, challenging Karl Kassulke at strong safety, the secondary's already high interception rate should rise.

In Detroit the great hope is to reach the playoffs—as a wild card. It may be only a hope; Detroit lacks the defense to finish closer than a distant second in the division. "I wish I had four killers up front but since I don't I'll make do with what I have," says Coach Joe Schmidt. What he has are excellent Linebackers Paul Naumoff, Mike Lucci and 15-year man Wayne Walker. Sandwiched between a weak rush line and a shaky secondary, the three blitz often. It is their only chance.

The high-powered offense keeps Detroit respectable and undoubtedly saves Schmidt's job, which is made no easier by the presence on the team of an inordinate number of cliques. ("There have to be 10 different groups on the Lions," says one ex-Detroit player.) It is made easier by the running (530 yards, a season record for quarterbacks) and passing (2,237 yards) of big, durable Greg Landry and the running of Steve Owens (1,035 yards) and Altie Taylor (736 yards). Unworried by the team's $100,000-a-year investment in Landry, Schmidt stresses the dangerous option play. When Landry throws, he can count on solid protection and excellent deep receivers although Tight End Charlie Sanders will be out for some time with a shoulder separation. In 1971 Detroit produced 39 touchdowns, second to Dallas' 50 in the NFC. But the Lions gave up 35, which ranked 10th.

Almost to a man, the pros applaud the promotion of Abe Gibron, whom they consider brilliant, to the head coaching job of the Bears. And almost to a man they bemoan Gibron's fate. "Poor Abe," they say, "he waited so long and now he has so little to work with." Gibron is not interested in sympathy, but he could do with a plaster cast and an Ace Bandage or two. There is the usual casualty list, and Gale Sayers has retired. Defensive Tackle George Seals and Wide Receiver Dick Gordon, though not hurt, refused to play for Chicago.

Still, there is enough material around, particularly on defense, to keep opponents from enjoying an afternoon in Soldier Field. Even a shopworn Dick Butkus intimidates ballcarriers, and Outside Backer Doug Buffone is nearly as physical. So it will be difficult to run against the Bears. The line applies pressure from the outside, where Steve DeLong and Willie Holman are at the defensive ends, but the inside rush could be weak unless Seals, a demon at defensive tackle, agrees to come back. Happily, the secondary is sound and should have improved coverage once outstanding rookie Craig Clemons works in.

Chicago has junked its complicated system that required the quarterback to read innumerable keys and direct the line-blocking assignments. Bobby Douglass now lets the linemen figure out their blocking angles for themselves. And under the new system he has shown improvement. Still, the Bears essentially will be a running team with the strong Douglass doing much of the legwork or handing off to Jim Harrison, Cyril Pinder or rookie Roger Lawson. The offensive line is a jumble of player switches. It is counting, perhaps prematurely, on Chicago's No. 1 draft pick, Lionel Antoine from Southern Illinois.

At Green Bay Coach Dan Devine has a master plan—don't all coaches?—which is to turn the Packers into a juggernaut. They traded Donny Anderson to St. Louis for 220-pound Halfback MacArthur Lane who runs hard, blocks well and holds on to the ball, a knack Anderson never acquired. Matching Lane with John Brockington, the NFC's top rusher, Devine expects to recapture the wonderful days of Jim Taylor and Paul Hornung. The line is solid, particularly in the middle where recently acquired Guard Malcolm Snider eases the burden on Gale Gillingham. But what then? "Since Bart Starr retired to coach Scott Hunter, the improvement has been amazing," says Brockington. "Starr's a wizard. Even Jerry Tagge [the rookie from Nebraska] looks as if he'll help us this year. That's the wizard again." There is the question of whom Hunter and Tagge will throw to. Only that worthy ancient, Carroll Dale, has the proven ability to shake loose. Provisionally, the Packers will rely on the running of Lane and Brockington.

The team cannot depend upon the punishing hitting of the defense, however, mostly because it is not punishing. The secondary, easily whipsawed, is inexperienced, and the front line seldom gets to the passer. To put it in a kit bag, all the Packers can do this year is smile, smile, smile.

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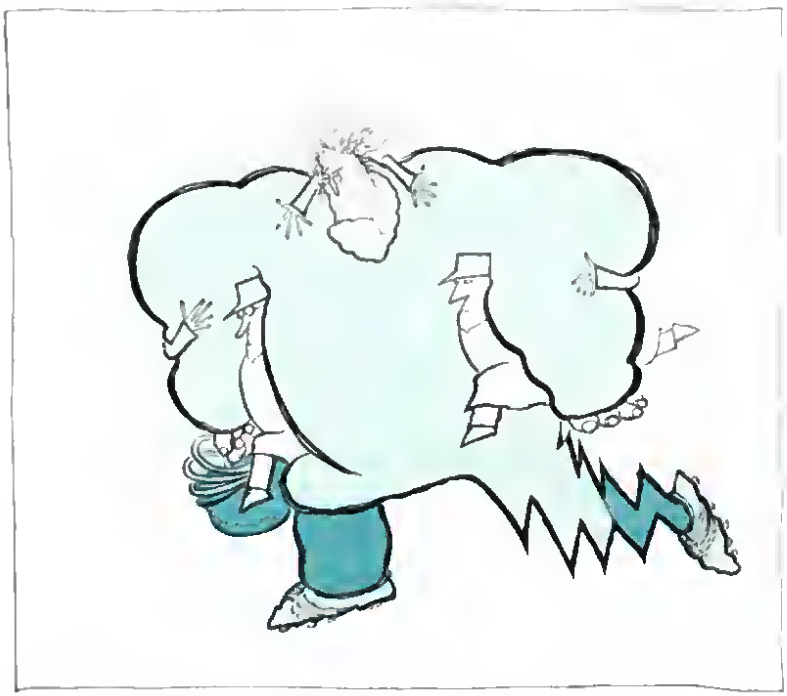


The march of football medicine rests—rests?—on the shoulders of all those little men.

National West

While the 49ers were standing pat, Los Angeles played chess, made some deft moves and improved by 20%, enough to give the Rams an edge in an old rivalry

Should the Los Angeles Rams win the championship of this difficult division, as seems likely, they will owe their good fortune, at least in part, to the winning chess played by Coach Tommy Prothro. A large, quiet Southerner who is possessed of formidable and varied skills, Prothro is not above using any of them if he thinks he can help his cause. Thus it was that he trotted out his chessboard not long after Lance Rentzel, the accomplished wide receiver, arrived from Dallas. Prothro was concerned with Rentzel's lack of concern about diagrammed pass patterns. Instead of following those so carefully drawn on the blackboard in pregame meetings, Rentzel would run zigzags that occurred to him in the few seconds after the snap of the ball. Prothro played some dozen chess games with Rentzel and won them all.

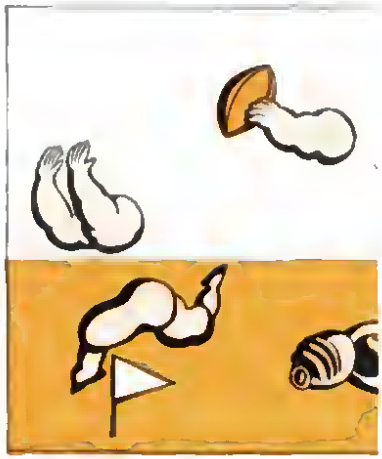
"Next time I'm going to beat you, coach," Rentzel said.

"No, you're not, Lance," Prothro said. "I know a great deal more about chess than you do."

Rentzel turned to go, but Prothro stopped him.

"I also know a great deal more about pass patterns than you do," he said.

Since then, Rentzel has run his patterns meticulously. When Prothro, newly arrived from UCLA last year, instituted different ideas on offense (flopping his offensive line, new blocking postures), many of the Ram veterans were as reluctant as Rentzel to accept the changes. Now all of them are believers in the Prothro moves.

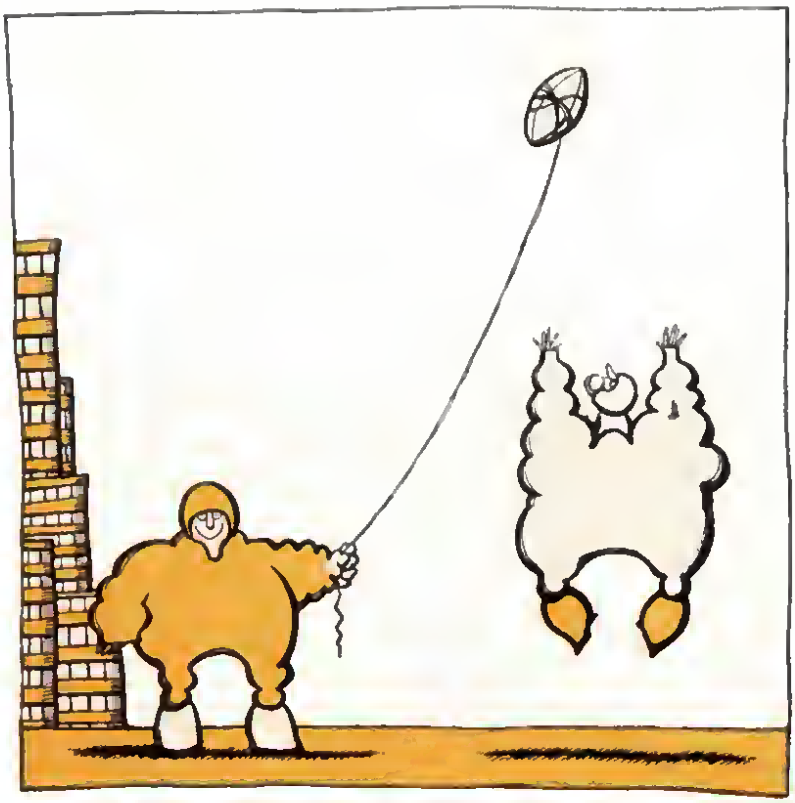


The total 100% effort is merely football's way

The personnel does not differ radically from last season. Roman Gabriel, recovered from a collapsed lung, still quarterbacks the club and throws fewer interceptions than any other quarterback around. The receivers and blocking line are unchanged from last season and solid, while the runners are Willie Ellison, who set a single-game rushing record of 247 yards last season, and Larry Smith, the strong, versatile back who gets the call for tough yardage. Jim Bertelsen, the Texas rookie, may augment the two with his slashing style.

Defensively, the Rams figure to be stronger even though Deacon Jones is now playing for San Diego. Jones will be replaced by Fred Dryer, acquired from the Giants. Coy Bacon, who graded out better than Jones in 1971, will hold down the other defensive end spot while Jack Youngblood (second year) will fill in for both. The Olsen brothers, Merlin and Phil, effectively seal the middle, and the Rams have a strong coterie of linebackers and better prospects at defensive back.

Their only serious competition in the division is San Francisco, and in the last 12 games between the two teams the Rams have won eight and tied one. "We're maybe 20% better going into this season," Prothro said in training camp. "Not because I know the other clubs in the league better—they know me, too—but because the club knows me and I know the people I have and they believe in and are familiar with the system. They react by instinct, not by thinking."



Ball control is a comforting thought, but in this league they kind of like the guys who pass.

'parating the men from, well, the rest of them

A 20% improvement should be more than enough, since the Rams finished second to San Francisco by half a game last year. And the 49ers have not changed at all, really.

They are as sound as 37-year-old John Brodie, who has been remarkably free of injury for most of his 15-year career. Behind Brodie is Steve Spurrier, who apparently has improved while watching Brodie for most of the last five years. The offensive line ranks among the best, and the running backs—Ken Willard, pure power, and Vic Washington, speed and power—each gained more than 800 yards last season and caught 63 passes between them. Add to the attack exceptional wide receivers in Dick Witcher and Gene Washington and a superb tight end in Ted Kwalick, and the 49ers are a powerful scoring machine, or should be. Unfortunately, last year they coughed up the ball 18 times on fumbles and 24 times on interceptions. That sort of thing can take the sting out of any attack.

To support their formidable—if unglued—attack is a tough, blooded defense, led on the line by Cedrick Hardman. Hardman has made an amazingly fast recovery from knee surgery, occasioned by an off-season basketball mishap, but since the 49ers open with San Diego and Buffalo, he can still ease into the season gently. The rest of the defense features an extraordinarily competent set of linebackers, headed by Frank (Fudge Hammer) Nunley, the cherubic middle man, and three seasoned defensive backs, with only free safety open for replacement after Roosevelt Taylor was traded.

The 49ers, in short, have all the right ingredients to repeat last season's success—they won the division title but lost to Dallas in the NFC championship—and maybe even go to the Super Bowl. But two of their five losses were to Los Angeles, which is quite a stumbling block. Perhaps Dick Nolan, the 49er coach, should take up chess.

Behind the division's obvious leaders are two teams that have at last improved. Norman Van Brocklin, the coach of the Atlanta Falcons, finally has enough quality players to allow him the luxury of longer looks at rookies during the preseason games. In 1971 four rookies started for his team; one or possibly two will start this season.

Van Brocklin sees a parallel between the Falcons and the Dallas Cowboys at the same stage of development. "Dallas didn't reach .500 until its sixth season, when they went 7-7," Dutch points out. "We were 7-6-1 last year in our sixth season, and I think we have a better team now than Dallas had at the same time."

If the Falcons manage to threaten the two front-runners, they will probably do so on the strength of their offense. Bob Berry, the 5' 11" Oregon graduate, has such a lock on quarterback that no one anymore thinks to question his relatively small stature. "He's the right size for our offense," Van Brocklin says. Berry had the highest completion average in the NFC last year (60.2), although he threw too many interceptions. But that may well have been due to inexperienced receivers; they are a year older now and presumably smarter at running pass routes. Berry has an exceptional target in Tight End Jim Mitchell, plus fine speed in Wide Receivers Wes Chesson and Ken Burrow.

The offensive line is deep and versatile, because Van Brocklin believes that interior linemen should be able to play either guard or tackle. They protect Berry well and they open daylight for a good, quick set of running backs, Joe Profit and Art Malone.

While there is no doubt that the Falcons will put points on the scoreboard, there is some question how many points they will have to put there to win. Defensive ends are set with All-Pro Claude Humphrey and John Zook, but the line gave up more than 2,100 yards rushing last year, most of the gains going over tackle. If the pass defense seemed better than the line, that possibly was because no one bothered to throw against it. The return of a healthy Tommy Nobis to middle linebacker could firm up the inside, but Van Brocklin still will need more help from his secondary against the run. Clarence Ellis, the No. 1 draft choice from Notre Dame whom the Falcons had been counting on to fill that need, hurt a knee in the All-Star camp and won't be available until a few weeks into the season.

Given luck and a paucity of injuries, the Falcons have an outside chance, which is more than they have ever had before and a good deal more than what the New Orleans Saints have, despite real improvement under Coach J. D. Roberts.

Archie Manning, who was handicapped much of his rookie year by injuries, is a Roger Staubach-type quarterback, with a better arm and probably more speed, but he is gradually learning to stay in the pocket, which should help him and the team considerably. If he applies his learning, he could survive longer and give the Saints a consistent, full-time No. 1 quarterback.

The addition of fast Wide Receiver Margene Adkins, traded from the Dallas Cowboys, could open up an attack that has lacked outside speed and the threat of the long pass. Adkins' presence will make life easier for Danny Abramowicz, the Raymond Berry-like flanker, and for Dave Parks, at tight end.

An improved passing game will, in turn, open paths for the good New Orleans running backs. Here, too, the Saints got help from the Cowboys in Joe Williams, who can spell starters Bob Gresham and Jim Strong. The offensive line has matured, and the Saints should be able to move on nearly any defense.

But, alas, that perforable defense and a poor pass rush allow opposing quarterbacks to pick apart the secondary. And alas, the kicking. For some arcane reason the Saints last year sent Tom Dempsey to Philadelphia, where he has specialized in long, long field goals. No one on the Saints specializes in even chip-shot field goals.

So look for the Rams to edge out San Francisco, with Atlanta a long shot and the Saints still marching in fourth.

CONTINUED

American East

Even if they suffer injuries for a change, the Dolphins are going to be rough. They have added size in the middle, which is bad news in Baltimore and New York

It is unreasonable to expect that the Miami Dolphins again will enjoy the kind of success that, apart from mid-January, they experienced last season. Oh, Don Shula's club should make the playoffs for a third consecutive year, but for the team to prevail as before—without suffering one injury serious enough to revise a three-deep list—begs much of logic and more of fate.

Such was the uncommon good health of the AFC champions in 1971 that one can only suppose they have been living on borrowed Blue Cross. The Dolphins themselves, faced with what could be the most competitive race in the NFL, have that eerie feeling. "If we stay injury-free," says Nick Buoniconti, the seasoned middle linebacker, "there's no reason we shouldn't repeat."

The Dolphins have defied all that seems logical ever since Shula arrived on the scene in 1970, developed a remarkable ball-control offense and unreasonably proceeded to turn a 10-game loser into a 10-game winner. Logic says that teams that possess the football as long as Bob Griese and his tenacious playmates do will afford a study in inexorable boredom except when they are fumbling the ball away or throwing it into enemy hands. Yet few teams in memory have generated more thrills from their art than the Dolphins, whose limit of regular-season turnovers last year stood at 23, lowest in the division.

The heart of the offense is the NFL's best rushing attack, led by Larry Csonka and his all-purpose buddy, Jim Kiick, who combined for 1,789 yards, 10 touchdowns and a single fumble in 357 carries. Breakaway Back Mercury Morris, who led the AFC in kickoff returns, did not get into the act often enough to suit his pride and has hectored Shula for more work.

But the man who makes Miami move is Griese, a quarterback who brings more cool detachment to the game than his 27 years normally acquire. Sure-handed, intelligent and a scrambler when the need arises, Griese was the NFL's second-ranking passer in '71 with 2,089 yards, 19 touchdowns and but nine interceptions. Now he plans to improve.

What should help Griese is a third season of familiarity with Paul Warfield, who led the league with 11 touchdown receptions, and an introductory one with Marlin Briscoe, who played out his option at Buffalo. Griese's other options are Marv Fleming, Howard Twilley and Jim Mandich.

Until the Super Bowl, when Dallas ran over the Dolphins with alarming impunity, Miami's defense appeared sound in holding regular-season rivals to 174 points. After that, however, no one was more alarmed than Shula, who promptly acquired Jim Dunaway (6′ 4″, 277) in a trade with the accommodating Bills and made Notre Dame's Mike Kadish (6′ 5″, 265) his first draft choice, hoping to combat the rush with more size. Dunaway already has won a starting job in the front four, where Manny Fernandez and Bill Stanfill are accomplished pass rushers. Against the pass, the Dolphins again will utilize a swarming zone blessed by the moxie of Jake Scott and Dick Anderson at safeties, with Tim Foley and Curtis Johnson starting their third year at the corners. For Miami the season may come up like thunder, since the Dolphins face a predictably dramatic opener at Kansas City and road

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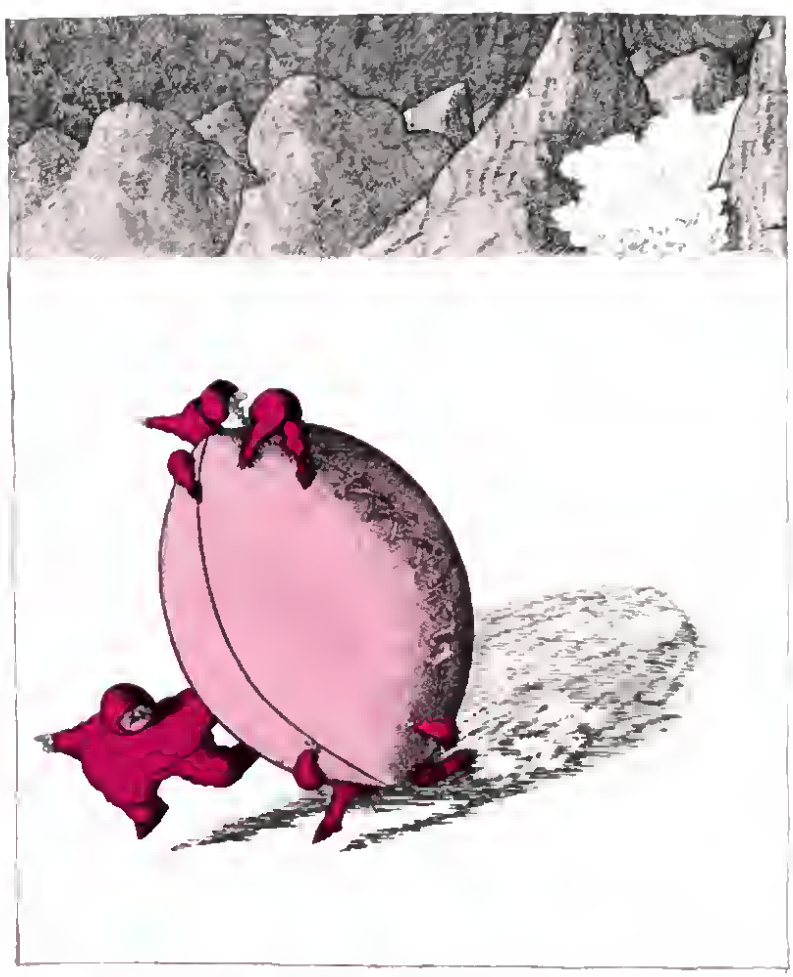

There is no good place to hide on a gridiron, especially from the East's thundering lines.

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games at Minnesota and Shea Stadium during the first four weeks.

Defense, for sure, is the primary reason that the Colts again should battle Miami to the wire, ready to usurp the title they missed by one half game. Baltimore in '71 was audacious at crushing ballcarriers, sacking quarterbacks and stealing passes. Only five field goals were kicked against the team, which blocked seven other attempts along with three punts and a conversion try to set a club record low yield of 140 points.

Yet, if the team is to succeed, improvement must come from a passing attack that produced only 10 touchdowns, partly because of increased emphasis on the running game, partly because a lot of receivers came up stone-fingered. Johnny Unitas, who unemotionally turns 40 next May, once again has sound ankles inside his high-top shoes, however, and that's a plus, since a ruptured Achilles' tendon kept him from starting the first nine games last season. But a preseason quest to find Unitas' possible fill-in filled Coach Don McCafferty with foreboding. Karl Douglas was dismal enough to cause the Colts to trade a No. 1 draft choice for Marty Domres from San Diego.

While Unitas is not the Unitas of old, Baltimore's running game is such that he doesn't have to be. Norm (Boo) Bulaich, who missed 4½ games—when you add up the quarters—still gained 741 yards on his way to eight touchdowns; Tom Matte, possibly in his final season, picked up 607 yards; and Don Nottingham, the low-drafted bowling ball from Kent State, added another 388. Don McCauley, due for increased duty, and rookie Lydell Mitchell add to Baltimore's excess of running backs.

As for receivers, the Colts had hoped to prosper from the infighting between Tight Ends Tom Mitchell and John Mackey, both of whom were considered good but neither of whom caught a scoring pass last year. Mitchell was the team's leader with 33 receptions and continued to perform well in this summer's exhibition games. Informed that Mitchell would start, Mackey said, "Play me, trade me or I'll retire." Monday he retired. Eddie Hinton is hoping to return to happier days, but the Colts' receiving remains worrisome enough for Kicker Jim O'Brien to devote time to practicing curl patterns as well as field goals.

Most of the lads who compiled those impressive defensive statistics are ready to have at it again, although Bubba Smith, leader of the front four, is now gone. First, Bubba struck out against new General Manager Joe Thomas in an attempt to have his contract renegotiated and spent much of his training-camp time in brooding, seething anger. Then he broke an ankle against Pittsburgh and will miss the entire season. Baltimore's linebacking trio of Ted Hendricks, Mike Curtis and Ray May just may be the best in football and the secondary is similarly solid. "We've got a defense," McCafferty says, "and that's where football begins."

The Jets passed a prerequisite test when Phil Iselin and Weeb Ewbank got Joe Namath's signature on a contract—reputedly for $500,000 over the next two seasons. Since Joe Willie has missed 19 of the team's last 28 games—the knees, you know—that kind of money could be quite a gamble, but if he stays pinned together New York should be a factor in the race. "We've felt for the last three years that we had as good material as anyone," Ewbank says.

Should Namath endure, opposing defenses will discover again that the Jets' offensive line blocks with fanatic zeal for their friable field general. Targets for Namath's passes, however, may be a problem. Ewbank traded away Pete Lammons after switching 6′ 5″ Rich Caster to tight end, which needed more speed and size, but then Caster got injured and missed the last five preseason games. Don Maynard, at 35, is back for his 14th season, but Shea Stadium's biggest cheers may go to Eddie Bell, the smallest Jet ever at 5′ 10″ and 160 pounds. Bell comes with great hands and goes at 4.5 speed, a deep threat if he doesn't run into anyone bigger than Gloria Steinem. One who could make a difference is Jerome Barkum, the club's No. 1 draft choice who reported late but showed great potential in exhibitions.

The Jets' strength includes a running attack led by Emerson Boozer and John Riggins, who combined for 1,387 yards, and a defense that was the AFC's best two seasons ago before it was cut down by 20 different injuries. "If we can stay in one piece," says Larry Grantham, who has been with the team since its Titan days, "we can win it all."

That kind of confidence may soon spread to the Patriots, counting on better things in Jim Plunkett's second season and remembering that, in his first one, they beat every division foe at least once. The AFC Rookie of the Year threw 19 touchdown passes, played every offensive down and should be better for both experiences. The offensive line, however, will have to do more in the way of protection. Plunkett was sacked 36 times, a sorry tendency that continued through early exhibition games. Plunkett can be expected to connect regularly with Randy Vataha, his old Stanford buddy who caught 51 passes in his rookie year, Reggie Rucker, and Tom Reynolds, the Pats' top draftee.

General Manager Upton Bell, who has found numerous football players out of the dregs of the waiver wire, unloaded an oversized Jim Nance on the Eagles. His new running game—with Carl Garrett, Jack Maitland, Bob Gladieux or rookie Josh Ashton—should complement Plunkett.

The Patriot defense, though, was the fourth worst in the AFC and an obvious concern to Coach John Mazur, who also is worried about keeping his job. He will continue to worry.

As for the Buffalo Bills, who brought home one victory for their entire year's work, the word is, "Lou's back," and that may mean considerable improvement. Lou Saban guided the Bills to two championships in the mid-'60s before he went off to a frustrating existence in Denver, and one of the Bills happiest about his return is O. J. Simpson, who may now enjoy the workhorse rushing duty he has been pining for ever since he left USC. Saban also has the nucleus of an explosive passing attack in Quarterback Dennis Shaw, who completed 51% of his passes last season, and in such fine receivers as J. D. Hill, Haven Moses and Jan White.

Buffalo's first draft choice, and No. 1 in the NFL, was Walt Patulski, whom Saban hoped would help plug a porous defense, but the Notre Dame All-America was injured at the College All-Star camp which has slowed his progress. Defensive End Al Cowlings should enjoy a good season, though, and in Cornerback Robert James, Saban has one of the league's finest.

"Last year we blew at least six games on mental mistakes," O. J. says, "so I'm looking for improvement from a 7-7 record, not 1-13. We're going to surprise a lot of people."

CONTINUED

American Central

After 40 years the Pittsburgh Steelers just could win their first title—if; if they can find a pass defense, if the team can win away from home and if Quarterback Terry Bradshaw has grown up

But for the fact they play out of town on occasion, one would defy history and flatly predict a division championship for the long-suffering Pittsburgh Steelers, whose rebuilding program has now prevailed through six U.S. Presidents, 16 head coaches and 40 haggard years. The Steelers have been in the football business that long without acquiring so much as a Kewpie doll for the office trophy case. They should win at least a division this year provided 1) their pass defense improves and 2) they become tougher rumblers in rival neighborhoods.

Pittsburgh has won the un-grand total of two road games in the last three years, even though Coach Chuck Noll has steadily improved a club that might have taken last year's race but for 42 turnovers, assorted bonehead mistakes and a secondary that ranked dead last in cutting off the pass. Now, Noll is banking on maturity (evidenced best in a settled, confident Terry Bradshaw at quarterback) to eliminate youthful sins, and, even if past is prologue, there is good reason for optimism.

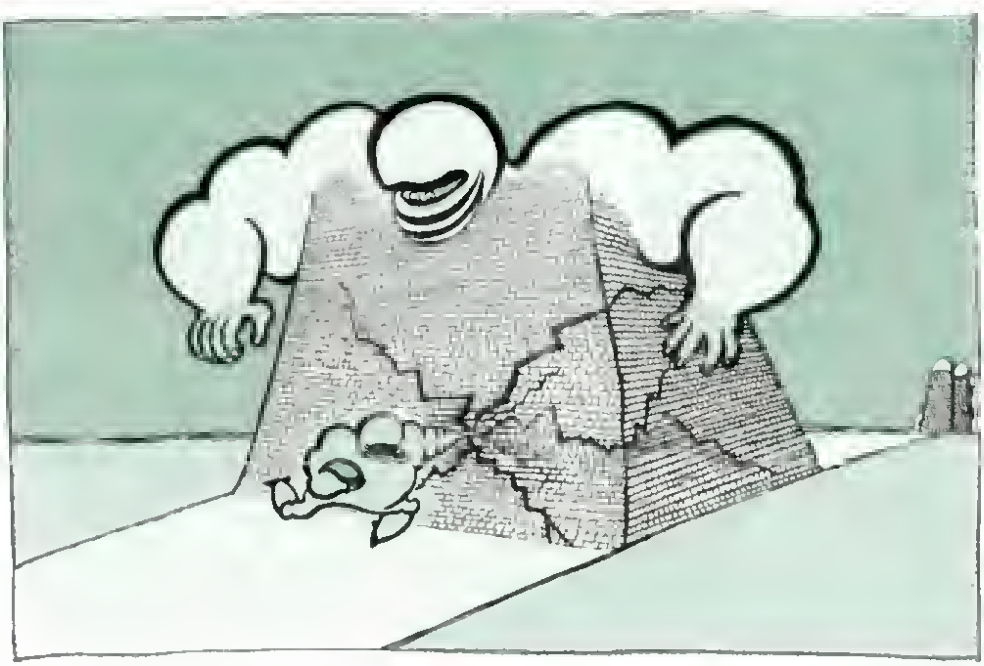
Bradshaw, for instance, completed 54% of his passes last year and now shows poise to match the physical skills that made him the first player drafted in 1970. He also expects a championship year as if nothing less could be expected of Pittsburgh. "We're finally going to win the games we've been throwing away and get into the playoffs," he says. "I'm in my third year now and I'm more relaxed. Experience is going to have an effect on our playing."

To complement the improving arm of Bradshaw, Noll has the NFL's best receiver combination in Ron Shanklin (49 receptions, 652 yards, six touchdowns) and Dave Smith (47 for 663 and five touchdowns). Flare patterns should also be lethal since John (Frenchy) Fuqua, a dapper clotheshorse-workhorse who led the team in rushing, also caught 49 passes. Those statistics will be even more impressive if Bradshaw has lost his penchant for throwing interceptions (22 last year) and the line finds sufficient cohesiveness to protect him and backups Terry Hanratty and rookie Joe Gilliam.

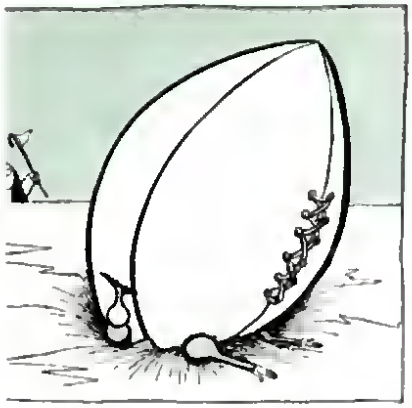
Along with Fuqua, whose exotic wardrobe tastes require the services of a seamstress with a talent for jump suits, the running game will be the province of Preston Pearson, the team's best athlete, and Franco Harris, a No. 1 draft pick.

Defense is the big problem once the play gets past a Mean Joe Greene-led front four that rocked quarterbacks 33 times and knocked off the rush at a 3.4-yard average. The Steelers were ravaged for 235 completions and 2,766 yards, all too often when the pass was launched out of scrambling panic. "It's a question of discipline when those kind of things hurt you," Noll says, hoping that a new secondary coach and the additional experience will provide an answer.

Paul Brown, whose Cincinnati Bengals suffered six losses by a total of 21 points



The Central Division affects a certain solidity, or, when the immovable object meets the irresistible force, it hurts.



Being a hero is a way to get girls—and hurt.

and fell into the cellar, is relying on defensive *inexperience* starting with Sherman White (6′ 5″, 255). His first four choices went for defensive help and at least three rookies may be starting before the season is out. In addition to White, who has been handed the defensive end job until he plays himself out of it, No. 2 Tommy Casanova should inherit the injured Ken Dyer's spot at safety and Jim LeClair from North Dakota is a possibility at linebacker. "We're at the mercy of our draftees," Brown says. "We need a better pass rush than the one-man thing we had with Mike Reid, and if Casanova comes through we'll have about as fast a secondary as you're going to find."

In Mike Reid, who may be the only composer of serious music who has performed both in Carnegie Hall and Riverfront Stadium, the Bengals have one of the quickest, most intelligent pass rushers in the game. "Last year was a valuable growing pain. Now we know the emotional response necessary in that kind of situation," he says. The defense is also blessed by the frenetic linebacking of Bill Bergey and superb cornerback work of Ken Riley and pro bowler Lemar Parrish.

As for quarterback, the injured Greg Cook has been listed as "unable to perform," and will probably miss the entire season, but Brown will happily make do with Virgil Carter, whose 62.2% completion average made him the most accurate passer in the NFL. Carter holds a master's degree in mathematics and has proved a valuable tutor to Ken Anderson, a strong-armed 23-year-old who may be the starter sooner than anyone expects. "They say Carter doesn't look good or that he doesn't throw the long ball," Brown says, "but no one says he isn't smart enough."

Brown also has an assortment of running backs that any foe would envy in Fred Willis, Doug Dressler, Jess Phillips, Paul Robinson and breakaway threat Essex Johnson. He could use that kind of depth in receivers. Bob Trumpy, Chip Myers and Speedy Thomas are a workmanlike group, but about all Brown has. "For this coming year," he says, "we've some new men who have just got to come through, or we'll end up in the same kind of wringer we did a year ago."

Cleveland's Nick Skorich would settle for repetition, but it yet remains to be seen if Mike Phipps can replace the hobbling Bill Nelsen at quarterback. Phipps was still having problems with defenses during the exhibition season, and while Nelsen could perform again he does so under the handicap of worse knees than Joe Namath ever knew. "He can pick a defense apart," Skorich says, "but he lacks the agility to run out of the pocket. Ideally, a Mike Phipps starting and a Bill Nelsen coming off the bench would be our best path to the Super Bowl."

Skorich has rebuilt his offensive line and expects another super season from 30-year-old Leroy Kelly, who rushed for 865 yards and 10 touchdowns. Bo Scott had 606 yards, and the receiving is in the fair hands of Fair Hooker, Milt Morin and Frank Pitts.

Cleveland's rush defense was the division's worst in '71 and it wasn't helped when Jack Gregory, a regular defensive end, played out his option and signed with the Giants. Jerry Sherk, however, could be outstanding at tackle, and the Browns may profit from odd spacing alignments and by moving around more. The linebacking is a question mark, but a secondary that was pretty good to begin with should improve through the team's No. 1 draftee, Tom Darden.

Houston has old problems and a new coach in Bill Peterson, an innovative soul from Rice. Peterson has already been horrified by the violence of the pro game—both on and off the field. In two scrimmages, Offensive Tackles Bob Wells and Elbert Drungo were lost for the year with knee injuries, shortly after Cornerback Zeke Moore broke his arm—on a closet door.

Peterson's big problem is an offensive line that is none too offensive. The Oilers were the NFL's poorest rushing team last year, with a game average of 79 yards. The average did improve some during the exhibition season. Robert (Tank) Holmes, Ward Walsh and two rookies, Al Johnson and Willie Rodgers, are all in the running to carry the ball, but somewhere someone's got to open some holes.

After a trade that sent 12-year veteran Charley Johnson to the Denver Broncos for a draft choice, Peterson had two fine sophomore quarterbacks in Dan Pastorini and Lynn Dickey. Then Dickey went down with a dislocated hip against the St. Louis Cardinals, and Peterson had a case of instant worry about quarterback depth. Pastorini, who also does the punting, figured to take the starting job anyway, but his relief man now is rookie Kelly Cochrane, a 17th-round choice from Miami. Houston's passing attack was second only to San Diego's for yardage within the AFC as Pastorini threw for 1,702 yards and seven touchdowns when the other quarterbacks weren't playing. Unfortunately, Pastorini threw three interceptions for every scoring pass, a performance that helped Houston lead the division in one category—turnovers, with 51. Better protection would improve the situation.

The Oiler receivers—Charlie Joiner, Ken Burrough, Jim Beirne and Alvin Reed—will not embarrass anyone but enemy defenses, especially on the deep-route stuff that Peterson hopes will open up his besieged rushing attack. Joiner has 4.4 speed for the football 40 and Burrough caught long scoring passes in the exhibition games. Tight End Beirne, who isn't all that fast but, as they say, plenty quick, led the Oilers with 38 receptions last year, grabbing many of them in heavy traffic. "It doesn't belong to anybody but Jim," Beirne says greedily.

Defensively, Houston has a huge front four led by Elvin Bethea, who got to the quarterback 16 times last season, and a solid linebacker east of George Webster, Ron Pritchard and Floyd Rice. Moreover, the secondary could become superb when Moore recovers from his closet caper. Safety Ken Houston, an All-Conference, set an NFL record last year by returning four interceptions for touchdowns. With so little running, Peterson had better hope such heroics continue.

CONTINUED

American West

Raiders and Chiefs, Chiefs and Raiders. They both strike fearsome poses. It will be Oakland, though, mostly because the team has had to change least

The Oakland Raiders have more of all those things dearest to a coach's heart than any other AFC team—the Kansas City Chiefs excepted. Since Oakland and KC play in the same division, this can be counted a misfortune for both but great fun for the fans. It will be less fun for San Diego and Denver, the division's other members.

Oakland is an established club that has felt little need to change, KC an established club—and winner of the division in 1971—that had to change just a little. The difference may be vital. Defensive End Jerry Mays left a year ago and Safety Johnny Robinson this season, and with their loss KC's defense may have surrendered some strength.

Still, the Chiefs' defense is sturdy, and their Len Dawson-led offense may be even more respectable than in years gone by. At 37, Quarterback Dawson has survived creaky knees and a sore arm, and behind him he has Mike Livingston, the husky five-year veteran who has taken up the slack nicely in the past and can be expected to do so again.

The offensive line is mostly vintage 1961—old, strong and cagey. There are powerful running backs in versatile Ed Podolak, who throws the option pass well, and Wendell Hayes and Nebraska rookie Jeff Kinney, a first-round draft choice who can spell either. Wide Receivers Elmo Wright and Otis Taylor and potential superstar Morris Stroud, a 6′ 10″ tight end, give Dawson very good targets.

For all their marvelous talent, the Chiefs probably rate a shade behind the Raiders, who have two young, very capable quarterbacks in Daryle Lamonica and Kenny Stabler. Called "The Snake" because of his running style and build, Stabler has finally matured. Neither quarterback is exactly throwing into a vacuum. There are the exceptional running backs, Pete Banaszak and Marv Hubbard, who last year gained 1,430 yards between them, and Wide Receiver Fred Biletnikoff, who led the NFL with 61 receptions for 929 yards and nine touchdowns. With Raymond Chester at tight end, the Raiders could have the top passing game in pro football. Chester has been named to the Pro Bowl in both his seasons and has never been shut out in a league game.

Even if Biletnikoff and Chester do not play up to their old form, the Raiders have more than adequate consolation in two fine rookie receivers—their No. 1 draft choice from Villanova, Mike Siani, and their No. 4 from Colorado, Cliff Branch. Siani is 6′ 2″, 195 and he had an impressive college career, scoring 33 touchdowns and gaining 2,776 yards receiving. Branch is smaller (5′ 11″, 170) but faster (9.2 one hundred). He catches the ball almost as well and set an NCAA record with eight kick returns for touchdowns. He also runs back kicks for the Raiders and it looks like the switch to the pros won't cramp his style a bit.

The offensive line is strong on rushing plays and pass blocking; the defensive line—Tom Keating, Art Thoms, Carleton Oats and, after midseason, Ben Davidson—is equally effective.

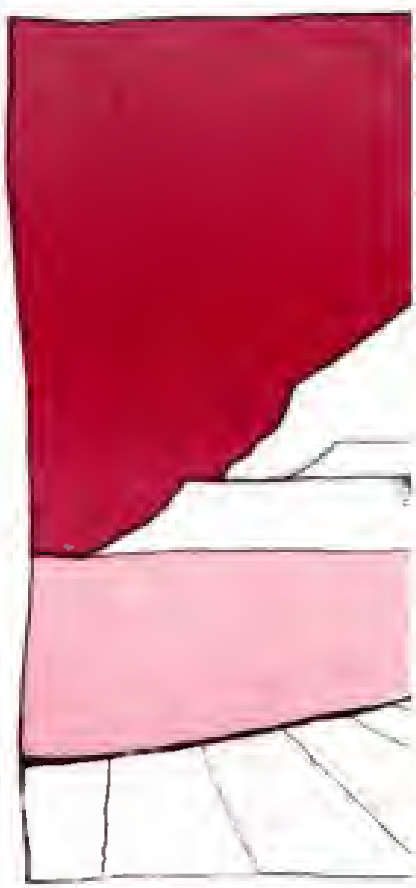
At linebacker, the Raiders are no longer long in the tooth, and the defensive backs may be strong enough to take some of the load off the youngsters, which could be a significant help.

And, of course, if everything else fails, the Raiders can call on George Blanda, who at 45 can fire from his hip or shoulder or foot to win games. Blanda hit 15 out of 22 field goals last year from various ranges and he still seems to have eternal spring in his legs, as though winter will never come.

If there is to be a serious challenge to the rule of the Raiders and the Chiefs, it will come from San Diego, which has nested uncomfortably in third place in the AFC West for six years. The Chargers, to put it mildly, are not the same. Harland (Swede) Svare is slimmer, more alert, wiser and more agile as head coach of the Chargers than he was when he held the same position with the Los Angeles Rams. He credits experience and a severe vegetarian diet for what he hopes will be a more successful tenure at San Diego. If nothing else, the vegetables seem to have whetted his appetite for meat on the hoof—he surpassed the performance of alltime All-Pro swapper George Allen in revising his club for a new season. In the headiest of his trading years, Allen worked out 19 transactions for 33 players. Svare, younger and not as sold on old men as Allen, made 20, and he lost only one No. 2 future draft in the process.

On paper, anyway, the trades have put the Chargers into contention. Jimmy (The Greek) Snyder said that he had moved them from 5-9 to 8-6 in his future book, but never trust a Greek bearing guesses. The Chargers may even be 9-5.

Svare is basically a defensive coach, as befits a graduate linebacker of the New York Giant days in Yankee Stadium when the chant "Dee-fense!" referred to the Giants, not the baseball Yankees. The somewhat vulnerable line



In the West, distances are a far piece, miles.

he inherited at San Diego is being rebuilt on large, dense bodies. Svare landed Deacon Jones from the Rams, Lionel Aldridge from the Packers and Dave Costa from the Broncos. Then he got fiery Tim Rossovich from Philadelphia to round out his linebackers but a knee injury will sideline him for a good part of the season. His defensive backs have always been good, albeit harried by the inefficiency of those up ahead. If the new people fit in rapidly, the Chargers will have remedied their biggest fault of a year ago—a lamentable tendency to give up easy points on long gainers and hard points on long marches.

The Chargers may be able to score, although this has not been Svare's forte as a coach. When he took his team to the Rams' camp one day for a preseason scrimmage, he left the offensive platoon behind because some of them were ailing and some of them—notably Duane Thomas—were missing. A Los Angeles sportswriter, remembering Svare's career as head coach of the Rams, sighed. "A typical Svare team," he said. "All defense, no offense."

Not quite no offense. The Chargers have a pro quarterback in John Hadl, who has been in the league 10 years and at last seems capable of reading defenses. Always possessed of a strong arm, he is also accurate. For targets he has fast and evasive Wide Receivers Jerry LeVias, 5'10", Gary Garrison and Dave Williams. They will be hard to overlook, even behind the charge of a big defensive line.

The offensive line is as good as any and, should Thomas deign to play for the Chargers, it will be clearing the way for some excellent ballcarriers. Cid Edwards, acquired in a trade with the St. Louis Cardinals, gives the Chargers power at fullback for the first time in years, and he teams with Mike Garrett, as good a small running back as lives. Then, of course, there is Thomas, another Jim Brown, some say. Or is there?

they are the 100 yards between goalposts or the inches separating the Raiders and the Chiefs.

Replay it again, Sam. We can't hear you.

Last—and least—are the Denver Broncos, a club that has clumped along for 12 seasons never winning more games than it lost. The Broncos have a completely new coaching staff, beginning with John Ralston, who produced Rose Bowl winners at Sanford University. Ralston is a proponent of positive thinking and, in an unguarded moment during the summer, figured out how the Broncos could, conceivably, win the division with a 10-4 record. A more likely prognosis is 4-10.

The Broncos do have a good defensive unit, even without Costa, who led the team in pouncing on quarterbacks. Denver, in fact, led the league by zapping opposing throwers 44 times before they could get the ball off. The linebackers and defensive backs, understandably, performed nobly behind so savage a rush

Even with Floyd Little, the Broncos do not have the offensive thrust to take advantage of their defensive might. When a Denver writer asked who would play quarterback in an exhibition game, he was told, "Oh, either or."

Either is Don Horn, who once showed flashes with Green Bay but who hasn't shown much since; or is Steve Ramsey, who came by trade from New Orleans in 1971. And just in case neither is, Ralston has acquired "perhaps" in the person of Charley Johnson, an itinerant quarterback who last sprayed passes for the Houston Oilers. Ralston announced that he would put in an unpredictable offense for the Broncos, featuring lots of passes, especially on first down. Oh, well.

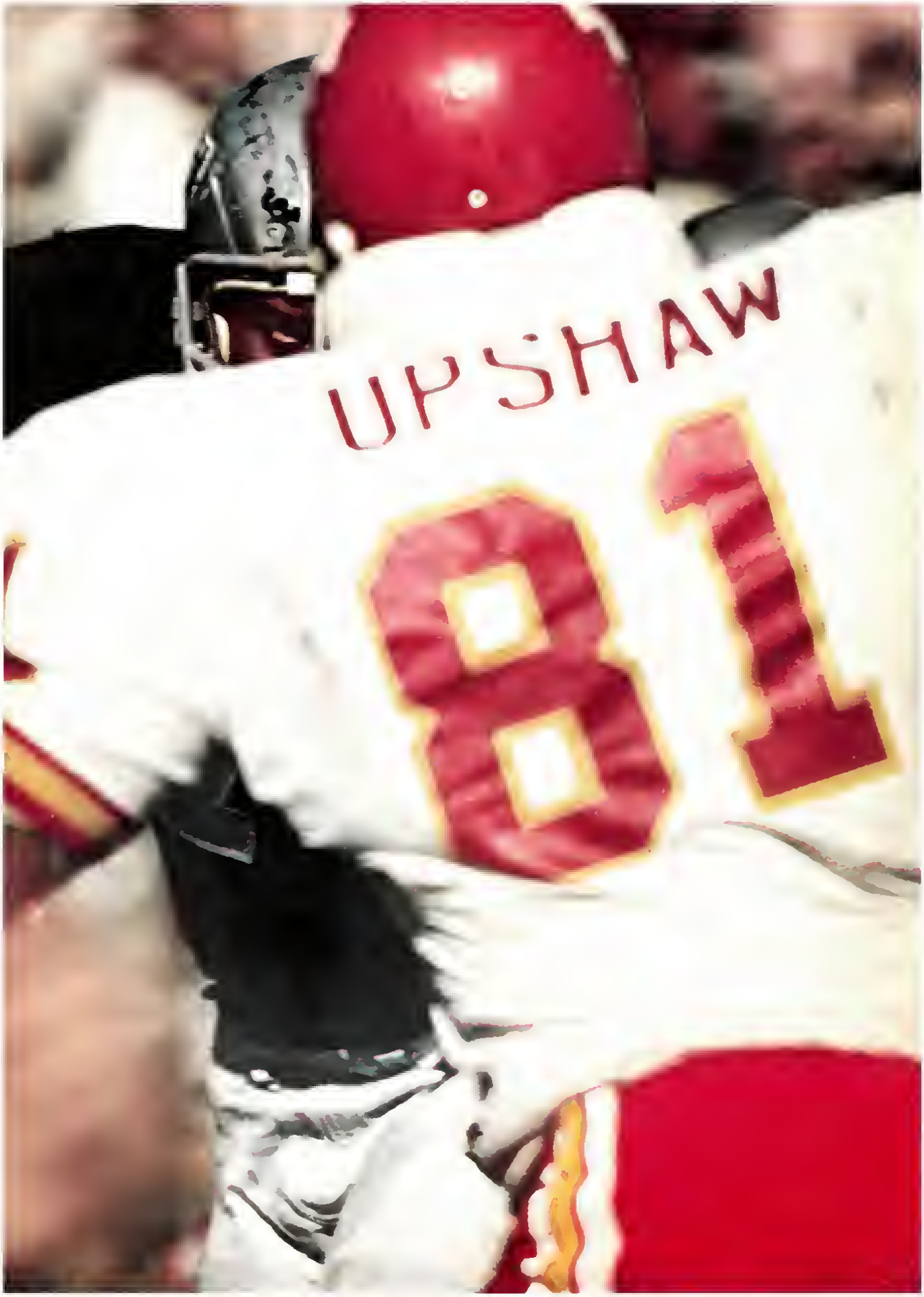
The Oakland Raiders should win the division, barring a barrage of injuries or an early onset of senility for Blanda. They have depth, striking power, defense, a good kicking game and a tradition of winning. If they should falter, it will be the Kansas City Chiefs again, with almost similar equipment, but minus Blanda. END

BRING ON THE BOOMER

He is Robert Stanford Brown, 6'5", 280 pounds, B.S., Nebraska, M.E.A., Pennsylvania, O.T., Oakland. According to Raider teammate Ron Mix, offensive tackle is the most thankless position in all of sport. It is also one of the hardest to play. Bob Brown (right) plays it so well he has been All-Pro five times. Yet his heroics go unnoticed. Only when he fails—when the defensive end beats him and mashes the quarterback—does he get any attention. This steams Brown and his colleagues,as does the assumption that they are dumb brutes. In fact, Mix is a lawyer, Grady Alderman of the Vikings a CPA and Bob Reynolds of the Cards and John Brown of the Steelers are working on their master's. But the Boomer is unique. Says Mix, "Everything about him is bigger than life—his size, his talent, his intelligence, his sensitivity. He is the Boomer, he is one of a kind."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER

As Oakland end and guard get set for pass rush, Brown drops back to pick up his man. Below he lunges at Bronco Paul Smith to force him wide and out of the play. At right K.C.'s Marv Upshaw is coming directly at Brown—just where he wants him.


UPSHAW
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Steaming in the cool night air while the defense takes over, Brown resembles the great Othello, although his self-doubts make him more akin to Hamlet. His Nos. 1 and 1A fans are wife Ceci and Robert Stanford Brown II.

76

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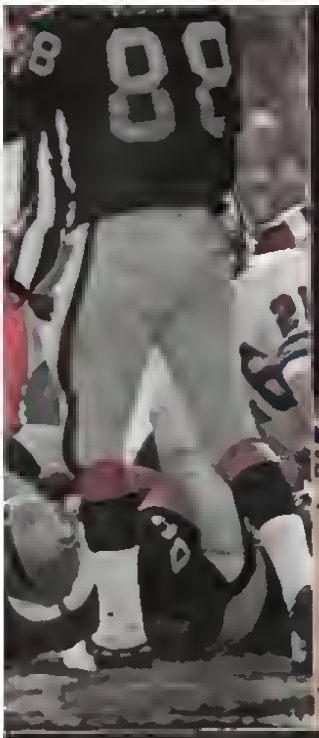

From the left, Brown puts on his most menacing glower before and after a play. Brown has weapons physical as well as psychological—his bound fists. "My philosophy is not to accept the blows but to deliver them," he says. "There are some choice areas like the spleen, when I can get at it." Below, having blocked a slap, he counters with a ringing punch of his own.

76

STRONG IMPULSES AND A SHORT FUSE

by MORTON SHARNIK

It is the week of the Big Game and some of the players, conduits to the head coach—which means they are close to the boss—are exhorting the unchosen. Black studs as well as white dudes—Field Hands and Animals, The Boomer calls them—are hanging on the metal lockers, stomping on the concrete floor, shouting, "Whoo-e-e, we're going to do it! Yeah! We're going to win! Right on!"

The Boomer, a mountainous figure in a room full of oversized men, looks up from his stool as The Golfer takes over. Now let's hear from the noncombatants, thinks The Boomer, who sees quarterbacks (and kickers) as the pretty people—golfers.

The Golfer breaks it down for the Field Hands and Animals, ends up passionately repeating his theme— "It's the game of a lifetime and that's the way we gotta play it. Like no tomorrow, right?"

The Boomer evaluates the speech, granting more credit for emotionalism than for originality—not up to Churchill's on-the-beaches pitch, but not bad for a semiliterate. His generosity comes to a quick end when The Golfer turns to him as if for support.

"Heavy," responds The Boomer, stifling a yawn and making it plain he is staying aloof.

The din and the frenzy make him uneasy. They got to be kidding, The Boomer says to himself. But he knows they are not.

The following day the chosen are at it again. Using lockers as tympani they bang and shout, "Coaches out of the room! Coaches out of the room!" The gospel is reiterated. "WIN! WIN! WIN!" Then a Catholic priest, the team padre, recites the lyrics from the theme song of *Man of La Mancha—The Impossible Dream*. The Boomer hums along. His accompaniment draws glares and a few indulgent shrugs. The following day a former boxing champion gives the squad a personal account of beating heroic odds.

The Boomer tries to figure the next act. "Damn, it's got to be a hooker," he says. Nobody laughs. Instead there is an embarrassed silence, as though a dirty joke had been told at the parsonage dinner table. Later, after practice, the coach puts his arm around The Boomer's shoulders. The gesture makes both men uncomfortable. "Son, I'd like you to talk it up," he requests. "It's important to some of the players that they hear it from you." The Boomer muses, A voice for the black field hands. Something for everybody A message from the pits. Now ain't that nice? "Groovy," The Boomer says out loud, "but it's not my thing, coach." As he turns abruptly away, The Boomer thinks, There it is again. This dude has a problem. He has an obsession to be a father figure. Why the hell can't he leave it alone?

Finally, the coach gets to The Boomer. The night before the crucial game he comes to The Boomer's room and appeals to his professional pride. This, the most important game of the coach's career, rests on The Boomer's giant shoulder pads. The critical match-up is between The Boomer, the best offensive tackle in football, and an All-Pro defensive end. A classic football struggle. Another example, of course, of lousy dialogue, The Boomer told himself, but he bought the pitch anyway. The old shrewdie touched The Boomer's soft spots—his professionalism, his pride. Until three in the morning The Boomer ran game films, watching his opponent flicker across the wall in endless pursuit of quarterbacks. As he waited impatiently for sleep The Boomer felt a sense of self-betrayal. The following day The Boomer won his personal battle, but the team lost.

In the time since, The Boomer, Oakland Raider Right Tackle Bob Brown, perpetual All-Pro, has found his thoughts often returning to this particular week. He sees it as a chronicle of football's dark madness. To Brown the pro game has become a theater of the absurd, with a script that makes *M*A*S*H* Rotarian. "It's not just me, a lot of players are turned off by the corny clichés, the senseless playacting and the silly posturing," says Brown with extraordinary intensity. "These same men will curse the caste system and damn the inequities but will go full speed ahead with the insane program. It's easier, you see. But The Boomer can't swing that way."

The inability to swing along with owners and management—Barracudas, Brown calls them—has brought him into direct confrontation with football's shibboleths. It has also put him eyeball to eyeball with the Barracudas, and that should be enough to cool off any firebrand, even The Boomer. Instead, in 1971 he told Bill Barnes, then president of the Rams, and his assistant, Jack Teele, that he wanted to be paid superstar wages, not supertackle pay but money in line with what Quarterback Roman Gabriel got. Barnes protested that this was unrealistic. Gabriel was the glamour figure who put points on the board, drew fans into the park.

"Well, then," countered Brown, "maybe The Boomer won't block his fool head off, and then we'll see if Gabriel can put those pretty points on the board." Barnes pleaded that he was offering more money than Brown ever made. "It isn't enough and certainly not what I'm worth," said Brown, ending the negotiations.

Just two years before he locked horns with Barnes, Brown went head to head with Pete Retzlaff. Retzlaff had just succeeded Joe Kuharich as general manager of the Philadelphia Eagles, and Brown was one of the few Kuharich loyalists on the team. The disagreement might have been settled, but The Boomer nev-

continued

Brown is helped off field after injuring a knee against Chiefs. A month after surgery he was back. "A small matter of pain," he said.

er asked for an explanation or tried to explain. Instead, he told Retzlaff to trade him because he was packing. The Boomer was done with Philadelphia.

This impulsive act could have been programmed. The Boomer is a man with a short fuse and strong impulses, a combination that has tended to magnify his peccadilloes. In a game in Philadelphia, The Boomer graphically lectured his quarterback for running away from his pass protection. But then he has no confidence in the football savvy of most quarterbacks. "Play-calling is supposed to have a grand design," says Brown. "One play should set up another. Well, I've been party to 1,000 plays that set up nothing and went nowhere. Only once has a quarterback told me he was calling a particular play so he could come back with another. That was Don Meredith in the Pro Bowl game."

Not surprisingly, then, The Boomer has become a gypsy supertackle. He has moved from Philadelphia to Los Angeles to Oakland. As a result of his travels he has become a pure professional as well as a pure cynic. "I discovered all they had to do was change the wings on my helmet to horns, and I was a Ram," he says. "Then they pulled off the horns and put on a funny guy with an eye patch, and immediately I'm a Raider. When I arrived in L.A. I was startled to find that the crossblock was the same as the crossblock between guard and tackle in Philadelphia. Oakland has the same play, too, just a different name. So the game's the same wherever you go. Only the names change. It's a job. I could punch a clock in and out of the locker room. If the Chinese can get together enough yuan, then I'll slap a sampan on my helmet and be a Yangtze Tiger."

The Boomer's outlook is strictly his own and a put-down, but it is not a rejection of football. Far from it. For the pro game is his milieu. More to the point, it is The Boomer's badge of distinction, and he wears it like *some* men display their Phi Beta Kappa keys. His jersey number is on the license plate of his saddle-brown Eldorado—BOB-76. And for those who are unable to grasp the obvious, to visualize the blocking pads strapped to his oversized frame, he will announce: "I'm Robert Stanford Brown, professional right tackle," as he did recently in Jack Varney's custom-shirt shop when a snappily dressed middle-aged man gave him the you-look-familiar routine.

What is it then? The sociopsychological love-hate prattle does not fit. With good reason people find Brown difficult to fathom, especially those in football. They tend to look upon him as an uppity black eccentric or else dismiss him as a blankety-blank militant.

Yet Robert Stanford Brown is no bearded radical, no Sacco-Meggyesy. Instead, he is one of a kind, an original. "He's The Boomer," explains Raider teammate Ron Mix. "Everything about him is overblown, you see, he is bigger than life. His size, his enormous talents, his intelligence and his sensitivity. People don't know how to take him, so they tend to overreact, especially coaches and owners."

Brown looks as if he came out of central casting to play Othello. There is the magnificent head, the anguished eyes and the commanding presence. But if Brown is a Shakespearean character, he is a mixed-up one. He only looks like the Moor. In fact, he is pure Hamlet, full of self-doubts, painful brooding and endless introspection. His huge frame, 6′ 5″, 280 pounds of muscle layered on muscle, camouflages torturous internal debates.

There must be something more to life for The Boomer than football—but what? he asks. The question is academic. It was football that lifted Brown out of the Black Belt of Cleveland and enabled him to escape the heat of the ghetto as well as its poverty. At the University of Nebraska, where he was an All-America in 1963, Brown did not just train for the pros. For the first time he had a chance to study white society up close, and he put the opportunity to good use. He polished his diction, joined ROTC and earned a degree in biology. Biology? He became an achiever, an overachiever by the standards of most football players. Midway through college he discovered football players took only enough courses to stay eligible, not to graduate in four years. The Boomer decided he had to make it in regulation time for the same reason he took biology. Jocks, especially black jocks, were not supposed to be serious students. Although it meant taking as many as 19 hours a week, Brown earned a Bachelor of Science degree in four years. Then, even before he reported to the Eagles' rookie camp, he started on his master's in education administration at the University of Pennsylvania, and was awarded the degree long before he moved on to the next way station.

His liberal education, his two degrees and his football-funded affluence have given Brown a tochold in both black and white society. More accurately, they have left him straddling the two worlds, not truly a part of either. So although he wears custom-made, $100 alpaca shirts and drives his Eldorado, Brown wants to escape the bourgeois mentality. "The *bourgeoisie* are bourgeois," he says. "There is no black or white. It's all the same, and I don't want to be part of it." What he would like to do is something "relevant." He wants to put his two degrees to good use in the black community. The Boomer wants to make a contribution, to return to the ghetto in some vital function—but what?

Ah, that is the question. How to contribute? Should he join an organization, and if so which one? And so The Boomer, a medically certified insomniac, stews and churns, bleating, "Sometimes I swear I'm going absolutely mad," ulcerating his ulcer and pressuring his high blood pressure, which he claims is not a result of hypertension. "It's like Wilt's so-called heart attack, which wasn't heart failure but the failure of medicine to understand the black man's unusual metabolism," says Brown. Out of hand, he dismisses all the varieties of black activists—partly because he is a free spirit but primarily because he doubts their purpose and effectiveness. "I don't believe in separatism or a back-to-Africa movement," says Brown, "so where do I go?"

Like the fan, The Boomer finds escape from the issues on the playing field. Every morning in the off-season, before sending his 5-year-old son Robert Stanford Brown II off to a Montessori school in Santa Monica, The Boomer lectures him. "Don't be ordinary, anybody can be that. Excel!" Then, as if to live up to his admonition, Brown heads for the Beverly Hills Health Club for Men, where for the next five hours he follows a routine with unyielding determination. In a roomful of middle-aged businessmen, The Boomer hefts weights. He military-presses 375 pounds, curls 205 and does endless knee extensions with a 100-pound weight strapped on to his left foot. For a finale he goes over to the Coliseum and runs up and down the steps.

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In these labors Brown finds surcease from his endless internalizing. Well, not completely. He still manages a few frowns over his son. Should the boy go to a school in the black community where he would get a sense of blackness? Quickly he opts in favor of a superior education and decides that blackness will take care of itself.

"Brown has to be dedicated," says black restaurateur and man-about-Los Angeles Clarence Howard, "because sooner or later I run into all of the athletes out on the town and I've never seen Brown."

"The pressures he puts on himself are unnatural," Mix says. "The whole point of being The Boomer, never being beaten, is unreal. Yet that same drive makes him exemplary in his training routines and playing habits. The Boomer never claims star exemptions when he easily could."

Rather than rest on his laurels, The Boomer must constantly prove his invincibility. Midway through last season Brown's left knee was injured and operated on immediately. A month later, when the Raiders still could have made the playoffs, The Boomer returned to the lineup. The quickness of his recovery is thought to be a pro football record for that kind of injury, and it is, at least, a Raider record. But it was premature. Another operation was needed to correct the further damage done to the knee. The Boomer dismisses those minor impairments. It was just a small matter of pain, and he claims to have an unusually high threshold.

"The moment of The Boomer's obsolescence has not arrived," he states adamantly. As always, The Boomer is not just talking but working, and now the leg is ready. Late last spring he ran five miles seven days a week in Griffith Park. He hates running, and would avoid it if he could, and that bothers him. "It's a wrinkle in my character," he says. To prod himself he thinks about going head to head with Carl Eller of the Vikings. "That's all the inspiration I need," he laughs. "The great defensive ends are 60-minute men. That's the distinction between Eller, Deac Jones, Rich Jackson, Claude Humphrey and the ordinary rushers. These studs are tenacious. They are also bigger, faster, stronger and shrewder. They just keep coming through nonstop."

It is his recollection of a session with Rich Jackson of the Broncos that trimmed The Boomer down. "I just felt I had been going one-on-one with the Southern Pacific all day," he says. "When I walked away I was happy to have gotten a draw." To ensure there will be no more draws, Brown has cut his weight from a high of 315 with the Eagles in 1965-66 to his present 280. Even at his heaviest The Boomer had the speed to pull and lead the Eagle sweeps. The play has not worked for Philadelphia since Brown first changed the emblem on his helmet. But now he believes the additional weight may have increased the strain on his knees, both of which have been operated on twice. So, despite all the running and lifting, he often eats only one modest meal a day.

As a group, offensive tackles are scornful of others in football. The position is bloody, hard work, all of it painful. "On every play, the tackle makes body contact," explains Ron Mix. "Even in practice, when the team is running half-speed, the tackle must stick his head in."

Despite this, offensive tackles remain the unknown soldiers of football. Brown's moment of glory, his great thrill, is when he runs through the goalposts at the beginning of the game. His name is announced, 70,000 people cheer and after that, forget it. Brown and his comrades are invisible men unless they fail. Then it's disaster—the defensive end has got through to dump the quarterback. At this moment the tackle is recognized, but only to be booed.

It was none other than a Colt offensive tackle who cheered in 1965 when first John Unitas, then Gary Cuozzo were knocked out of action. The ingrate allowed how Johnny U. was his friend and he was sorry that he was hurt, but, damn, now people will learn that there was more to the Colts than Unitas and his Golden Arm.

Spoken like a true OT. "We're thought to be mindless hulks, robots," says Brown, who claims general managers and owners are always surprised that tackles can do more than grunt. "It's probably the least desirable position in sport," says Mix, "but at least it's still part of a very special game."

For attention-getting reasons, tackles prefer the running game. Among other things, it gives them a chance to get in a few licks of their own. But runs can be tricky work. Except for the straight-ahead plays, which merely require the tackle to smash his head or shoulder into the man across the line, they can force the tackle to do some fancy stepping. On pitchouts, for instance, the tackle pulls and takes the cornerback. He knifes through and blocks the middle linebacker on traps and hooks the defensive end on the end run. But the most difficult task is handling the middle linebacker. Often it is a search-and-destroy mission.

The passing game, however, is the toughest. "They pay me Grand Theft dough to pass-block and I earn every cent of it," says The Boomer. It seems like a simple, unimpeachable responsibility—and so it is. Essentially the tackle merely has to battle doggedly for a few yards of dirt. But it is an unfair struggle, a handicap contest, and the advantage lies entirely with the defense.

"All the tackle has to do is face the most talented athlete on the field," says Eagle scout Charlie Gauer, who is considered one of the more astute offensive brains in the game. "Often the defensive end is the biggest and strongest player and quick as hell. We recruit savages for this position, then turn them loose to run full bore at the tackle with the license to grab, slap and punch. Meanwhile the tackle, a powerful bloke himself, can't act but must *react*. The tackle must counter the defensive end's every move, fighting a delaying action for three or four seconds until the pass is in the air."

Inevitably the first move of the defensive end is a smash to the tackle's head—the players call it getting your bell rung—and from there the violence escalates.

"Honest Injuns can't play offensive tackle," says Gauer, and a majority of the active players agree. Contrary to the rules, tackles do grab and hold to protect themselves and the passer. One tackle who chooses to remain anonymous for obvious reasons says, "I couldn't play if I didn't hook and hold."

"Oh, yeah, I grab a fistful of jersey on occasion," says The Boomer, but generally his style does not depend on holding. Mix claims he himself never holds. "I don't want to protest too much, but I've always played within the rules," protests Mix, one of the superb technicians and performers of the 1960s.

In general coaches don't care what a tackle does as long as he stops the rusher. Don't get caught but get the job

continued

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To keep the defensive end at bay, the tackle will try to vary his techniques. The orthodox style is to set up deep and then make contact. At that point the rusher is on a collision course with the passer, so the tackle attempts to block to the outside, forcing the end wider than he wants to go. The tackle's actions are a series of counters, which means he is constantly being slapped and pulled and grabbed as well as bumped.

Occasionally the tackle will try a quick cut, to drive his head into the face of the defensive end, stun him momentarily, then drop back and wait. Sometimes the tackle will set up short and try to handle the rusher before he picks up momentum. If the defensive end tries to go inside, the tackle will attempt to stop him with a running block.

"You try all your routines and pick out the ones that work," says Mix. "Sometimes they all are effective, sometimes none of them are. Lately, it seems the latter is true. It used to be you battled the ends, but now they've recruited so many incredibly strong, fast athletes that they fly by, and you never feel a thing except shame."

Almost all of the time the tackle works alone, doing a solo. Those expressions of teamwork, high-low and double team, are seldom in his playbook. Therefore there is no shifting responsibility for failure. The responsibility for a missed block is his alone. It is painfully obvious that the tackle and not the ball or the playing conditions or a teammate busted the play. This is the reason why players and coaches talk about the inordinate pressure of the job, and that is why many consider offensive tackle the least-desirable position in sport.

"When we're beaten, it's a reflection on our manhood," says Mix. "We've lost a physical battle, unlike a defensive back who loses a footrace or the endless variety of reasonable excuses that can be made for other positions. I try to rationalize my feelings, but when the defensive end gets to the passer, I feel shamed."

No matter how intelligent the tackle may be, he cannot escape the feeling. Continues Mix, "I know it's silly, and I've tried to purge myself, but it's bred into us—big muscular men don't lose fights. So I feel embarrassed."

Caught up in his private struggle, the tackle loses contact with the game. The brilliant play boldly drawn in precise Xs and Os on a pre-game blackboard is as relevant as ticktacktoe. All the tackle is aware of are fists thumping, legs churning and bodies bumping. "It's chaos," says Brown, "a frenzied ball."

In the melee, it's hard for the tackle to keep his cool, but he must. For the coolest, there is a simple dodge. When a tackle is beaten, he gets as far away from the play as possible. The point is to create confusion when the coaches break down the game films. Other than the runaway routine, the tackle can only shout to the quarterback to fend for himself. The so-called lookout block, or early warning system, is of limited use. Passers are not brave souls. They do not want advice but protection.

Occasionally, when the shame is great, even a Brown will lose his cool. In 1966 the Eagles played St. Louis and Brown was matched against Joe Robb, a wily journeyman defensive end. To compensate for the mismatch, the Cards stunted all afternoon, and Brown kept getting caught in the confusion. Midway through the game, The Boomer was in a fury. After several holding penalties on Brown, Robb cluded him and dumped the quarterback. When he did it again The Boomer tried to kick him.

In the five years since, Brown has been all but invincible, yet he almost repeated the debacle in Philadelphia two years ago. In his first time back after being traded to the Rams, The Boomer got into a footrace with Tim Rossovich. For the first quarter The Boomer was in trouble, and again he almost lost control. "Then Jimmy Nettles [the Ram cornerback] came over and told me, 'Settle down, Boomer. Free and easy.' That's what I always tell them. 'Free and easy.' No strain, no pain. I realized Rossovich was running a game on me, and nobody does that. Only The Boomer runs games. So I settled down, and then I was back in control."

As might be guessed, The Boomer's game has its own special quality, generally expressed in direct confrontation. "It's a simple issue of me-him," says The Boomer. "Who's the strongest, who's the most determined, who has the highest threshold of pain and who runs the best trick bag." The premise is to try for a quick encounter, so The Boomer sets up from a unique sprinter's stance very close to the line of scrimmage. He

continued

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holds his right arm high, blocks the slap and then, like a good puncher, pops his shoulder and punches to the rusher's neck. "If the man comes low there are some choicer areas, like the spleen and liver, that I can hit," says Brown.

Technically the regulations permit The Boomer's riposte, but the rules were not intended to allow this kind of aggression. The Boomer's confession will cause some NFL officials to blanch, but he is not fooling around he's punching. His bare-knuckle attack is an honest reprisal. By the rules, the defensive end is limited to one slap, and that on the first step. Unfortunately, line judges seem unable to count either the steps or the slaps, and tackles claim they would be punch-drunk if they depended on the rules to protect them

Around the league solicitous veterans warn rookies, especially big strong college weight lifters, not to run at The Boomer. "The Boomer pulls plen-ty iron," they say. One high draft choice with misplaced confidence in his strength and a conviction that The Boomer could be had, went head to head with him. "That boy was like a cabbage, all head and no butt, and I ate him," says Brown.

The Boomer looks for these tasty morsels—defensive ends who'll run to his enormous strength. "If it's a pass," he says, "I set close to the line and pin this brave bull right into neutral. His feet are churning, he's grunting like hell and going nowhere. Then I look through the birdcage, give him a kiss and say, 'Sissy.' That plays on his head because I've destroyed his strength, crushed his pride."

Unfortunately for The Boomer, he must deal increasingly with the elite. But neither his battered knees nor the growing number of savvy and savage defensive ends has diminished his ardor for "me-him" confrontations. At the moment The Boomer is happy in Oakland. Raider Boss Al Davis is one Barracuda he might be able to live with. If not? "I'm like a cardsharp, I have to have a game," says Brown. "If I don't play at Oakland, then I'll play somewhere else. I'll keep moving because somebody always needs a professional tackle. Perhaps one day I'll wind up with a carpet slipper on my helmet, and that won't bother me, just as long as the checks don't bounce and they have some big stud for me to bump heads with. Then I'll be happy." END

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THE OLYMPIC MEDAL WINNERS

In all the turmoil and distress of the Munich Olympic Games, the drive for medals went on. Below is a detailed chart of each event and every medal won, from the golds of Mark Spitz to the lone, proud bronze of Ghana's Prince Amartey

EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
TRACK & FIELD			
Men			
100 METERS	BORZOV USSR	TAYLOR USA	MILLER Jamaica
200 METERS	BORZOV USSR	BLACK USA	MENNEA Italy
400-M RELAY	USA	USSR	WEST GERMANY
400 METERS	MATTHEWS USA	COLLETT USA	SANG Kenya
1 600 M RELAY	KENYA	GREAT BRITAIN	FRANCE
800 METERS	WOTTLE USA	ARZHAHOV USSR	BOIT Kenya
1 500 METERS	VASALA Finland	KEINO Kenya	DIXON New Zealand
5 000 METERS	VIREN Finland	GAMMOUDI Tunisia	STEWART Great Britain
10,000 METERS	VIREN Finland	PUTTEMANS Belgium	YIFTER Ethiopia
MARATHON	SHORTER USA	LISMONT Belgium	WOLDE Ethiopia
STEEPLECHASE	KEINO Kenya	JIPCHO Kenya	KANTANEN Finland
110-M HUROLES	MILBURN USA	ORUT France	HILL USA
400 M HUROLES	AKII BUA Uganda	MANN USA	HEMERY Great Britain

BORZOV

BRAGINA

NOROWIG

EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
HIGH JUMP	TARMAK USSR	JUHGE East Germany	STONES USA
LONG JUMP	WILLIAMS USA	BAUMGARTNER West Germany	ROBINSON USA
TRIPLE JUMP	SANEYEV USSR	DREHMEL East Germany	PRUDENCIO Brazil
POLE VAULT	NOROWIG East Germany	SEAGREN USA	JOHNSON USA
SHOTPUT	KOMAR Poland	WOODS USA	BRIESENICK East Germany
DISCUS	DANEK Czech.	SILVESTER USA	BRUCH Sweden
HAMMER	BONDARCHUK USSR	SACHSE East Germany	KHMELEVSKI USSR

EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
JAVELIN	WOLFERMANN West Germany	LUSIS USSR	SCHMIDT USA
DECATHLON	AVILOV USSR	LITVINENKO USSR	KATUS Poland
20-KM. WALK	FRENKEL East Germany	GOLUBNICKI USSR	REIMANN East Germany
50-KM. WALK	KANNENBERG West Germany	SOLOATENKO USSR	YOUNG USA
Women			
100 METERS	STECHER East Germany	BOYLE Australia	CHIVAS Cuba
200 METERS	STECHER East Germany	BOYLE Australia	SZEWINSKA Poland
400 M RELAY	WEST GERMANY	EAST GERMANY	CUBA
400 METERS	ZEHRT East Germany	WILDEN West Germany	HAMMOND USA
1 600 M. RELAY	EAST GERMANY	USA	WEST GERMANY
600 METERS	FALCK West Germany	SABAITE USSR	HOFFMEISTER East Germany
1 500 METERS	DRAGINA USSR	HOFFMEISTER East Germany	CACCHI Italy
100-M. HUROLES	EHRHARDT East Germany	BUFANU Rumania	BALZER East Germany
HIGH JUMP	MEYFARTH West Germany	BLAGOEVA Bulgaria	GUSENBAUER Austria
LONG JUMP	ROSENDAHL West Germany	YORGOVA Bulgaria	SURANOVA Czech
SHOTPUT	CHIZHOVA USSR	GUMMEL East Germany	CHRISTOVA Bulgaria
DISCUS	MELNIK USSR	MENIS Rumania	STOEVA Bulgaria
JAVELIN	FUCHS East Germany	TOOTEN East Germany	SCHMIDT USA
PENTATHLON	PETERS Great Britain	ROSENDAHL West Germany	POLLAK East Germany
SWIMMING Men			
100-M FREESTYLE	SPITZ USA	HEIDENREICH USA	BURE USSR
200-M FREESTYLE	SPITZ USA	GEHTER USA	LAMPE West Germany
400-M FREESTYLE	COOPER Australia	GENTER USA	McBREEN USA
1,500-M FREESTYLE	BURTON USA	WINDEATT Australia	NORTHWAY USA
100 M BREASTSTROKE	TAGUCHI Japan	BRUCE USA	HENCKEN USA
200-M BREASTSTROKE	HENCKEN USA	WILKIE Great Britain	TAGUCHI Japan
100-M BUTTERFLY	SPITZ USA	ROBERTSON Canada	HEIDENREICH USA

EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
200-M BUTTERFLY	SPITZ USA	HALL USA	BACKHAUS USA
100-M. BACKSTROKE	MATTNES East Germany	STAMM USA	MURPHY USA
200-M BACKSTROKE	MATTHES East Germany	STAMM USA	IVEY USA
200 M INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY	LARSSON Swedan	McKEE USA	FURNISS USA
400-M INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY	LARSSON Sweden	McKEE USA	HARGITAY Hangary
400-M. FREESTYLE RELAY	USA	USSR	EAST GERMANY
800-M. FREESTYLE RELAY	USA	WEST GERMANY	USSR
400-M MEDLEY RELAY	USA	EAST GERMANY	CANADA

BURTON

MATTHES

DIBIASI

SPRINGBOARD DIVE	VASIN USSR	CAGNOTTO Italy	LINCOLN USA
PLATFORM DIVE	DIBIASI Italy	RYOZE USA	CAGNOTTO Italy
Women			
100-M FREESTYLE	NEILSON USA	BABASNOFF USA	GOULD Australia
200-M. FREESTYLE	GOULD Australia	BABASHOFF USA	ROTNHAMMER USA
400-M FREESTYLE	GOULD Australia	CALLIGARIS Italy	WEGNER East Germany
800-M FREESTYLE	ROTHHAMMER USA	GOULD Australia	CALLIGARIS Italy
100-M BREASTSTROKE	CARR USA	STEPANOVA USSR	WHITFIELD Australia
200-M. BREASTSTROKE	WHITFIELD Australia	SCNDENFIELD USA	STEPANOVA USSR
100-M BUTTERFLY	AOKI Japan	BEIER East Germany	GYARMATI Nangery
200-M BUTTERFLY	MOE USA	COLELLA USA	DANIEL USA
100 M BACKSTROKE	BELOTE USA	GYARMATI Hungary	ATWOOD USA
200-M BACKSTROKE	BELOTE USA	ATWOOD USA	GURR Canada
200 M INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY	GOULD Australia	EINDER East Germany	VIDALI USA
400 M INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY	NEALL Australia	CLIFF Canada	CALLIGARIS Italy
400-M. FREESTYLE RELAY	USA	EAST GERMANY	WEST GERMANY

EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
400-M MEDLEY RELAY	USA	EAST GERMANY	WEST GERMANY
SPRINGBOARD DIVE	KING USA	KNAPE Swedan	JANICKE East Germany
PLATFORM DIVE	KNAPE Swedan	OUCHKOVA Czech	JANICKE East Germany
ARCHERY			
Men	WILLIAMS USA	JARVIL Sweden	LAASONEN Finland
Women	WILBER USA	SZYDLOWSKA Poland	GAPTCHENKO USSR
BASKETBALL	USSR	USA	CUBA
BOXING			
LIGHT FLYWEIGHT	GEOO Hangery	KIM North Korea	EVANS Great Britain RODRIGUEZ Spain
FLYWEIGHT	KOSTADINOV Bulgaria	RWARWOGO Uganda	RODRIGUEZ Cuba BLAZYNSKI Poland
BANTAMWEIGHT	MARTINEZ Cube	ZAMORA Mexico	TURPIN Great Britain CARREBAS USA
FEATHERWEIGHT	KOUSNETSOV USSR	WARUINGE Kenya	ROJAS Colombre BOTOS Nungary
LIGHTWEIGHT	SZCZEPANSKI Poland	ORBAN Hungery	MBUGUA Kenya PEREZ Colombia
LIGHT WELTERWEIGHT	SEALES USA	ANGHELOV Bulgeria	VUIIN Yugoslavre DABORG Nigar
WELTERWEIGHT	CORREA Caba	KAJOI Hungary	MURUNGA Kenye VALOEZ USA
LIGHT MIDDLEWEIGHT	KOTTYSCN West Germany	RUDKOWSKI Poland	MINTER Gr Britain TIEPOLOE Germen
MIDDLEWEIGHT	LEMECHEV USSR	VIRTANEN Finland	AMARTEY Ghene JONNSON USA
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	PARLOV Yugoslavie	CABRILLO Caba	IKHOUBIA Nigeria GORTAT Poland
HEAVYWEIGHT	STEVENSON Cuba	ALEXE Rumania	HUSSING W GER THOMSEN Sweden
CANOEING Men			
KAYAK SINGLES SLALOM	HORN East Germany	SATTLER Australia	GIMPEL East Germany
CANADIAN SINGLES SLALOM	EIBEN [illegible]	KAUDER [illegible]	McEWAN [illegible]
CANADIAN DOUBLES SLALOM	EAST GERMANY	WEST GERMANY	FRANCE

BELOTE

NEILSON

KING

KAYAK SINGLES	SHAPARENKO USSR	PETERSON Swedan	CZAPO Hangary
KAYAK PAIRS	USSR	HUNGARY	POLAND
KAYAK FOURS	USSR	RUMANIA	NORWAY

CONTINUED

EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
CANADIAN SINGLES	PATZAICHIN Rumania	WICHMANN Hungary	LEWE West Germany
CANADIAN PAIRS	USSR	RUMANIA	BULGARIA
Women			
KAYAK SINGLES SLALOM	BANMANN East Germany	GROTHAUS West Germany	WUNDERLICH West Germany
KAYAK SINGLES	RYABCHIHSKAYA USSR	JAAPIES Netherlands	PFEFFER Hungary
KAYAK PAIRS	USSR	EAST GERMANY	RUMANIA
CYCLING			
1,000-M TIME TRIAL	FREDBORG Denmark	CLARK Australia	SCHUETZE East Germany
SPRINT	MORELON France	NICHOLSON Australia	PHAKADZE USSR
TANDEM	USSR	EAST GERMANY	POLAND
INDIVIDUAL PURSUIT	KNUDSEN Norway	KURMANN Switzerland	LUTZ West Germany

WRITER

TURISHCHEVA

KATO

TEAM PURSUIT	WEST GERMANY	EAST GERMANY	GREAT BRITAIN
INDIVIDUAL ROADRACE	KUIPER Netherlands	SEFTON Australia	NUELAMO Spain
100 KM ROAD TEAM TIME TRIAL	USSR	POLAND	BELGIUM
EQUESTRIAN			
THREE DAY	MEADE Great Britain	ARGENTON Italy	JONSSON Sweden
THREE DAY TEAM	GREAT BRITAIN	USA	WEST GERMANY
DRESSAGE	LINSENHOFF West Germany	PETUSHKOVE USSR	NECKERMANN West Germany
DRESSAGE TEAM	USSR	WEST GERMANY	SWEDEN
JUMPING	MAHONELLI Italy	MOORE Great Britain	SNAPIRO USA
JUMPING TEAM	WEST GERMANY	USA	Italy
FENCING Men			
FOIL	WOYDA Poland	KAMUTI Hungary	NOEL France
FOIL TEAM	POLAND	USSR	FRANCE
SABER	SIDIAK USSR	MAROTH Hungary	NAZLYMOV USSR
SABER TEAM	ITALY	USSR	HUNGARY
EPEE	FENYVESI Hungary	LA DEGAILLERIE France	KULCSAR Hungary

EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
EPEE TEAM	HUNGARY	SWITZERLAND	USSR
Women			
FOIL	RAGNO Italy	BOBIS Hungary	GOROKHOVA USSR
FOIL TEAM	USSR	HUNGARY	RUMANIA
FIELD HOCKEY	WEST GERMANY	PAKISTAN	INDIA
GYMNASTICS Men			
TEAM	JAPAN	USSR	EAST GERMANY
ALL-AROUND	KATO Japan	KENMOTSU Japan	NAKAYAMA Japan
FLOOR EXERCISES	ANDRIANOV USSR	NAKAYAMA Japan	KASAMATSU Japan
SIDE HORSE	KLIMENKO USSR	KATO Japan	KENMOTSU Japan
RINGS	NAKAYAMA Japan	VORONIN USSR	TSUKANARA Japan
LONG HORSE	KOESTE East Germany	KLIMENKO USSR	ANDRIANOV USSR
PARALLEL BARS	KATO Japan	KASAMATSU Japan	KENMOTSU Japan
HORIZONTAL BAR	TSUKANABA Japan	KATO Japan	KASAMATSU Japan
Women			
TEAM	USSR	EAST GERMANY	HUNGARY
ALL-AROUND	TURISHCHEVA USSR	JANZ East Germany	LAZAKOVITCH USS
LONG HORSE VAULT	JANZ East Germany	ZUCHOLD East Germany	TURISHCHEVA USSR
UNEVEN PARALLEL BARS	JANZ East Germany	KORBUT USSR	ZUCHOLD East Germany
BALANCE BEAM	KORBUT USSR	LAZAKOVITCH USSR	JANZ East Germany
FLOOR EXERCISES	KORBUT USSR	TURISHCHEVA USSR	LAZAKOVITCH USSR
JUDO			
LIGHTWEIGHT	KAWAGUCHI Japan	BUIDAA Mongolia	KIM North Korea MOUNIER France
WELTERWEIGHT	NOMURA Japan	ZAJKOWSKI Poland	HOETGER East Germany HOVIKOV USSR
MIDDLEWEIGHT	SEKINE Japan	ON South Korea	JACKS Great Britain COCHE France
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	CHOCHOSHVILI USSR	STARBROOK Great Britain	ISHII Brazil BARTH West Germany
HEAVYWEIGHT	RUSKA Netherlands	GLAHN West Germany	ONASHVILI USSR NISHIMURA Japan
OPEN	RUSKA Netherlands	KUSHETZOV USSR	BRONDANI France PARISI Great Britain
MODERN PENTATHLON			
INDIVIDUAL	BALCZO Hungary	ONISCHENKO USSR	LEONEV USSR
TEAM	USSR	HUNGARY	FINLAND
ROWING			
SINGLE SCULLS	MALISHEV USSR	DEMIDOV Argentina	GUELDENPFENNIG East Germany
DOUBLE SCULLS	USSR	NORWAY	EAST GERMANY

CONTINUED

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EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
PAIRS	EAST GERMANY	SWITZERLAND	NETHERLANDS
COXED PAIRS	EAST GERMANY	CZECHOSLOVAKIA	RUMANIA
FOURS	EAST GERMANY	NEW ZEALAND	WEST GERMANY
COXED FOURS	WEST GERMANY	EAST GERMANY	CZECHOSLOVAKIA
EIGHTS	NEW ZEALAND	USA	EAST GERMANY
SHOOTING			
FREE RIFLE	WIGGER USA	MELNIK USSR	PAP Hungary
SMALL BORE THREE-POSITION	WRITER USA	BASSHAM USA	LIPPOLDT East Germany
SMALL BORE PRONE	LI North Korea	AUER USA	ROTARU Rumania
FREE PISTOL	SKANAKER Sweden	IUGA Rumania	DOLLINGER Austria
RAPID-FIRE PISTOL	ZAPEDZKI Poland	FAITA Czech.	TORSHIN USSR
MOVING TARGET	ZHELEZNIAK USSR	BELLINGRODT Colombia	KYNOCH Great Britain
TRAP	SCALZONE Italy	CARREGA France	BASAGNI Italy
SKEET	WIRNHIER West Germany	PETROV USSR	BUCHHEIM East Germany
SOCCER	POLAND	HUNGARY	USSR EAST GERMANY
TEAM HANDBALL	YUGOSLAVIA	CZECHOSLOVAKIA	RUMANIA
VOLLEYBALL Men	JAPAN	EAST GERMANY	USSR
Women	USSR	JAPAN	NORTH KOREA
WATER POLO	USSR	HUNGARY	USA
WEIGHT LIFTING			
FLYWEIGHT	SMALCERZ Poland	SZUECS Hungary	HOLCZREITER Hungary
BANTAMWEIGHT	FOELDI Hungary	NASSIRI Iran	CHETIN USSR
FEATHERWEIGHT	NOURIKIAN Bulgaria	SHANIDZE USSR	BENEDEK Hungary
LIGHTWEIGHT	KIRZHINOV USSR	KOUTCHEV Bulgaria	KACZMAREK Poland
MIDDLEWEIGHT	BIKOV Bulgaria	TRABULSI Lebanon	SILVINO Italy
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	JENSSEN Norway	OZIMEK Poland	HORVATH Hungary
MIDDLE HEAVYWEIGHT	NIKOLOV Bulgaria	CHOPOV Bulgaria	BETTEMBOURG Sweden
HEAVYWEIGHT	TALTS USSR	KRAITCHEV Bulgaria	GRUETZNER East Germany
SUPER HEAVYWEIGHT	ALEXEYEV USSR	MANG West Germany	BONK East Germany
WRESTLING			
Freestyle			
PAPERWEIGHT	DMITRIEV USSR	NIKOLOV Bulgaria	JAVADPOUR Iran
FLYWEIGHT	KATO Japan	ALAKHVERDIEV USSR	KIM GWONG North Korea
BANTAMWEIGHT	YANAGIDA Japan	SANDERS USA	KLINGA Hungary
FEATHERWEIGHT	ABDULBEKOV USSR	AKDAG Turkey	KRASTEV Bulgaria
LIGHTWEIGHT	GABLE USA	WADA Japan	ASHURALIEV USSR
WELTERWEIGHT	WELLS USA	KARLSSON Sweden	SEGER West Germany
MIDDLEWEIGHT	TEDIASHVILI USSR	J. PETERSON USA	JORGA Rumania
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	B. PETERSON USA	STRAKHOV USSR	BAJKO Hungary
HEAVYWEIGHT	YARYGIN USSR	BAIANMUNKH Mongolia	CSATARI Hungary
SUPER HEAVYWEIGHT	MEDVED USSR	DOURALIEV Bulgaria	TAYLOR USA
Greco-Roman			
PAPERWEIGHT	BERCEANU Rumania	ALIABADI Iran	ANGHELOV Bulgaria
FLYWEIGHT	KIROV Bulgaria	KIRAYAMA Japan	BOGNANNI Italy
BANTAMWEIGHT	KAZAKOV USSR	VEIL West Germany	BJOERLIN Finland
FEATHERWEIGHT	MARKOV BULGARIA	WEHLING WEST GERMANY	LIPIEN POLAND
LIGHTWEIGHT	KHISAMUTDINOV USSR	APOSTOLOV Bulgaria	RANZI Italy
WELTERWEIGHT	MACHA Czech	GALAKTOPOULOS Greece	KARLSSON Sweden
MIDDLEWEIGHT	HEGEDUS Hungary	NAZARENKO USSR	NENADIC Yugoslavia
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	REZANTSEV USSR	CORAK Yugoslavia	KWIECINSKI Poland
HEAVYWEIGHT	MARTINESCU Rumania	IAKOVENKO USSR	KISS Hungary
SUPER HEAVYWEIGHT	ROSHIN USSR	TOMOFE Bulgaria	DOLIPSCHI Rumania
YACHTING			
SOLING	USA	SWEDEN	CANADA
TEMPEST	USSR	GREAT BRITAIN	USA
DRAGON	AUSTRALIA	EAST GERMANY	USA
STAR	AUSTRALIA	SWEDEN	WEST GERMANY
FLYING DUTCHMAN	GREAT BRITAIN	FRANCE	WEST GERMANY
FINN	FRANCE	GREECE	USSR

ALEXEYEV

GABLE

B. PETERSON

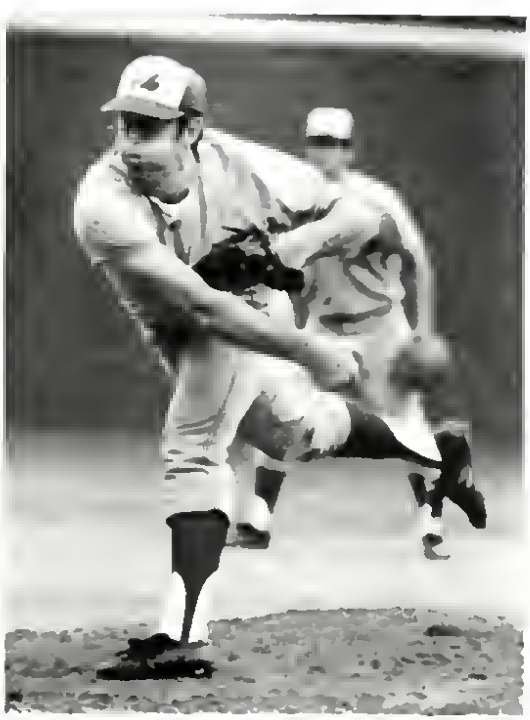
BASEBALL / *William Leggett*

He turns 'em inside out

By now everyone is familiar with the principal excuse utilized by frustrated hitters to explain why their batting averages are at .220. A few years ago almost every player with a bat in his hands started with, "The way they keep running those relief pitchers in at you these days, you haven't got a chance."

Until Mike Marshall, however, relief pitchers arrived in golf carts and equipment wagons, as well as in automobiles of all sizes and national origins. Some even walked. But Marshall jogs in from the Montreal Expo bullpen to the edge of the infield, and one can almost hear the batter say to himself, "This guy can't wait to get at me."

By last weekend Marshall had won 14 games for the Expos, saved 16 others and finished 49 times for a team slogging along 10 games below .500. Thus he may well be the top relief pitcher in baseball this year, although Dave Giusti of the Pirates, Terry Forster of the White Sox, Sparky Lyle of the Yankees, Tug McGraw of the Mets, Jim Brewer of the Dodgers, Clay Carroll of the Reds and a coterie of men who work the late shift for the Oakland A's can reasonably challenge that contention. The record books certainly are not overburdened with relief pitchers who won as many as 14 games in a season. Only nine men have ever won more, most of those pitched for pennant-winning teams or at least for clubs that were in the first division. Elroy Face holds the record for wins by a reliever—18 games for the 1959 Pirates—and Dick Radatz put together spectacular seasons with the lethargic 1963-64 Red Sox when he won a total of 31 times.



MIKE MARSHALL HUFFS A SCREWBALL IN

Neither used Marshall's bread-and-butter pitch, the screwball, a product of much sweat and concentration. A reverse curve, the screwball is one of the most difficult pitches to hit, and it is currently enjoying a tremendous revival. It was, by the way, the pitch thrown most often by Carl Hubbell when he struck out Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Jimmy Foxx, Al Simmons and Joe Cronin in succession in the 1934 All-Star game. Known as a "scroogie," the pitch breaks away from a left-handed hitter and into a right-handed batter when thrown by the right-handed Marshall. It is so difficult to throw that many managers and pitching coaches forbid it to their younger pitchers because the "inside out" twist of the wrist and elbow often results in either a sore arm or shoulder.

Marshall started experimenting with the screwball in 1967. "I first used it with some success in the middle of 1968," he says, "but it still was not a viable pitch even then. It was hard to control and I had to keep working at it." During off-seasons Marshall threw six dozen balls at a wall every other day while learning to tame it.

A bright, articulate individualist of 29, Marshall has had a stormy ride through baseball. Some of the game's bleaker minds held in the past that he was "too much of an egghead." He has been going to college since 1960 and is closing in on a Ph.D. in education from Michigan State (title of his doctoral thesis: *Maturation at Adolescence*).

Marshall played shortstop in the minor league system of the Philadelphia Phillies and twice made All-Star teams at that position. He had a couple of good years as a hitter but also led three leagues in errors. Ultimately, he got sore at the Phillies because he felt he had been lied to concerning his future and was traded to Detroit. "For two broken Al Kaline bats," he says.

He went from Detroit to Seattle to Houston to Montreal, and last year he was booed unmercifully at times at Jarry Park. "I feel a great amount of sympathy for those who have to live in close contact with those who boo," Mike says.

Marshall keeps a notebook on how he pitches to each hitter and studies it before each game. "Even before I get down to the bullpen I should be prepared," he says. "Rather than intentionally walk a hitter, I prefer to pitch him 'tough' to see if I can get an out by getting him to make a mistake. I really don't care how many men are on base or where they are. The object of the game is to stop the man on base from crossing home plate. The rest is mere foliage on the dinner plate."

Because of back problems, Marshall has learned to condition himself in his own special way. "I believe in pushing myself to the limit of my physical abilities," he says. "I would take defeat well if everyone did that. Then again, if everyone did that, you wouldn't have defeat, would you?"

On the final day of the season at Jarry Park, Mike Marshall may well receive one of the biggest awards ever given a player. This year the O'Keefe Brewery is presenting a 1973 Cadillac Eldorado valued at $10,000 to the most valuable Expo of 1972. For a fellow who has been running into game after game, it would be a delightful way to ride out.

THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

AL EAST Instead of being Boston common, the Red Sox are Boston preferred. Arriving in first place helped the Sox reappear on the front pages with banner headlines. The rise was due partly to the shift of Carl Yastrzemski to first base; he has raised his average 22 points

continued

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and hit .467 during September. "I overthink as a hitter," Yaz explains. "Playing first base takes my mind off my hitting." Maybe the ascent had something to do with the appearance of lush fall foliage on Boston's upper lips. Yastrzemski, Reggie Smith and Luis Aparicio have all grown mustaches, and Luis Tiant—winner of seven in a row—has started one. Tiant pitched 40⅓ scoreless innings before the Yankees punctured the streak.

Mickey Lolich won his 20th as Detroit stayed close. "I'll take our chances with Boston," Manager Billy Martin said. "Our last three games are with the Red Sox—in Detroit." Lolich got to visit President Nixon and asked how big a raise he should request. "Twenty-seven and a half percent," Nixon suggested. Lolich said he would vote for the President.

An uncharacteristic burst of pessimism escaped Earl Weaver after Baltimore lost 2–1 to Detroit Friday. "Losing is bad," Weaver said, "but being mathematically eliminated is worse." He was thinking of the unequal number of games played by contenders this season. The loss was the sixth in 11 games.

New York frustrated Detroit's attempt to climb back into first place by beating the Tigers 3–1 Saturday night on Rob Gardner's seventh win, another rescue by Sparky Lyle and Bobby Murcer's score from first on a single by Felipe Alou.

Gaylord Perry of Cleveland became the first pitcher since 1924 to win 20 games in both major leagues. Perry had been stuck at 19 since Aug. 22 because the Indians—lowest-scoring team in the majors with 399 runs—hadn't been getting him any.

Hope—and the fans—were gone, but the Milwaukee Brewers had a destiny to fulfill. They kept plugging along, losing two more dreary games to Baltimore 2–1 and 8–0.

BOST 71-80 DET 72-82 BALT 72-83
NY 71-84 CLEV 62-71 MIL 54-81

AL WEST

"Pitchers are a funny breed," says Gene Tenace, who has caught Vida Blue since minor-league days. Vida, the MVP and Cy Young winner last year, went only three innings on Sept. 7 against Chicago and lost again. The 6–0 defeat was administered by the men who probably will take those honors this year: Dick Allen, who drove in four more runs, and Wilbur Wood, who won his 24th game. Yet the A's still stayed ahead of the Sox.

When Chicago lost a doubleheader to Minnesota, the organist played dirges all night. "We must win two from Oakland now," Manager Chuck Tanner said—and the Sox only split. But then they began playing hang-on baseball and, by beating the Angels 3–2 Saturday night while Oakland was losing, crept back within 2½.

Minnesota's main reason for happiness was Harmon Killebrew's 537th career home run, putting him fourth on the alltime list behind Babe Ruth, Henry Aaron and Willie Mays. The Twins also got three shutouts, from Dick Woodson, Jim Perry and Ray Corbin.

With Kansas City 12½ games back, Manager Bob Lemon admitted the Royals no longer had a chance. "From now on we're looking toward 1973 with our pitching," Lemon said. The view was scenic. In three straight games Lemon started men just up from Omaha, and Monty Montgomery began by shutting out California on a four-hitter. Next night Tom Murphy shut out Minnesota in the first game; then Steve Busby, in his first major league appearance, allowed five hits and retired 16 in a row.

The only suspense at Anaheim was whether the fence would be moved in or home plate moved out next season. The Angels have pitching—Rudy May, who won his eighth, has allowed two earned runs and struck out 25 in three consecutive complete games—but they are powerless.

"We're tired," Texas Manager Ted Williams admitted. The Rangers supplied convincing proof by losing two straight to Minnesota, 2–0 and 4–0, the 23rd and 24th times they have been blanked.

OAK 78-83 CHI 78-83 MINN 87-65
KC 85-87 CAL 82-72 TEX 51-83

NL EAST

One reason for Pittsburgh's success is doubleheaders. Of 15, the Pirates have lost none, split five and won 10, giving them a 25-5 record. In Friday's doubleheader, for example, rarely used Bob Johnson pitched a three-hitter in the first game and the Pirates won the nightcap in the 12th inning.

Chicago is 28-17 since giving Leo Durocher the heave and has won or split eight consecutive series. Billy Williams is still leading the league in batting at .341. Yet the struggling Cubs are three games farther behind the piping-hot Pirates. There were two solaces. Ferguson Jenkins, by winning his 20th game, became only the seventh man to reach that mark six successive years and accomplished his feat in perhaps the best hitters' park in the majors. Besides, young Burt Hooton's back spasms relented enough to let him beat Pittsburgh 4–2.

Cardinal rookie Ken Reitz, who had 12 hits in his first 21 major league at-bats, is just as exuberant with pen in hand. "I was born with a baseball glove in one hand and a bat in the other," he wrote on his questionnaire. "Every night at dinner we used to slide into the soup." St. Louis has been starting lineups averaging under 24 years. Bob Gibson has lost three straight and the Cardinals rank 23rd in the majors in home runs.

New York's walking wounded lost five of nine and were shut out three times, but Gary Gentry, now a more respectable 7-8, did win twice.

With Team Canada playing the Russians on live television, the Montreal Expos could be proud of the 12,118 who turned out to watch them play the Pirates. That was the only good news on the scoreboard. The Pirates got 12 hits and won the opening game 7–1, then took the second 4–2 in the 12th inning.

The one bright spot for poor Philadelphia was Steve Carlton, winner of 23 games.

PITT 88-47 CHI 74-81 NY 88-64
ST.L 84-71 MONT 81-72 PHIL 48-85

NL WEST

Cincinnati's Johnny Bench says he hasn't been hitting the way he did earlier because, "I need a challenge." He might still get one. The leaders lost three straight and four of five on the road, and stresses were showing. Both Gary Nolan and Wayne Simpson were accused of having arm problems more mental than physical. Nolan was yanked after only one inning against San Diego as the Reds lost a doubleheader. "After he pitched to the first batter," Sparky Anderson said, "I told myself if that's all he's going to throw, I'm getting him out of there." Simpson, however, was able to answer criticism with a good 6–3 win over the Dodgers.

Throwing 196 pitches in 13 innings, Don Wilson put a Band-Aid on Houston's dying hopes by beating the Giants 5–1. Bob Watson's homer in the 13th won the game, and Roger Metzger followed with another, his second of the year. He attributed it to "a windstorm."

Los Angeles, 10 back, was .500 for the week and was cheered only by Claude Osteen's recovery of his curveball and a chance to win 20 games. He needs four more. Atlanta won four in a row as Earl Williams collected his 25th home run.

Jimmy Ray Hart put his commuter ticket in his hat and once again returned to the Giants from Phoenix, hitting three home runs during the week. Sore-armed Sam McDowell healed enough to go 10 innings against Houston, the first time he has pitched a complete game in 2½ months. And Jim Willoughby beat Cincy 2–1 on Dave Kingman's ninth-inning home run.

San Diego's Leron Lee, .322 for the year, has been crowding .365 in September. While a broken bone was knitting, he watched games from the press box. "Up there I saw how many mistakes pitchers make on hitters," Lee explained.

CIN 82-82 HOUS 78-88 LA 72-82
ATL 83-72 SF 88-76 SD 50-82

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TROJAN HORSE Rod McNeill picks up yardage around Arkansas defender Les Williams.

For two years USC has been high on promise, low on performance, but last week's thrashing of Arkansas proves it is a contender for No. 1

A sleeping giant awakens

Goodby, Nebraska, hello, USC. Last Saturday night in Little Rock, much to the dismay of 54,461 Arkansas fans who thought *their* team might be this year's national champion, the Trojans crushed the Razorbacks 31-10, thus making it an absolutely delightful weekend for Los Angeles football fans.

Poor Arkansas. Nowhere in the country are people more wrapped up in the fortunes of the state football team. Its symbol is a razorback hog with scary tusks and curly tail, and it shows up on just about everything sold or given away in the state: sugar packets, ashtrays, purses, lamps. So anxious are people to listen to games that there are 93 stations on the Arkansas Radio Network that carry them. Interest had been especially high this summer because the Hogs had all but five starters back from last year's squad that was 8-2-1, including Quarterback Joe Ferguson. If Arkansas could get by USC, only Texas seemed a threat to an undefeated season.

Of course, everyone knew getting by USC would not be easy. Reports filtered into Little Rock that the Trojans had 20 pro prospects to only four for Arkansas. The team was huge. One scout said, "When we line up against USC, every one of our men is going to face the best player he's ever seen."

And yet that is what people have thought about USC for the past two seasons, a team loaded with talent but beset by problems, a team good enough to twice rise up and knock down an undefeated Notre Dame and yet finish the season 6-4-1, out of the Rose Bowl, out of contention for top honors. Perhaps the 1972 team would be another of these.

For the first half this seemed to be the case. USC started miserably, fumbling and losing the opening kickoff to set up an Arkansas field goal, then fumbling the ensuing kickoff but managing to keep the ball. The Razorbacks put on a hard-nosed goal-line stand in the second quarter, holding USC four downs inside the two. On the next series USC settled for a field goal and the score was tied at halftime 3-3.

But whatever the Trojans had been missing, they found it in the second half. Tormenting the Hogs with strong running and passing attacks and fresh troops when needed, Quarterback Mike Rae marched USC to three touchdowns, two of them by Rod McNeill. Sophomore Quarterback Pat Haden led the last drive, which ended with Sam (Bam) Cunningham dashing 17 yards up the middle. Overall, Rae completed 18 of 24 passes, getting marvelous protection, while McNeill and Cunningham showed no ill effects from the injuries that sidelined them last year.

Best of all for Coach John McKay, who is after his third national title in 13 seasons, his supposedly inexperienced defense stood up very well against the Arkansas attack. In fact, sophomore Linebacker Richard Wood was the star of the game, jarring Hog runners with his tackles, harassing Ferguson with his rush and intercepting a pass in the third quarter.

"They kept us off balance all night, run or pass," said Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles. "Their offense was as strong physically as any we've faced."

Ferguson, who ended up with a bloody and perhaps broken nose, did not seem crushed by the loss. "If it was a big conference game, I might worry," he said. "I'm down about losing, of course, but tonight's game doesn't mean that we're not going to win."

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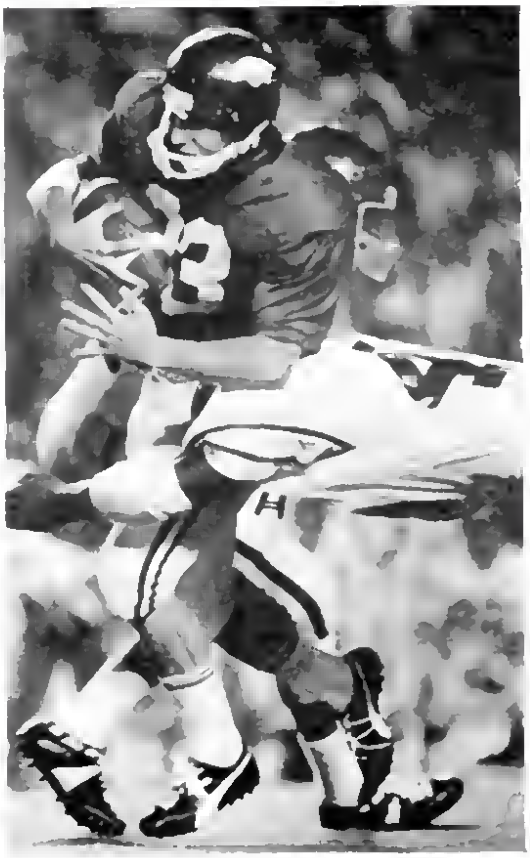


A HOG IS TIED by the resolute USC defense, which was impressive despite its inexperience.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

McKay had warm praise for Ferguson, who has been boomed as a Heisman Trophy candidate, but he was even warmer about Rae. "If he keeps this up he's going to be a No. 1 draft pick."

But it was the quick, hard-tackling Wood who had the biggest part in butchering the Hogs. He is the younger brother of ex-Detroit Tiger infielder Jake Wood, and McKay says he is "the best linebacker prospect we've had since I've been here." A few more assault and batteries like Saturday night's and there will be nothing prospective about it.

"I've just got to try harder than anyone else because I want to be a great football player," said Wood in the jubilant Trojan dressing room. "I know we have the quickest and fastest defense in the country. I'm not worried about the national championship. I just want to go to the Rose Bowl three years in a row."

•

With considerably less potent opposition two other candidates for national honors opened their fall campaigns with convincing, vote-grabbing wins. In Atlanta, Tennessee touched off a four-touchdown, second-half explosion and walloped Georgia Tech 34-3, the widest winning margin in their 30-year series. The game was historic for another reason: for the first time in major Southern college football both opposing quarterbacks were black. Tennessee's Condredge Holloway got the best of this particular confrontation with Tech's Eddie McAshan, completing eight of 12 passes before sitting out most of the second half, but the jarring Vol defense is what suddenly turned a close game into a rout. It took the sting out of the Yellow Jacket offense by forcing and falling on five fumbles and intercepting three passes during the nationally televised game, and it set up all four second-half scores with turnovers. Though overshadowed by the defense, Holloway, a sophomore, looked impressive in his varsity debut. "People have yet to see some of the things Condredge Holloway can do," announced Vol Head Coach Bill Battle after the game, sounding an ominous chord for future opponents.

In Birmingham, Alabama also produced some second-half fireworks to defeat surprisingly tough Duke 35-12. In the first quarter the Crimson Tide marched impressively to scores the first two times it had the ball. The second quarter belonged to Duke, which scored two touchdowns on passes by Quarterback Bob Albright. But finally it was Alabama's running game that turned the Tide around. It hammered out 333 yards and put the game out of reach in the fourth quarter when Steve Bisceglia raced 39 yards from scrimmage for his team's fourth touchdown.

"We found out tonight we can play when we have to," said Tide Quarterback Terry Davis, who was a perfect six for six passing. "When Duke put the pressure on us, we didn't fold. It definitely brought this team together a little more. We needed that."

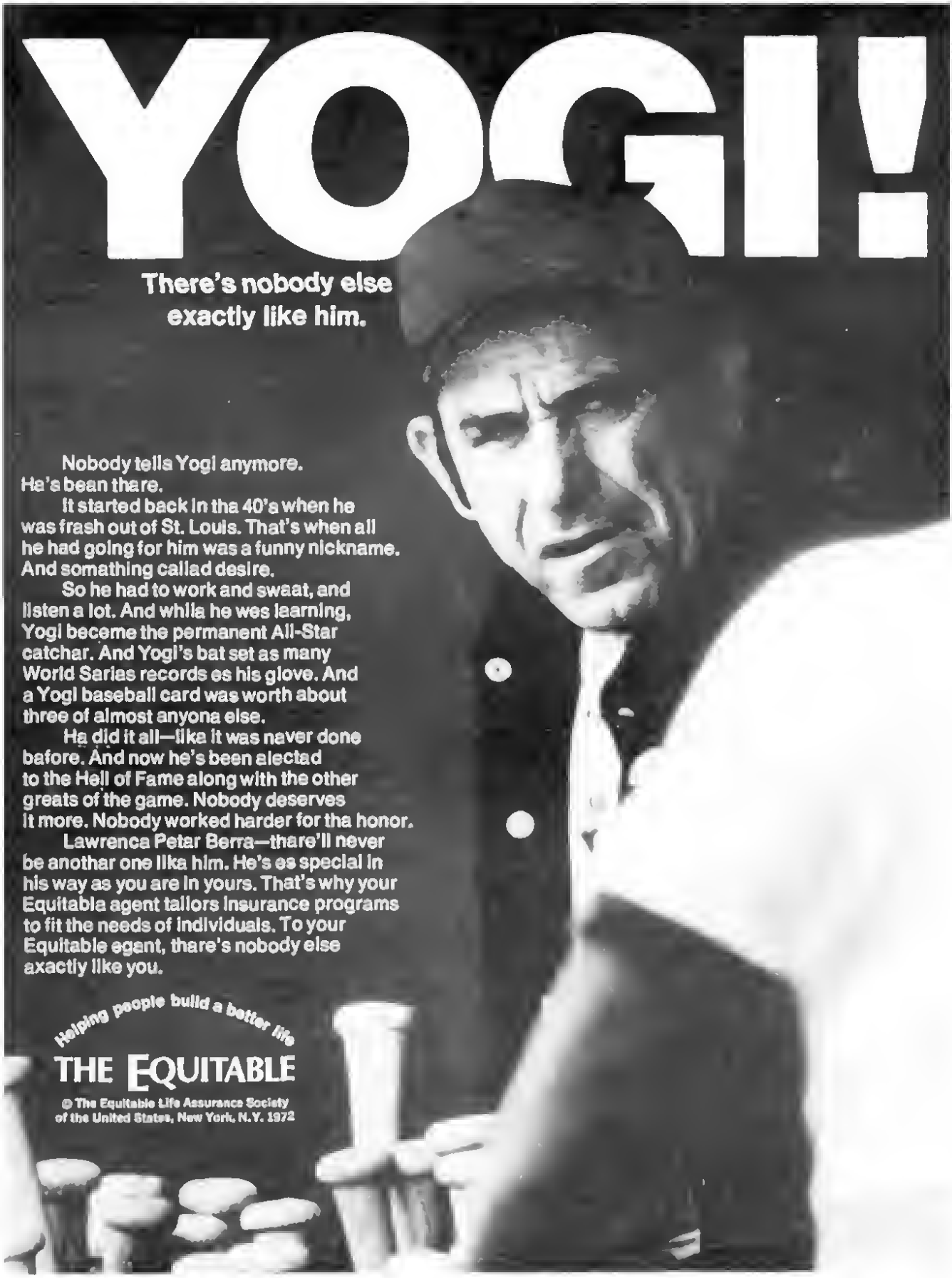
Meanwhile, three other highly rated teams showed more sputter than crunch in scoring rather unimpressive victories. In Boulder the Colorado Buffaloes launched an irresistible stampede the first time they had the football against California, moving 80 yards on a series of deftly executed pitchouts to Charlie Davis, who finally scored from the one. But then the Buffs went flat, grinding out a listless 20-10 victory thanks to two long field goals by Fred Lima, a Chilean who kicks barefoot, and a 48-yard touchdown runback by Linebacker Ed Shoen of a pass interception.

"We thought we had a sound offense and a questionable defense," said Colorado Head Coach Eddie Crowder, "but it turned out to be just the opposite. I'd rather have it that way. We know we have an offense. We just have to smooth it out."

In Pittsburgh, Florida State stumbled, bumbled and fumbled its way through a 19-7 victory over the Pitt Panthers, rescued by the strong arm of Quarterback Gary Huff, who lofted touchdown strikes of 71 yards to Wide Receiver Barry Smith and 54 yards to sophomore Joe Goldsmith, and the sure foot of freshman Placekicker Ahmet Askin, a 17-year-old Cypriot. The Seminoles gained only 69 yards rushing. Pitt's new Wishbone attack had its effective moments but few when it counted against a sturdy Florida State defense. "Our defense won it for us," said Coach Larry Jones. "Our offense takes a little while to get cranked up."

Out west in Seattle a sullen, faintly mutinous crowd of 57,500 booed as Washington barely slithered through its opener, a 13-6 win over Pacific in what should have been a light workout. Husky Quarterback Sonny Sixkiller sat this one out with a sprained ankle and though backup passer Greg Collins completed 19 of 28 passes for 240 yards, the running game operated at more of a crawl, gaining only 16 yards on 24 first-half attempts. The heavily favored winners escaped a humiliating tie with less than six minutes left in the game. Fullback Pete Taggares scored the winner over right tackle from three yards out and Washington avoided a fate that would have been more disastrous than that which hit Nebraska and Arkansas.

Finally Houston, traditionally a winner, lost to intracity rival Rice 14-13. The Cougars almost pulled it out when they moved to the one-foot line in the last 30 seconds. But when they tried to win by a touchdown instead of a field goal, perhaps remembering that a misplayed snap was the reason they trailed, Linebacker Rodrigo Barnes and End Larry Walling stacked up Leonard Parker on the first dive and Quarterback D. C. Nobles was nailed on a second as the gun sounded. John Coleman, a freshman, was the leading rusher for the Owls with 84 yards. He is from Los Angeles, a blue-chipper who somehow escaped from UCLA and USC. On Saturday they didn't need him. **END**



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You know Jack, Lee, Gary and, ah, er . . .

Gay Brewer is hardly an unknown, nor is he a bad player, but when he was thrown into the ring with three of the game's biggest names—Nicklaus, Trevino and Player—he finished just where you would imagine

Gay Brewer had the resigned awkwardness of a pachyderm among gazelles at the World Series of Golf, for certainly he wasn't expected to be a major figure of the weekend campaign. After all, Brewer came to Akron with only one victory over the past five years on the American tour, the win standing like a sun-bleached skeleton on a desert of disappointment and illness. Now 40 years old and graying, Brewer could be excused whatever pangs of discomfort he suffered while the crowds shouldered past him for a glimpse of the *real* stars. It almost appeared as if Jack Nicklaus, Gary Player and Lee Trevino had asked ol' Gay along to fill out the foursome.

After all, here were three guys who among them had won six U.S. Opens, six British Opens, five Masters and four PGAs and this year so far had earned, in nice round figures, about $570,000. Against this was Brewer with his one Masters title in 1967 and $75,000, a tidy sum by mortal standards but hardly in the same income bracket with his playmates.

It would be fun to report that David slew the three Goliaths, but in truth just the opposite happened. Player, with a two-over-par 142, took the $50,000 first prize, while Nicklaus and Trevino were tied for second at 144, each earning $11,250. Brewer was last at 145. For that he picked up $5,000, which keeps his overall earnings in perspective.

Brewer actually had arrived at the world series through a rear entrance. The winners of the four major championships—The Masters, U.S. Open, British Open and PGA—are invited to the world series, but since Nicklaus won two of the big four titles, Brewer was summoned because of his victory in the Canadian Open.

From the beginning, the fans looked upon the phlegmatic Brewer as if he were a plate of unsalted, lumpy mashed potatoes at a gourmet feast. Although he won that 1967 Masters, Brewer's swing has a pronounced loop which might compel the naive, upon seeing it initially, to recommend a visit to a professional for a lesson. Early in the week he practiced for the most part in solitude, taking exacting pains during an occasional interview to point out that he *could* win. "If I'm playing good, I can beat anybody," he said.

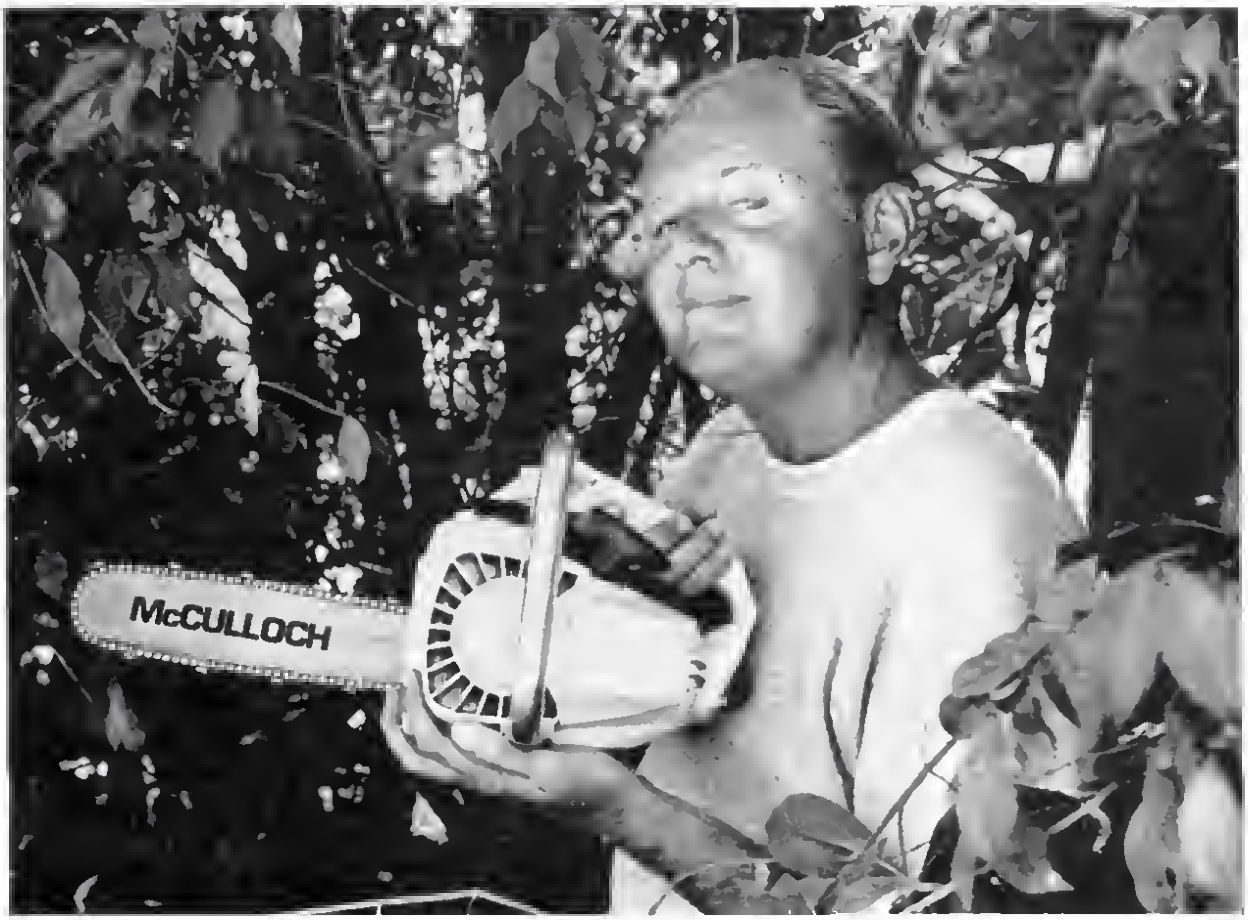
Last April, Brewer was involved in a match play of a different sort. He was near death in an Augusta hospital, growing weaker from a bleeding ulcer. "My hemoglobin count was down to five," he said. "Four can be fatal. They gave me eight pints of blood. Actually it was a relief to find out what it was and that it *could* be cured. It took a lot of pressure off me. I'd been having stomach cramps for 2½ years but I was afraid to go into the hospital. I'd get over a shot and be ready to hit it and get a stomach cramp and feel like throwing the club away."

Brewer was in the hospital for 10 days and upon his release the doctors put him on a diet that excluded alcoholic refreshments among other things. For years Brewer's eyes had resembled a plate-glass window after a baseball had gone through it, part of the reason his fellow pros call him "hound dog." But the new regimen agrees with him. Since returning to the tour, he has finished in the top 10 five times, and prior to the world series the $75,000 he had earned assured him of his best year financially.

Another teetotaler, Player, arrived in Akron Tuesday night after the arduous, 38-hour, 10,000-mile trip from his home in South Africa. A physical-fitness zealot, Player instantly plunged into a routine of jogging, leg exercises and long practice rounds. By Saturday morning, fit as usual, he seemed more than normally determined. It rankles him to hear Nicklaus routinely granted the title "best golfer in the world." Privately he in-

continued

WHILE PLAYER, NICKLAUS AND TREVINO ALL YUK IT UP, GAY BREWER STANDS ALONE



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dicates that Arnold Palmer's fall from the top perhaps was hastened by worry over Nicklaus.

"I don't consider that Nicklaus is the best player in the world," said Gary. "The only way to judge who is the best player is not by what's happening right now, but by waiting until the end of our careers. I just can't understand Lee Trevino saying Jack Nicklaus is the best player in the world 'by a mile.' When you say things like that it means you are striving to be second-best and I'm not striving to be second-best."

Player was halfway to his goal after Saturday's round, shooting the final nine in even par for a round of 71. Whatever Brewer was striving for, he was hardly noticed in second place, two strokes back, even though he also had shot par on the incoming nine.

The first day started out badly for Hound Dog. Shortly after dawn he was aroused from a sound sleep by an eager and early-rising journalist who telephoned him in his motel room, and proceeded to conduct an impromptu press conference. On the golf course later that day Brewer's problems were of an equally unexpected nature. His tee shots, vastly improved since he acquired a new driver several months ago, were straying into Firestone's heavy rough. But, stoically, Hound Dog hung in there, getting a needed boost with an eight-foot putt that fell for a par at the eighth hole, a fine wedge shot out of the rough and a two-foot putt for par at the ninth. Those two putts were the start of eight one-putt greens over the final 11 holes. Brewer finished with a three-over-par 73, two shots behind Player, but a stroke in front of Trevino's 74 and two strokes ahead of Nicklaus' 75.

Brewer started the final round hopeful of catching Player, who made things easier by bogeying the opening hole. For a change, Gay was driving the ball into the fairway and seemed pleased to make pars on the first few holes. But then he faltered on the long fourth and fifth holes, historically his nemesis at Firestone. Brewer drove into the fourth's fairway bunker and bogeyed and picked up another paralyzing bogey on the par-three fifth when his tee shot went into a trap. He was on his way to another front-nine 38 while Player was getting the ball up and down for pars from everywhere and shooting a 36 to break a four-stroke lead. "I just can't get by the fourth and fifth hole," lamented Brewer.

On the incoming nine Brewer gave a better exhibition of his true ability. He birdied the 10th hole and went on to shoot a 34, one under par, although missing birdie putts of under 12 feet four times. Player had no such misfortune. He one-putted the 11th through 15th and assured himself of victory with a gutty par on the 625-yard 16th hole. Meanwhile Brewer was even with Nicklaus and Trevino on the 17th tee, but when they both dropped birdie putts, he fell to fourth, and the $5,000.

Ah, well, look at it this way. When he turned professional in 1956, it took him two years to earn that much. END

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Two men on a horse—but one at a time

Levi Strauss' 2nd Annual Ride and Tie Race brought out a strange entry list all ready and eager to chase $3,000 across 30 miles of California mountains in a new race straight out of the Old West

It was a pretty strange crowd that gathered outside of Alturas, Calif. for Levi's 2nd Annual Ride and Tie Race, but then a ride and tie race is hardly an everyday event to begin with. It is based on an old Western stratagem for coping with the problem of two men who find themselves with one horse and some distance to cover. One starts running and the other riding. The rider, after a certain number of miles, ties his horse and heads off on foot, thus giving the horse a rest until the first pedestrian catches up. The latter mounts and rides, passing his now-running buddy, later dismounting to tie the horse and take off on foot again. The performance is repeated until the destination is reached. Thus, in theory, on a 30-mile trip each person would be on foot for 15 miles and the horse, though he carried someone the entire distance, would have rest periods while tied.

Levi Strauss & Co. revived this activity as a competition in 1971, and this year 68 people showed up to compete for a variety of prizes: top winners could have managed to take home close to $3,000, more money than the stakes in most horse shows, providing they were wearing something made by Levi's. If they weren't, it was $1,000 less. So there they were, students and cowboys and some San Francisco firemen (one of whom had posed for a poster floating around, the one of a male nude upon a Victorian couch), college professors and girls, a truck driver, a wrestling champion, an Olympic gold medal winner (in rowing), a telephone installer, a sheet metal worker, a policeman *cum* judo expert, a timber feller, a fish rescuer and a nursing mother. They were paired into men's teams, women's teams, man-and-woman teams, a brother-and-sister team, a black-and-white team and a black team. The last consisted of the president and vice-president of the 10th Cavalry Buffalo Soldiers, Inc., representing the reactivation of a black unit created in 1866 ("The recruiting was somewhat easy, because of the advantages of being away from their slave masters and the adverse conditions that existed in those days," an explanatory bit of literature says of the original 10th). There was even a team of former modern pentathletes who, in the best tradition of their sport, arrived in Alturas just in time to go over the course and ride an

continued

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unknown horse. As for clothes, what does one wear to ride and run some 30 miles over a mountain? The $1,000 Levi's, of course, in every color, some cut and slit to resemble track shorts, some with large circles snipped down the front for ventilation. Also, there were traditional track shorts with Levi's shirts, stretch knickers and even a pair of long bloomers—on 26-year-old Ken Williams. Footwear included boots, tennis shoes, track shoes worn with and without puttees or knee socks, and bare legs. Some of the men were bare-chested, some of the girls in bathing suits. There is no traditional outfit for the cross-country runner-horseman, although by the 3rd Annual Ride and Tie Race Levi's may have devised one.

This rich array of people and 34 horses arrived in a dry brown field and lined up between two trees for a shotgun start to their destination, Cedarville and the Cedarville Fair, 30 miles away on the other side of the Warner Range. They took off like a land-rush stampede, riders and runners in a dusty charge, complete with one loose horse that had bucked off its rider and was galloping wildly through the press of man and beast, bumping horses and spinning runners aside. The first of four veterinarian checks was about eight miles away, and some lost the race in that distance. One runner, intent on his footing, ran right by his tied horse and didn't realize it until he spotted his slower teammate ahead and had to run back. Another hitched his horse badly and it got loose: again, time wasted in retrieving.

The horses, all in all, received more tender loving care than the people. They were constantly checked for lameness and any of the assorted ills that befall that supposedly tough but in many ways fragile creature. "You can kill a horse in five miles," said one veterinarian in a pre-race lecture on the handling of the animals. The sponsors were being careful, since two horses had died the year before in the inaugural event. This time the animals all came through, though some of the humans didn't. A cross-country running coach was carried off with heat prostration, as was one member of a man-woman team—the man, it was; the girl and the horse finished.

The first horse to appear at the No. 1 vet check was a cross paint-quarter-horse mare, a part of the Chuck Stalley-Butch Alexander team. Butch had gone through

continued

Mama taught me it takes more than a towel to really get dry.

It's hard to imagine, but Harmon Killebrew was once a tiny little baby. After his bath, his mother would sprinkle JOHNSON'S Baby Powder all over his little body. That pure white powder would help dry up the moisture his towel left behind, leaving Harmon cool and comfortable all over.

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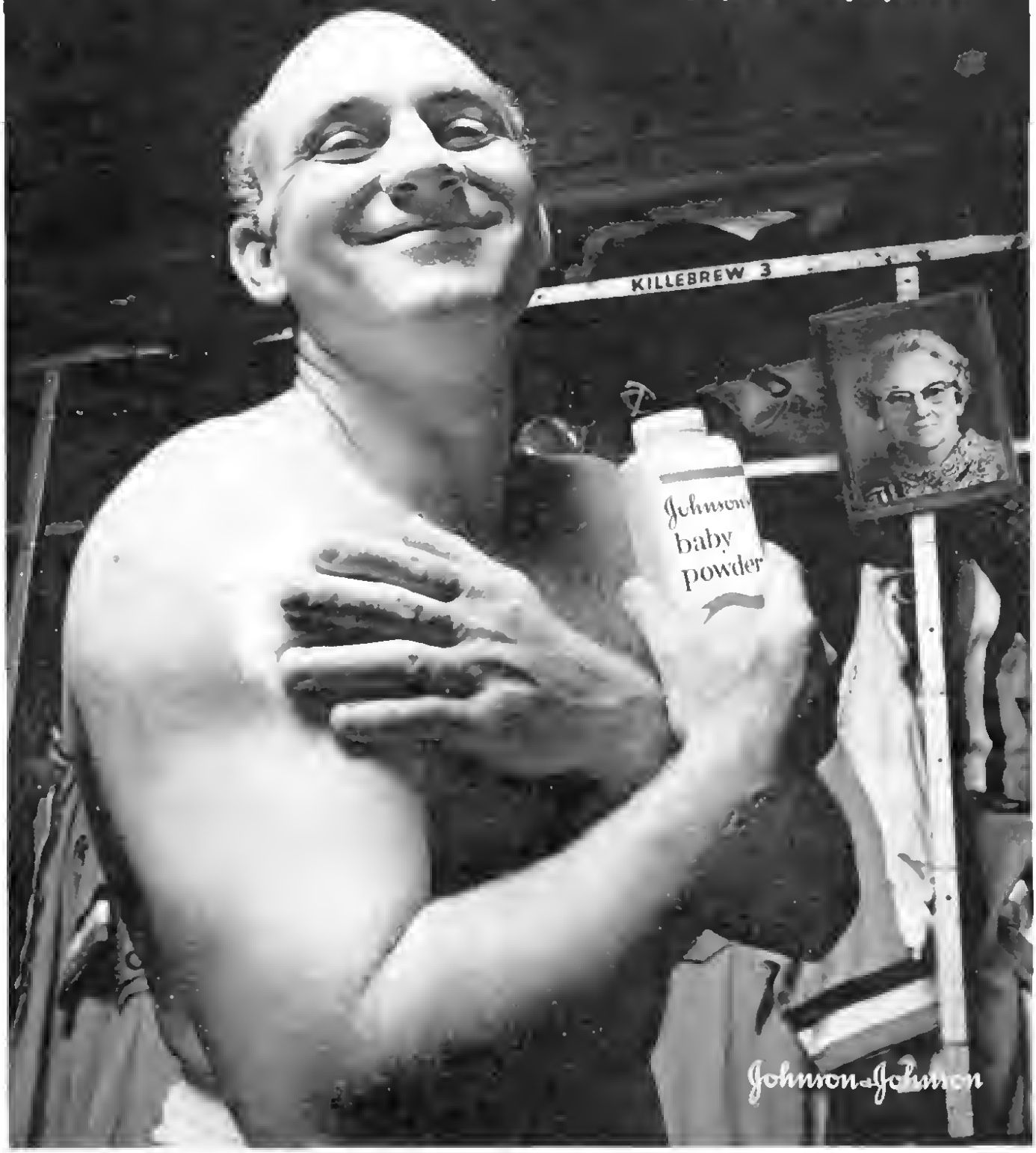

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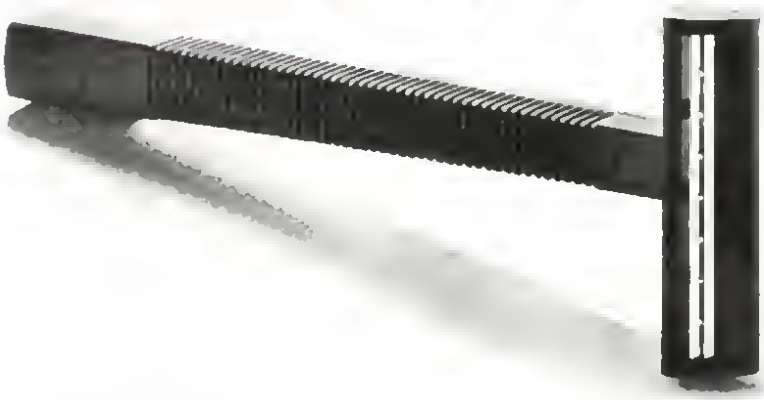

The Gillette TRAC II™ Two Bladed Razor

It's one blade better.

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earlier, and Chuck, who knew the mare a lot better than his partner did, took her through in a minimum of time and was off—the two college sophomores were never to lose the lead. They were followed by a congestion of horses and people, and there was the inevitable wait as, one by one, stragglers trailed through.

The next stage, just over the halfway point, involved a 3,100-foot climb to 7,500 feet. There, from the summit, was a view across Surprise Valley and Middle Alkali Lake to the sepia mountains of Nevada. Even the exhausted competitors, standing among the pines sipping water handed out by a nurse, took note of the panorama. A contestant came panting up to the water station. "What's your number?" asked Sheriff Lynn Harris, checking times. "Number one," the man said, "but that's not my condition or position." Learning what his placement along the line was, he took the bad news and shrugged, saying, "Well, we're just doing it for fun."

"It's not *my* idea of fun," commented a bystander, watching him gather himself together and take off again.

Far below in Cedarville the fair was under way, and the grandstand facing the half-mile track was filled, the people waiting for the rodeo to begin or for the first ride-and-tie contestants to cross the limed finish line on the track. The rules of the game said that it was not the first person over the line but the package, two humans, one horse. Bill Posedel, a 30-year-old San Francisco fireman (not the nude poster-poser), was the first to make the three-quarter lap around the track, but his teammates, 50-year-old John Holden and the horse, were nowhere in sight. Everyone expected them at any moment but it was Stalley and Alexander and the paint mare that strotted in while Posedel looked in vain; they crossed the line with a time of three hours and 22 minutes.

Congratulations were barely over when Ken (Bloomer Boy) Williams and Cary Brooks struggled onto the track, where Ken sagged and started to collapse. Cary quickly got him up on their gray Arabian and they finished less than 10 minutes behind the winners. Then John Holden arrived. Although he was the oldest contestant, it wasn't Holden that had delayed the team, it was the horse. It had slowed things down at a vet check, and somewhere along the line Posedel had out-fleet-footed it.

continued

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By the time the last gaspers got in, determined to finish just because the finish line was there, the winners had bedded down the horse and were showing off their bruises. Stalley and Alexander, in shorts, sported blood blisters and strange ocher marks on the insides of their legs, the consequence of riding an English saddle with no protection. The pain, fortunately, seemed incidental to the euphoria. The two had been camping out on the Cedarville side of the mountain for a week, working the mare over the trail backwards. "It takes two things to win this race," said Stalley, who finished third last year with another partner. "Two good riders and a good horse. One fast runner and one slow one won't do it. It has to be a smooth operation." The only lump in theirs was a bad point where Alexander, who had run more of the first part of the race than Stalley, got cramps. Stalley realized it in time, and turned back to give him the horse.

The No. 2 pair, Williams and Brooks, was seventh through the first veterinarian check and did a great job of catching up on Stalley and Alexander, but they had some similar problems. Williams, a student working on his master's degree in economics, who had learned to ride only three months before, and Brooks, a real estate salesman, had their own strategy worked out before the race, but it came near failing when Brooks got sick. "The trouble was, Ken decided we should have Carnation Instant Breakfast," Brooks explained, "but he didn't know I hated chocolate, and that's what he got. It took me about 13 miles to lose it. But I feel Jesus is the biggest power and help. I got through because I prayed a lot."

He went on to tell what had happened the night before when their horse, named Prince Kolaf, was fussing at flies and got his foot caught in the halter; he went down thrashing and hurt himself. "He was all scratched and swollen, but we stood him in the creek and I prayed. That's how it happened he was all right, it's the power of prayer," Brooks said. "Jesus did it."

Formidable contenders, obviously. Stalley and Alexander will have their work cut out for them if next year is a better one for flies and if Williams and Brooks turn up with strawberry Instant Breakfast instead of chocolate. END

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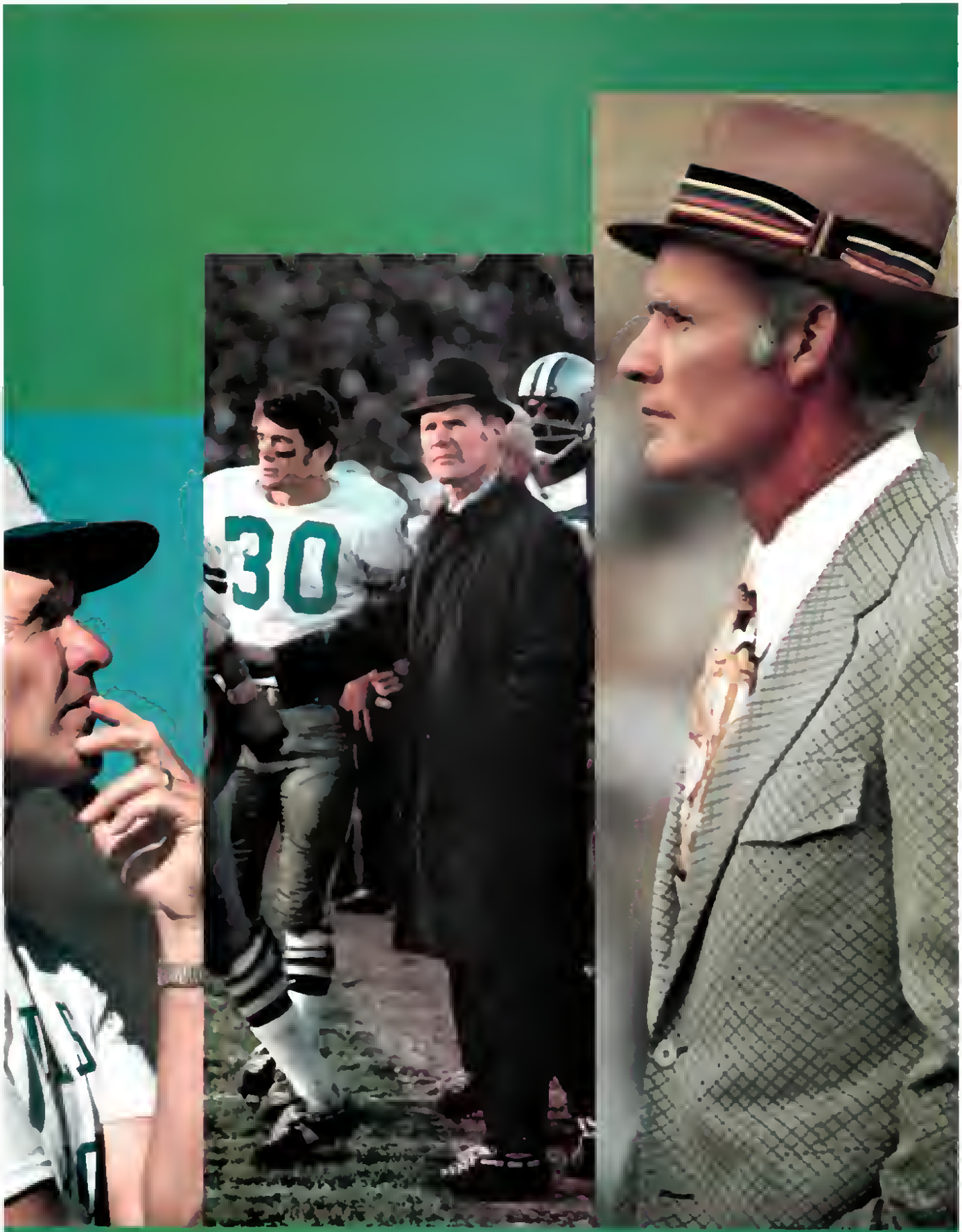
Why Is This Man Laughing?

Believe it or not, Cowboy Coach Tom Landry seethes with emotion. Old Computer Face just believes poise and composure are the keys to victory—even in the Super Bowl

by Edwin Shrake



confusion *fury*

CONTINUED

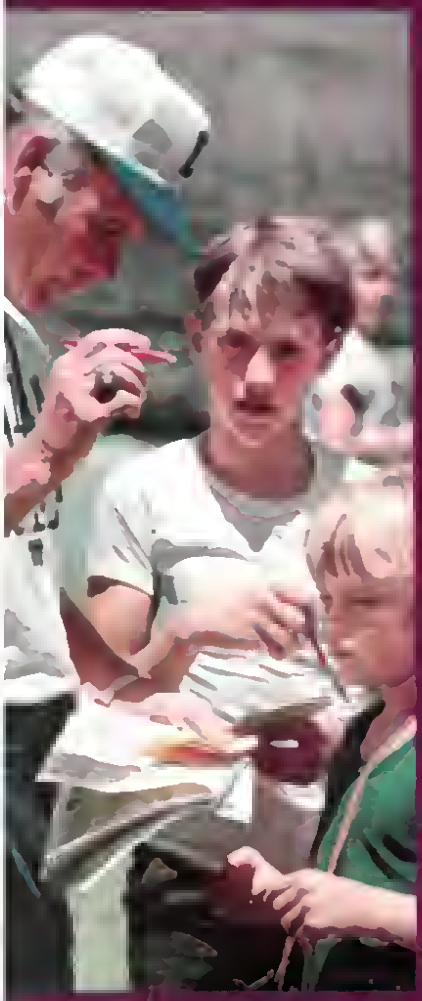
Landry *continued*

tedium

[illegible]

remor

One autographed photo hangs on the wall in Tom Landry's office. Seated at his desk on the 11th floor of a new glass and granite building the color of charcoal, the coach of the Super Bowl champion Dallas Cowboys can look north above an expressway that plunges across what was pastureland until structures began to grow on it faster than grass and sunflowers. Or Landry can glance in the direction of this single photo that hangs there as liniment for an aching soul in the event his critics get strident again or another running back is busted for carrying the wrong kind of weeds into a small town. When you think of all the autographed photos Landry could have placed on the wall if he were that kind of man—Nixon, L.B.J., Clint Murchison Jr., Vince Lombardi, even Don Meredith—this one color photograph becomes a window for glimpsing into a personality that is often described as inscrutable. It is a signed portrait of Billy Graham, the evangelist.



pathos

Meredith, who played quarterback for Landry in two NFL championship games and then quit after he felt he had been humiliated by his coach in an important game at Cleveland, has said Landry is regimented, unemotional and so well organized that he has no need to communicate. Before Running Back Duane Thomas stopped talking to the outside world last season, he told reporters Landry was a "plastic man." Landry has also been called Computer Face. It has been said that he has transistors in his heart, that he is unblinking to the cries of humanity around him. He has been seen to weep in front of his team in the locker room, break up with helpless laughter on a TV show and run 40 yards to yell at a football official, but these are rare moments in his public life. An old friend from college days, Rooster Andrews, says, "People want to know what makes Tom tick, and he's too smart to tell them. He was born polished. He's such a gentleman it's almost spooky."

What puzzles many people about Landry is that outwardly he is so coherent and stable that he seems like a freak in the midst of our madness.

"If he's got a human flaw, I don't know what it is," says Andrews.

"I've never seen Tommy get mad at the kids because something went wrong, and I've never seen him depressed around the house," says Alicia Landry, his wife.

"He's extremely consistent. Wherever he is, he's the same person, mature in his responses," says Rev. Tom Shipp, a Methodist minister in Dallas.

To a degree, Landry is who he is because he believes in Jesus and in rules. It is fitting then that he is preoccupied with a game where prayers are offered for success and protection against injury, achievement can be measured by records, rules are rigidly adhered to and transgressors are punished with Old Testament suddenness.

"I became a Christian in 1958," Landry said not long ago. This is a surprising statement because he has been a Methodist since he was a boy in the South Texas truck-garden town of Mission. "What I mean," added Landry, "is I was a churchgoer before then but not really a Christian. In 1958 I was invited to join a Bible-study breakfast group at the Melrose Hotel in Dallas, and I realized I had never really accepted Christ into my heart. Now I have turned my will over to Jesus Christ. Outside of football and my family, I spend most of my time speaking to various organizations about the joy and fulfillment of having Christ in your heart."

There would seem to be a contradiction here. Could Jesus have been a fan of a game that is so violent and mercenary? In Sunday morning pregame devotional meetings, some of the Cowboy players—teeth gritted and eyes rolling, still dressed in civvies and shot full of hope, their shoes scraping anxiously on the carpet—have grouped as guest speakers invited by Landry urged them to be good Christian warriors.

"Gosh, there's no contradiction," said Landry, who was a coordinator for Billy Graham appearances in 1971 and is in line to become the next president of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. "Christianity and pro football are very compatible. It's a matter of intent. If you're vicious and want to hurt people, that's bad. But you don't often find that feeling among athletes. We're tough because we've got to be tough to play pro football. But if you see a man hurt, you don't kick him. You pick him up. God gave us talent and expects us to use it. As long as Christ is the center of your life and you're doing things with your talent that are acceptable to Him, it's fine. There are outstanding Christian people in pro football."

Although Landry and his large staff

continued

have prepared charts and schedules to cover everything the Cowboys do from running back kickoffs to catching the stadium bus, the team remains a collection of individuals, some of them very much so. At least three have been arrested in the past two years, two or three have gone bankrupt, several were very active on behalf of opposing candidates in a recent Texas gubernatorial election, several travel on motorcycles and one rides wild bulls for fun. Meredith and former Flanker Pete Gent have been writing novels about their experiences on the Cowboys, and Lance Rentzel wrote an autobiography that was 2,800 pages long before it was edited. But one of the usual criticisms of the Cowboys in the years when they were coming close to the top and failing in the big games was not that they were too weird to win but that they were too soft, that Landry's Christian gentleman notions robbed them of a certain meanness that success in pro football demands.

"This criticism was leveled at us because we didn't win at the right times," Landry said. "But it was a lack of maturity on our part, not a lack of character. Mentally, you have to be competitive. This game is played with the heart. You don't have to drink or swear or hit people in the face when they're not looking, but you do have to be tough to win. When you take on the Cowboy team today, you won't find them too easy. They'll strike you.

"Eventually, character is a real controlling factor in man's success a large amount of the time. Maturity and experience are key things, too. Nobody gave us much credit for being where we were in 1966 and 1967, in championship games against great Packer teams that had been there before. We weren't quite seasoned enough to take them, but we played well against them.

"Criticism that we would always lose the big ones wasn't valid, but it was so strong that it caused our poor Cleveland games of the next couple of years," Landry went on. "The criticism pounded on our people and they finally started playing as if they believed it. But two years ago this team turned it all around. For two years this has been as good as any football team I've ever seen. Before this, people couldn't find a reason we weren't champions, so they started putting their fingers on reasons that never existed."

Another reason frequently mentioned was Landry's supposed lack of emotion. In contrast to Lombardi, on the sidelines Landry looked as if he were watching a game of dominoes. "Tom hides his emotions," says Murchison, the owner of the Cowboys. "Just because he doesn't rant and scream and shout doesn't mean he's unemotional. This is a business, and he's concentrating like a golfer on the next shot." Alicia Landry says, "Tommy is certainly not unemotional at home. He's witty, has a great sense of humor, goes into giggling fits. He doesn't jump up and down on the field, but he was very emotional during our playoff win over San Francisco last year and toward the end of the Super Bowl."

"Listen," Landry said with a bit of an edge, "none of the Cowboys' troubles have been because I am unemotional. In 1966 we were like the Mets. We might have pulled it off, beaten Green Bay, but we probably wouldn't have done it the next year. It's like the Mets or the Jets who couldn't do it again. We weren't mature and experienced enough yet to win year after year.

"I have strong emotional feelings. The reason I take on the appearance of being unemotional is I don't believe you can be emotional and concentrate the way you must to be effective. When I see a great play from the sidelines, I can't cheer it. I'm a couple of plays ahead, thinking. But look at me in the highlights film of 1970, at the end of our playoff game with Detroit, and you'll see emotion. Week in and week out I stay engrossed in the game. I have to.

"Lombardi was winning, and he was emotional, but his style of play was very different from ours. The Green Bay system of offense—we call it the basic system—was that you were going to run the power end regardless of what the other team put against you. Run that play over and over. It was all execution. So Lombardi had to develop the players to an emotional pitch, keep them doing their best all the time against a defense that knew what was coming. Once Lombardi's players slipped down, they had problems. Emotion didn't distract them from their jobs because they knew in their sleep what to do, but they had to stay very high emotionally in order to do it.

"Our system is different. We run a multiple offense and must take advantage of situations as they present themselves. Everything we do from every formation doesn't work against every defense, so we have to concentrate, we have to think. Our defense also is quite complicated. It depends on reading movements and formations and knowing where to go. Therefore the nature of responses from the sidelines must be very different for us than for a Lombardi-type team. The players don't want to see me rushing around and screaming. They want to believe I know what I'm doing."

This opinion is endorsed by Lee Roy Jordan, the Dallas middle linebacker. "Tom gets excited like all of us," Lee Roy says, "but it's not verbal. You can look at him and see agony and joy in his face, if you know how to read him. If we thought he was throwing tantrums and screaming, we might lose control. He projects confidence, poise and composure to us. It doesn't bother us that he's not always patting us on the back. He has unbelievable knowledge of the game, and he tells us what we have to do to win. It's up to us to get emotional on the field. If Tom says 'damn it' we know something severe has happened. He lets us know how he feels. He doesn't show the writers and fans, but back in the locker room he tells us. The important thing is how we feel about each other, not what the outside people think we feel. Tom is not the type you can be buddy-buddy with. But no successful head coach can hang around and drink with his players and be their pal. That relationship is bound to spoil."

Gent, the novelist, did not get along well with Landry during his five years on the Cowboys. "I used to be able to tell when I made him mad messing around on the field or in meetings," Gent says. "The muscles beneath his ears would pop out and his eyes would sort of glaze over. His normal method of disciplining was to treat you like a number, and he seemed to be concentrating on talking to you mainly to keep you from vanishing. I agree with Thomas that Landry is plastic, and I think he's dishonest. This Christianity kick is a method to defend himself against the incredibly unchristian things he does to the people who work for him, so he can play with their minds and then forgive himself. His system of football is directed in the hope of finally ending up with 11 complete strangers making up the team, each person knowing his job

continued

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and the system completely and interacting with his teammates only as specified in the playbook."

Last September, when Landry had not decided whether to go with Craig Morton or Roger Staubach at quarterback, Meredith was interviewed by Sam Blair of *The Dallas Morning News* and spoke very harshly of what he said was a Landry tendency to set up alibis for himself. "Landry's responsibility is to pick a quarterback and go with him," Meredith said. "After all this time if he doesn't know which is best, Dallas ought to get another coach."

A few days after Blair's column appeared, Meredith was in the Cowboy office. "I ran into several people who were very cool to me," he says. "Then I ran into Tom. He greeted me warmly and we sat down and talked and it was like he had never seen the column, though I'm sure he must have."

Meredith figured in many of Landry's decisions and pronouncements over the years. Once in a scrimmage in training camp, Meredith threw a pass that was intercepted by Cornell Green. Meredith yanked off his helmet and chased Green down the field as if he intended to bash him with it. Everybody laughed except Landry. At the team meeting that night Landry said, "Gentlemen, nothing funny ever happens on the football field."

There was no humor, as far as the Cowboys were concerned, in their 1968 playoff loss to Cleveland. Dallas, which had been runner-up to Green Bay for the NFL title the two previous years, went into the Cleveland game with a 12-2 record and seemed headed for a championship at last. But the Browns won 31-20. Meredith was yanked from the game in the third quarter after throwing his third interception and was replaced by Morton. One of the interceptions had bounced off a Cowboy receiver's hands. Another, Meredith felt, was at least partly the fault of Landry's disciplined system of play, which has rules that determine where defensive players will go when offensive players do certain things. Meredith threw the ball where Landry's rule said there would be no defensive player, but one of the Cleveland backs was in the wrong place and the ball went straight to him. Meredith played one more game for Dallas, a 17-13 Runner-Up Bowl win over Minnesota in Miami, before retiring the following summer. "I went into Tom's office with tears in my eyes, halfway hoping he would talk me out of quitting," said Meredith. "Instead, he spoke to me quietly and accepted my decision."

"There's no doubt in my mind that what happened in Cleveland had an effect on Meredith's quitting," said Landry, "but I have no regrets about taking him out of that game. For years Meredith got a bad rap playing with a bad team. There was nothing wrong with him. We had been very confident before the Cleveland game, but we started going downhill fast. The whole team was playing poorly. If a quarterback is ineffective early in the game but the rest of the team is playing well, the quarterback can often bring himself around. But when everybody's going bad and he's part of it, there's nothing you can do but hope a new quarterback will get hot and pull you out.

"Anyhow, that game and the one we lost to the Browns in the same playoffs the next year brought us a great deal of criticism. It may sound funny, but those games also helped us develop character as a team. When you lose the way we did, you can either become disorganized, or you can come back and win again. No team could have come back as we did after our 1970 shutout loss to St. Louis if we hadn't had the experience we had against Cleveland those two years and the great disappointment of the ice game against Green Bay in 1967. You can't turn yourself around if you don't have a backlog of adversity. The Apostle Paul says suffering brings on endurance, endurance brings character and character brings hope. Once you develop character you tend to always hope things will work out. The guy with character continues to do the best he can, even against the odds, and keeps a bright outlook."

Meredith took part last winter in a University of the Pacific seminar called "Sport: An Existential Inquiry into the Phenomenon of Competition." Among other things, Meredith said, "One Dallas victory only creates an insatiable need for another. Coach Landry believes winning is the only thing. I once told him he should get out of the rotten business because he wasn't giving himself a chance to live."

"I don't believe in winning at all cost, if that means cheating or doing things that are bad," Landry said in rebuttal. "But if you think winning is not too im-

continued

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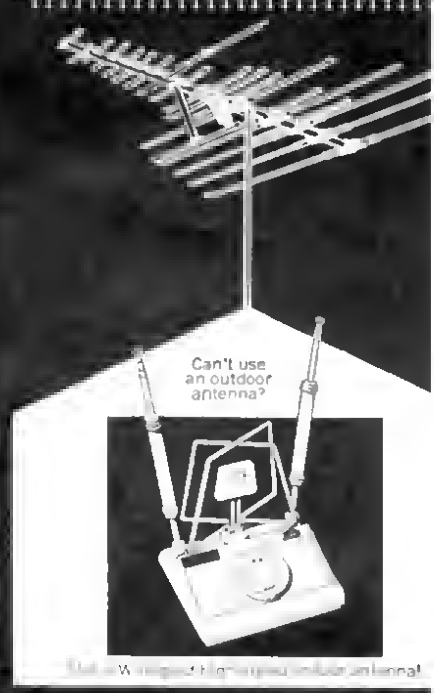

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portant, then you are not willing to pay the price to win. Take away winning and you take away everything that is strong about America. If you don't believe in winning, you don't believe in free enterprise, capitalism, our way of life. Our way of life means succeeding, and you must win to do that. Today in America everything is let's be free, let's be ourselves. But that eliminates responsibility. If you have freedom, you must have responsibility. Everybody knows that. If you're going to have free enterprise, have a country like ours, man, you've got to win, got to pay the price, got to do the things that make our country progressive. Once you start moving away from that—and that's what we're doing in America today—sooner or later you're going to fail, you won't remain strong.

"This country is organized no different from a football team," Landry continued. "It's built on discipline, competition, paying the price. Take away those things and you have chaos, weakness, immorality, all the things that are taking place in America right now. So winning is important to America. It's got to be."

Landry, who is 48, got an early introduction to winning as a high school fullback in Mission, the Rio Grande Valley city where his father worked as a mechanic in his own garage and is still the fire chief. In Landry's senior year his team outscored opponents by over 300 points. "I helped to recruit Tom for the University of Texas," says former Texas Coach O. X. Bible, who is retired and lives on a farm outside of Austin. "He was a fine player, a leader, modest and quiet. He had a lot of influence without being loud or blustery. I used to tell the boys that if they would pay the premiums they would get the dividends. Tom paid and still is."

In the spring of his freshman year at Texas, Landry joined the Air Corps. At 19 he got his wings and became the copilot of a B-17. Stationed in England, Landry flew 30 missions for the Eighth Air Force. He crashed once, in Belgium, after running out of gas on a long flight back from a bombing run over Czechoslovakia. "We came down between two trees that sheared our wings off," said Landry, "but we had no gas so the plane didn't burn and we all walked out of it. A lot of planes were lost that night."

Out of the service, Landry returned to the University of Texas and played both fullback and defensive back on teams that won the 1948 Sugar Bowl and the 1949 Orange Bowl. Ed Price, now assistant dean of students at Texas, was line coach when Landry was a player. "There were some fairly rowdy boys in school then," Price says, "but Tom was very mature and dependable. He was no kid coming to the big city. He'd been in a war, he was older, he acted his age. I guess it's surprising to find a man of his character and religious intent in the rough, tough game of pro football, but I don't think he's changed much now from what he was then. He was quiet and poised, reliable—all the good American terminology.

"As a player," says Price, "Tom didn't break away. He wasn't flashy, but he was solid, could get the tough yardage. One thing I'll never forget, and I'm sure he won't, was in the 1947 season when we played SMU. We had Bobby Layne and they had Doak Walker. Both teams were undefeated, and the game was to see who would be No. 1 in the conference. In the fourth quarter we had a big drive going, and we decided to give the ball to Tom on fourth and one. He slipped in a mud puddle and fell down. SMU beat us by one point."

Layne was the Texas quarterback when Landry returned from service, and some of the escapades in the athletic dormitory were legendary. "I guess you'd have to say our pranks were outstanding," says his friend Andrews. "Tom's not a prude. He didn't frown on us or criticize us, and he seemed to enjoy some of the stuff we did, but he didn't participate. Landry wouldn't let you upset him, and he wouldn't upset you."

Landry had one of his best days as a player in the '49 Orange Bowl, where Texas beat Georgia 41–28, and was signed by the old New York Yankees of the All-America Conference. Along the way he had become intramural light-heavyweight boxing champion and had married Alicia Wiggs of Dallas, a University of Texas beauty and a Bluebonnet Belle nominee. The NFL and the AAC merged on Dec. 9, 1949, and Landry became a New York Giant. He played both offense and defense and once was called upon to quarterback the Giants in a game they lost 63–7. But it was as an All-Pro defensive back, as a player-coach and as defensive coach of the Giants

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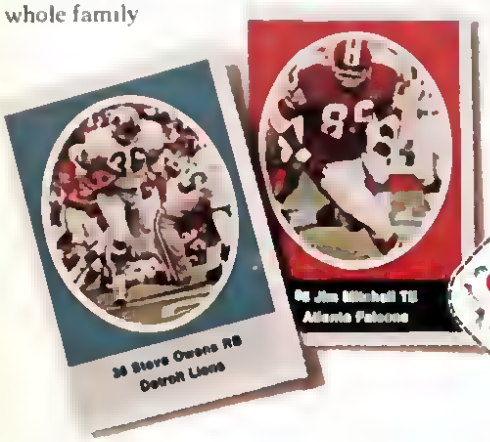

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that Landry made the reputation that got him the Dallas job.

"I was playing defense with Tom in 1952 and 1953," says Frank Gifford, the ex-Giant halfback who is now an ABC-TV sports announcer. "It was hit or miss. You had an area to watch or a man to guard. But Tom put the same kind of discipline into defense that the offense had. Tom created pro defense as it is played today. I don't know who takes credit for the 4-3 defense, but Tom exploited it. Few people outside pro football realize what a great coach he is. Most coaches should be worshipping at his feet.

"We used to have a slogan on our blackboard that said WHOTIE and underneath THERE IS NO WHOTIE. That's because Tom would be talking to the defense, and he'd tell them something an offensive back would do in a certain situation, and somebody would say, 'What if he doesn't?' and Tom would say, 'He will.' Sometimes Tom was wrong, but not often. His defensive rules are rigid, *even for the tackles. I intercepted a pass* one day and I suppose I was way out of position when I did it. Later Tom pointed out that I was in the wrong place. He believes in what he says. He's real. It shocks the hell out of people when they can't find anything neurotic or complex about him as a person, but I think he's exactly what you see that he is."

Glenn Davis, the famed Army All-America and later a halfback for the Los Angeles Rams, tells a story about playing against Landry. Davis got 10 yards behind him, caught a pass and was 12 yards ahead of Landry at the goal line but he heard footsteps still coming. "I knew he was going to punish me for what I'd done to him," says Davis, "and he really racked me in the end zone. I said, 'If you want the ball so bad, you can have it,' and I threw it at his head and ran for the bench."

The extreme competitiveness of Landry, mixed with a frustrating lack of speed, led him to analyze the teams he faced so he could be in the right place without having to outrun anybody to get there. "When I came to the Giants as a defensive back, Tom would tell me what the offense was going to do on every play, and I would think there was no way he could know that," says Dick Nolan, a former Landry assistant who is now head coach of the San Francisco 49ers. "But finally I accepted it and trusted him, and he was nearly always right."

"Since I had no speed and was playing cornerback, I had to anticipate where the receiver would go," said Landry. "Well, I've always had an analytical mind [he has a business degree from Texas and an industrial engineering degree from the University of Houston]. Things had to fit together. I analyzed offenses and got the idea of a coordinated system of defense in which everybody read certain keys the offense provided and then controlled a specific area. My concept was contrary to everybody else's and still is. Nobody plays defense exactly like we do except San Francisco. The old Eagle defense was a five-man line, but the offenses began to split their linemen and hit the middle and tore up the Eagle defense. Steve Owen conceived the 6-1 with the Giants. Then we turned it into the 4-3.

"But it's getting harder to play the 4-3 these days unless you play it the way we do or unless you have some *real strong, penetrating people up front,* like Minnesota has and the Rams used to have. Offenses have had 15 years to look at the 4-3 and they're going to destroy it unless you're highly coordinated or else you have two or three Bob Lilly's to knock them all down."

After 1955 Landry retired as a player and became a full-time defensive coach for the Giants. In those days the job only took six months a year, and Landry had just moved his home from Houston to Dallas and had gone into the insurance business (as late as 1962 he sold a life-insurance policy to sports announcer Frank Glieber). In 1959 Landry was contacted by Tex Schramm, who was then an assistant director of sports at CBS but had been hired as general manager of the new Dallas Cowboys franchise. They had lunch, and Landry was offered the head coaching job. "I wasn't surprised," Landry said. "Our defense at New York had been very successful, and Vince Lombardi had recently gone from our staff to the head job at Green Bay. But until Tex called me, I really had no intention of remaining in coaching much longer. If I'd been offered a head coaching job anywhere but Dallas, which is where I wanted to live, I wouldn't have taken it."

Believing that suffering builds character, Landry had an opportunity to develop into a superhuman during the first

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Landry *continued*

half a dozen years at Dallas. "The NFL gave us the pleasure of selecting three of the worst football players off each team in the league, refused to give us a draft and then said O.K. boys, let's play," he says. Some exceedingly strange things happened to the Cowboys in those early seasons. They lost one game when Eddie LeBaron threw a 99-yard touchdown pass to Frank Clarke, only to have the play called back and a safety awarded the other team because a Cowboy lineman was caught holding in his own end zone. That was the day Landry ran onto the field and screamed at the official. The opposing coach, Buddy Parker of the Steelers, demanded to know why the official didn't penalize Dallas further. "Because I invited Mr. Landry out here," the official replied.

After the 1963 season, when Landry's career record at Dallas stood at 13-38-3, there was a great outcry in Dallas to remove him. Landry's relations with the press had been fairly smooth. He was always easy to approach and talk to, his explanations for defeat always sounded reasonable and he was to veto at least one team vote that would have banned a critical sportswriter from the team plane and locker room. But the crowds at the Cotton Bowl were scanty, and Dallas fans don't like losers any more than fans elsewhere. Something had to be done. So at a press conference Murchison announced he had just signed Landry to a new 10-year contract.

"Tom had been around long enough that I knew he was as good as his advance billing," says Murchison. "I wanted to get away from this matter of peripatetic coaches. The point was we weren't going to operate that way, no matter what. Rather than change coaches, we would correct our other deficiencies. I wanted to impress Landry, the players and the public with this belief. After we won only one of our first six games in 1964, I was having lunch with a friend who told me there was a silver lining to all this, after all. I asked what it was, and he said, 'Landry's only got nine years to go.' "

In 1965 Landry had what he describes as his worst emotional experience. The Cowboys had drafted quarterbacks Morton and Jerry Rhome, and the fans were urging Landry to bench Meredith, who had suffered for years with ragged teams, in favor of Morton or Rhome. After winning the first two games of the season, Dallas then lost four in a row, with Morton at quarterback in the last one. Before the seventh game, against Pittsburgh, Landry decided to start Meredith again. The Cowboys lost 22–13 in one of their worst performances ever. Landry cried in the locker room after the game. "He was crying not so much about the game as about me," says Meredith. "He had wanted me to do well, and I was awful. I stood up and swore I was going to work harder and we would win, but people kept sitting there with their heads down."

The following Tuesday, Landry summoned Meredith to his office and said, "Don, you're my quarterback. I believe in you." They both started crying again. But the Cowboys won five of their remaining seven games, went to the Runner-Up Bowl for the first time and have not had a losing season since.

"The decision to stay with Meredith was much more difficult than the one I made last year to start Staubach over Morton," said Landry. "Staubach and Morton were both doing well. Nobody had any right to criticize either of them. It was the team that was sitting back and not making its move. But public opinion was mostly on Staubach's side. In the Meredith decision, public opinion was mostly against him. It was unfortunate for Don that he had started as a young quarterback with a bad team, and we hadn't had time to build a winner before people turned against him the way people do against quarterbacks. If I had listened to the public that year, I would have chosen Morton or Rhome. But I thought Don was the one who could win for us."

In 1966 the Cowboys were down 14-0 to Green Bay in the championship game before the Dallas offense ever touched the ball. But Dallas got to the Packer goal line at the end of the fourth quarter, behind 27–34 and clearly about to tie the game and put it into overtime. Much has been written about a Dallas tackle, Jim Boeke, jumping offsides, as if that penalty cost Dallas the game. However, three other things happened in that final minute or so that were perhaps even more important to the result. Dallas Halfback Dan Reeves had been poked in the eye and could barely see but neglected to tell Meredith and wound up dropping a pass he could have scored on. Meredith threw another pass a bit too low to Pettis Norman, who was tack-

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led short of the flag. And on fourth down, for what has to be as much Landry's fault as anyone's, Bob Hayes was in the game. Hayes is always removed for a stronger blocker when the Cowboys are on the goal line, but this time he stayed in, and, instead of being able to run the ball across on a roll-out, Meredith was rushed hard and had to throw a desperate pass that was intercepted.

"We weren't ready to challenge Green Bay that year, but we came close because of our style and flair," said Landry, who had invented the multiple-offense system for Dallas in 1960 and was watching it not only produce a lot of yardage but become widely imitated. "The next year, though, I thought we would beat the Packers. They weren't the Packers of old anymore." Instead, on a frozen field in weather so bitterly cold several players were treated for frostbite, Bart Starr scored on a quarterback sneak at the very end of the game, and the Packers won 21-17. "That one was very hard for me to live with," said Landry.

After playoff losses to Cleveland the next two years, the Cowboys had a mediocre record in 1970 until they got smashed 38-0 by St. Louis in a nationally televised game with Meredith in the announcing booth informing a somewhat startled country that something ailed in Dallas.

The morning after that sad affair Schramm called Murchison and said, "This is getting serious."

"What is?" said Murchison.

"Landry's catching a lot of criticism. The fans are really grumbling. We've got to strengthen Tom's position."

"Simple," Murchison said. "Call a press conference, and I'll give Tom a new 10-year contract."

The Cowboys won their next seven games, including the divisional playoff and the NFC championship before losing to Baltimore in the Super Bowl. Last year Dallas returned to the Super Bowl and won it, beating Miami in what Gifford calls "a real surgeon's job."

Landry's Dallas contract expires in 1974, but Murchison is ready to offer him a new one whenever he wants it. Landry also has an option to purchase a piece of the Cowboys—probably 5%, though some sources say it is as much as 20%—at the 1960 price. It is unlikely he will ever need to sell another insurance policy.

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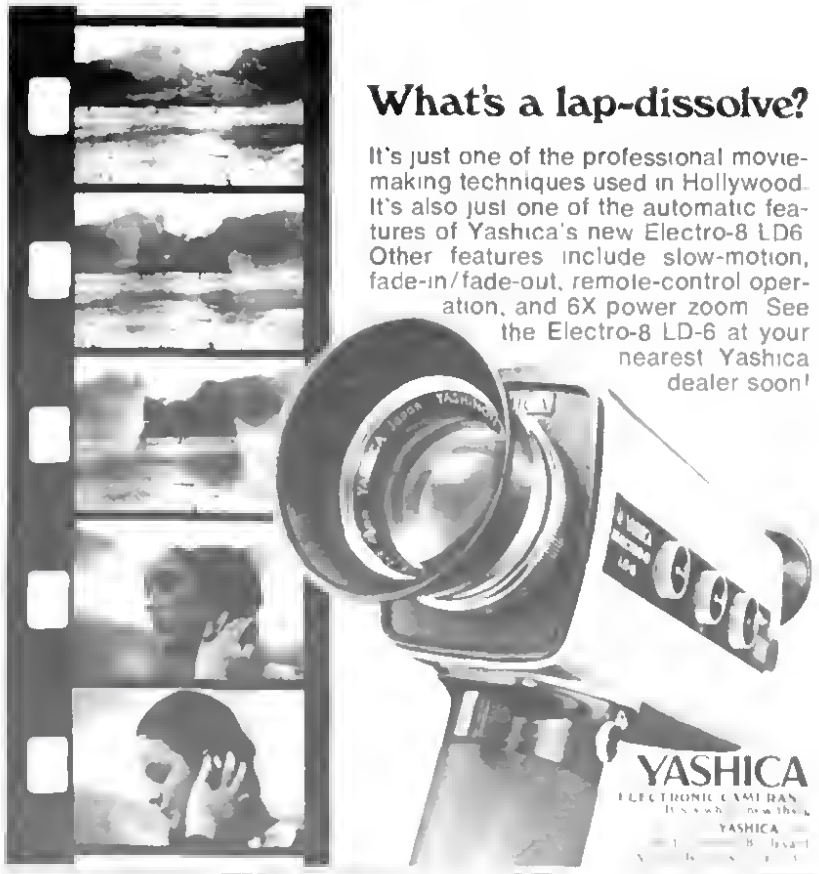

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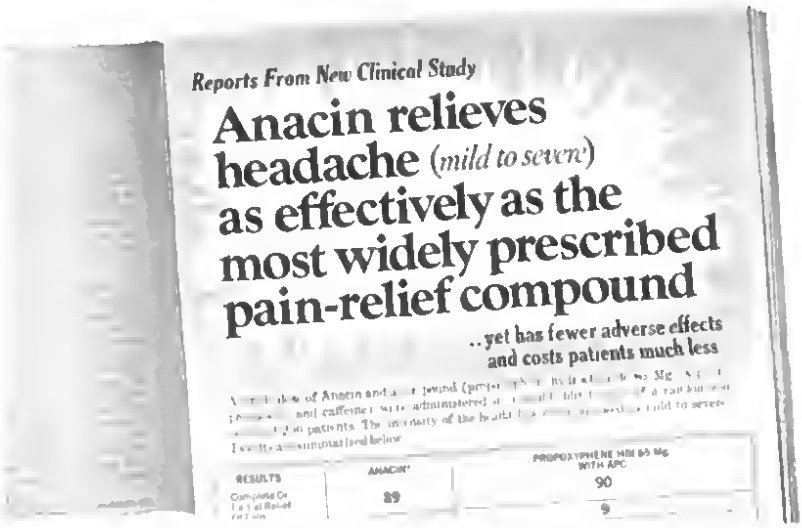

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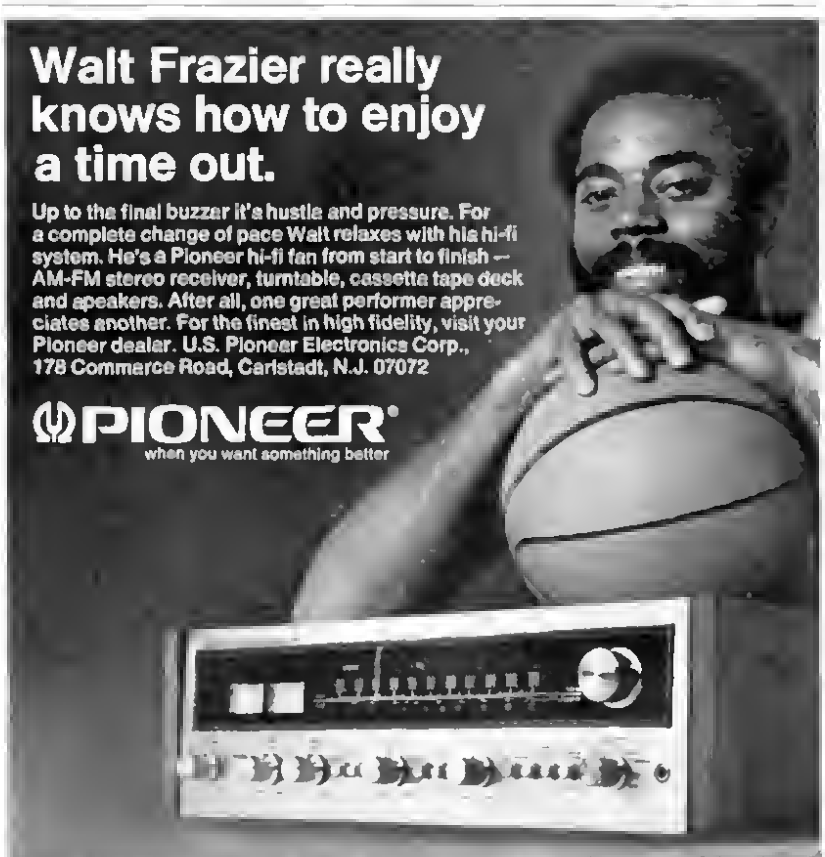

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Landry

"One of Tom's great talents is his ability to recognize potential in a player," Murchison says. "We have players who wouldn't have been kept around on other teams that are contenders. Tom can see something worth keeping in a mass of humanity. Tactics dwindle in importance to that. What a coach can contribute to a team is about 10% inspiration, 10% motivation, 20% to 30% tactics, and the rest is recognition."

Driving to his house on the outskirts of Dallas, Landry talked about how he finds and deals with players. The Cowboys do use computers for compiling figures on their own and other teams, but they have abandoned psychological testing. "I have great faith in people," Landry said. "I won't turn my back on them until I've given them every opportunity to bring out the good. My job would be easier as a coach if I eliminated from the team people who have the hang-ups, have the problems, who are a little detrimental to the team effort, but I won't do that until they have a chance to pull themselves out. Some do and some don't."

Landry parked in his semicircular driveway, and Alicia came to the door still pretty, very charming and soft. Their daughter, Lisa, 14, was sitting at a table in the den (daughter Kitty, 19, is a sophomore at the University of Texas, where son Tom, 22, is in law school after a football career at Duke in which he underwent three knee operations and another on his shoulder). Through a glass door one could see a swimming pool and a stockade fence. Tom and Alicia still go out regularly one night a week, to a movie or for dinner and dancing, and used to eat lunch together once a week until two years ago when Landry decided he was getting too busy for that.

"I love my life," Alicia said while Tom changed clothes. "I keep reading that coaches' wives have horrible lives, but I can't believe it. I've never really had a bad experience. I love the trips, and I love to watch the games, although I don't really understand what is going on. We take a vacation with the kids every June. We play cards and pool and swim and work for the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, and Tom plays golf, which always puts him in a good mood. I don't see how things could be much better for us."

That night Landry and Miss Teen-

continued

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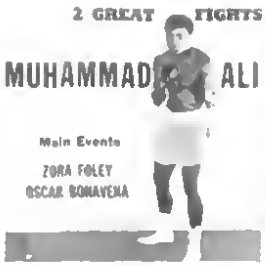

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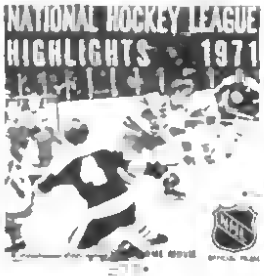

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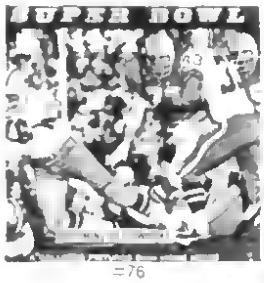

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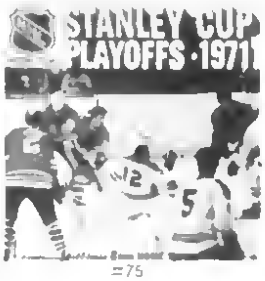

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Landry

age America were speakers at an FCA Huddle Club gathering at a high school in nearby Carrollton. Landry opened with a couple of funny stories for the 200 teen-agers and the smattering of adults in the audience. He said the Dallas offensive line was so bad in the early 1960s that Eddie LeBaron had to signal for a fair catch to take the snap from center. They laughed. "Another time, after we'd taken our usual whipping from the Bears," he said, "George Halas told me we would lose every game. I knew that, but I didn't want him to say so. He claimed we were tipping our plays. He said when we came out of the huddle, three of our backs were giggling and the fourth was white as a ghost." More laughter.

Then Landry got serious. He said the Apostle Paul would have been a great halfback. "You could stone him out of town, but he was harder to stop than Walt Garrison," Landry said. He discussed the values of faith and training and hard work. "You must treat your body as an athlete does. Make it do what it should do, rather than what it wants to do." He revealed the secret to a happy life. "Something to hope for, something to do, someone to love." When he was through, the audience clapped, cheered and lined up for autographs. "Tom would sign autographs for those kids all night," said Bill Krisher, an FCA member and former Oklahoma All-America.

Outside, a cool wind was stirring the grass in the empty fields around the high school. The sky was clear and crowded with stars, and the night seemed empty and beckoning. Landry leaned against the car door, his head up, smelling the fresh wind.

"As a kid I ran free," he said. "No supervision. That's how you learned. Of course, I was spanked like the devil when I did wrong. Things are changing these days, and so are football players. There's more freedom. But freedom must have boundaries. Man is not made strong enough not to have boundaries. Without boundaries, you have the breakdown of the individual and then of society, and then you have chaos. With boundaries, people are happy."

Landry got into the car and shut the door and the night was sealed off by the glass and the glow from the dashboard. "Knowing that," he said, "I don't really ever worry about anything." END

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The interior wood is black oak, cut from trees that used to stand on the property.

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Last Christmas they baked bread together as gifts for close friends.

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Their Scotch is House of Stuart.

It fits.

With a lightness that's perfect for watching sunsets or while relaxing after a day on their trail bikes.

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Yes, they have a couple of expensive Scotches on hand. For people who insist on drinking by the label. But the house Scotch here is House of Stuart.

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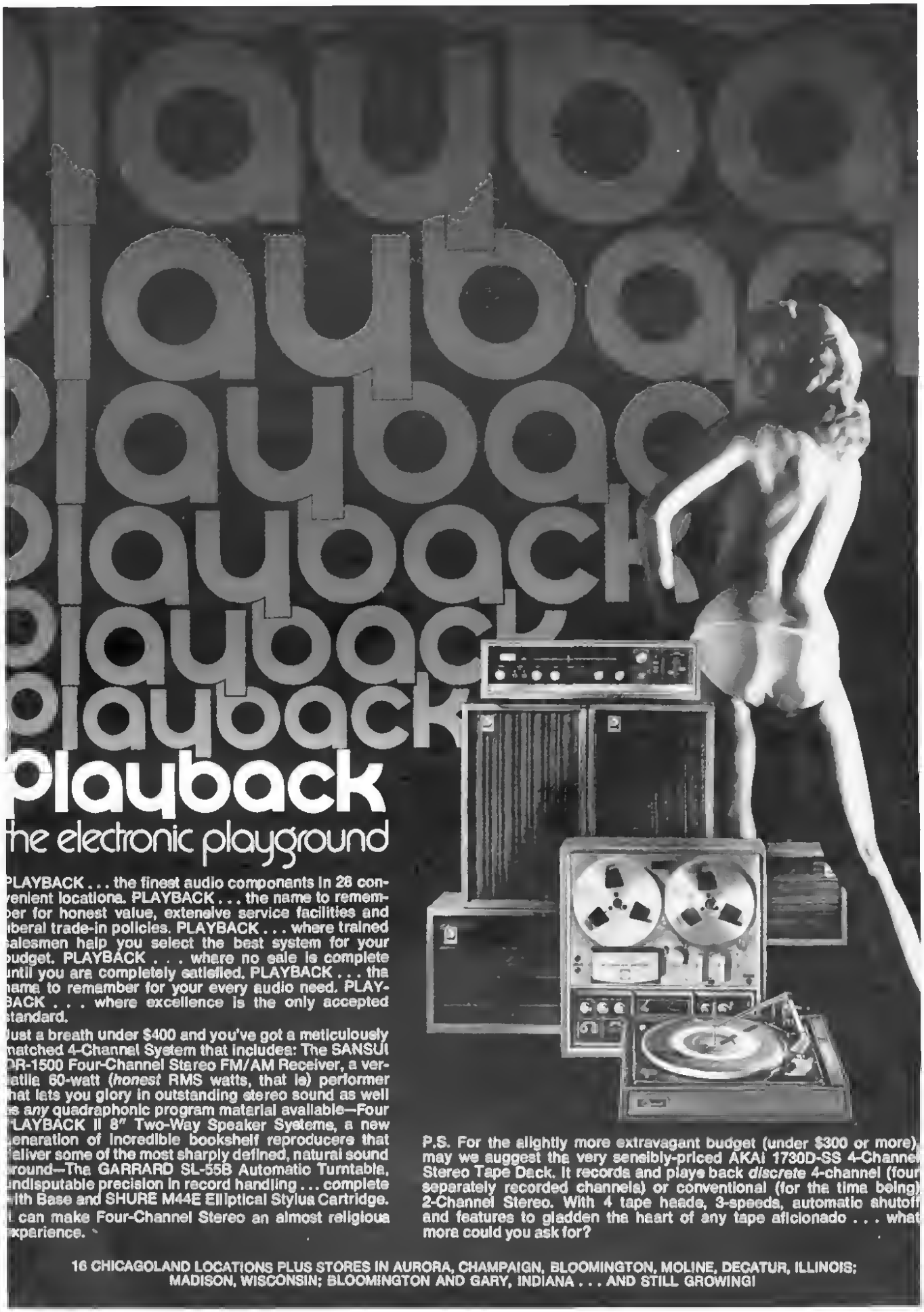
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As far back as the 16th century, they considered it a mark of distinction — as well as a source of great satisfaction — to use finely-cut, finely-ground tobacco with the quaint-sounding name of "snuff". At first, this "snuff" was, as the name suggests, inhaled through the nose.

Just a pinch:

Later on, the vogue of sniffing gave way to an even more pleasurable form of using tobacco — placing just a pinch in the mouth between cheek and gum and letting it rest there.

Now, hundreds of years later, this form of tobacco is having the biggest growth in popularity since the days of Napoleon.

And what we call "smokeless tobacco" is becoming a favorite way of enjoying tobacco with Americans from all walks of life.

Anything but obvious:

Why is "smokeless tobacco" becoming so popular in America?

There are a number of reasons.

One of the obvious ones is that it is a way of enjoying tobacco that is anything but obvious.

In other words, you can enjoy it any of the times or places where smoking is not permitted.

Thus, lawyers and judges who cannot smoke in the courtroom, scientists who cannot smoke in the laboratory, and many people who like to smoke on the job, but aren't allowed to, often become enthusiastic users.

In the same way, people who work or play with their hands get the comfort of tobacco — but don't have to strike a match or worry about how to hold (or where to put) their cigarette, cigar, or pipe.

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The four best-known, best-liked brands of "smokeless tobacco" are "Copenhagen", "Skoal" and the two flavors of "Happy Days".

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Copenhagen, the biggest-selling brand in the world, has the rich flavor of pure tobacco. Skoal is wintergreen-flavored. And Happy Days comes in either raspberry or mint flavor — so it's especially popular with beginners.

But if "smokeless tobacco" has many advantages for lovers of tobacco, we must also admit it has one disadvantage.

How to use it:

It takes a little more time and practice to learn exactly how much to use (a "tiny pinch" is the best way to describe it) and exactly how to use it.

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(Write to "Smokeless Tobacco", United States Tobacco Company, Dept. S33, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.)

Once you get the knack, you'll find you have something else, too: Another great way to enjoy tobacco.

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If you had seen him wandering the streets, his hair an uncombed forest, his clothes shabby and muddy, you would have crossed the street to avoid him.

If you had met him tramping the countryside, waving his arms and muttering to himself, you would have quickened your step toward the safety of your fireside.

His stumpy-legged, barrel-chested figure seemed to attract the stones of small boys and the yelps of stray curs. His servants fled from his towering rages. His landlords threatened to throw him bodily into the street. No wonder his contemporaries counted him as mad.

And yet... he was *Beethoven*. "The great musician of all time."

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Masterworks like his Fifth Symphony; his Ninth Symphony; his Missa Solemnis.

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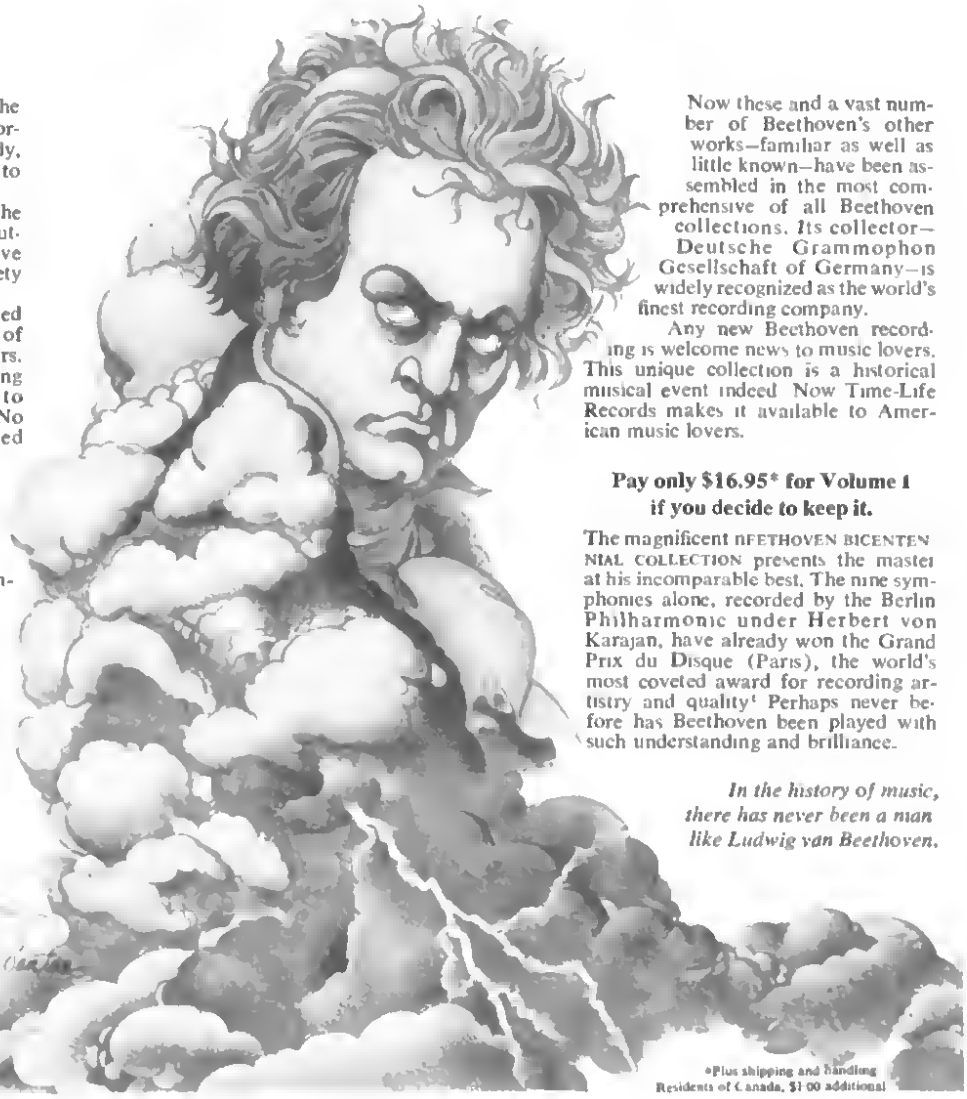
Even many who count themselves as Beethoven devotees have not heard his "Diabelli Variations" or "Triple Concerto" or "Quintet for Piano and Winds"—yet these are surely among his best.



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"Before the name of Beethoven we must all bow in reverence." *Giuseppe Verdi*

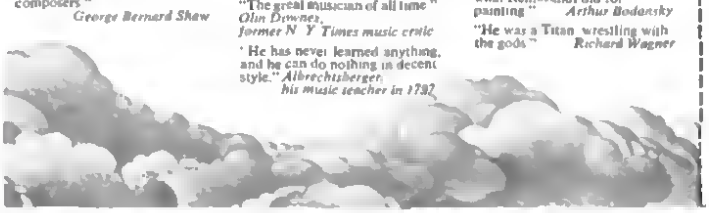
"The great musician of all time." *Olin Downes, former N. Y. Times music critic*

"He has never learned anything, and he can do nothing in decent style." *Albrechtsberger, his music teacher in 1792*

"Dante (is) the great Italian, Shakespeare the great Englishman, Beethoven the great German." *Victor Hugo*

"He developed (the symphony) to its highest point, doing for it what Rembrandt did for painting." *Arthur Bodansky*

"He was a Titan wrestling with the gods." *Richard Wagner*



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 4-11

GOLF GARY PLAYER won $50,000 and the World Series of Golf for the third time in Akron shooting a two-over-par 142 to beat Jack Nicklaus and Lee Trevino by two shots and Gay Brewer by three (page 102)

DeWITT WEAVER lost his three-day lead on the 72nd hole and had to oust Chuck Courtney on the first hole of sudden death to win the $100,000 Southern Open in Columbus, Ga. His regulation total was 276, four under par, his earnings $20,000.

HOCKEY RUSSIA, after losing the second game of its eight-game series with Team Canada 4-1 in Toronto, rallied for a 4-4 tie in Winnipeg and even drew cheers in Vancouver for its superior play in a 5-3 victory. The Russians led 2-1-1 as the competition moved to the Soviet Union (page 34)

HORSE RACING SUSAN'S GIRL ($8.60), with Lafit Pincay up, beat favored Summer Guest and Chris Combs in the $112,800 Beldame Stakes for fillies and mares at Belmont Park. The one length victory, her 13th consecutive finish in the money this year, made Susan's Girl odds-on favorite to take the 3-year-old filly championship.

BOUCHER, owned by Ogden Phipps and ridden by England's Lester Piggott, started as the second favorite and won the $131,482 St. Leger in Doncaster, England by half a length over Our Mirage.

HARD TO BEAT, Junzo Kashiyama's 3-year-old ridden by Piggott, scored a length victory over Epsom Derby winner Roberto, owned by John W. Galbreath, in the $25,030 Prix Neil at Longchamp, France, a prep for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe.

LOUD ($22.80), winless in 16 previous starts this year, was ridden by Jacinto Vasquez to a head victory over Autobiography in the $118,600 Governor Stakes at Belmont Park.

POSSUMJET, a chestnut filly owned by Jack Byers of Blanchard, Okla. and ridden by Pete Herrera, won the $1,035,900 All-American Quarter Horse Futurity, the world's richest race, by a head over Miss Goo Wee at Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex.

Unbeaten WINDY'S DAUGHTER ($31), with Bill Shoemaker up, scored her seventh straight victory by five lengths over King's Edge in the $78,765 Del Mar (Calif.) Debutante.

MOTOR SPORTS EMERSON FITTIPALDI, 25, of Brazil became the youngest Formula I world champion in 22 years when he drove his Lotus to victory in the Italian Grand Prix at Monza. The cars of Jackie Stewart and Jacky Ickx, who both needed wins in the three remaining races to overtake Fittipaldi, failed early in the race.

BOBBY ALLISON, in taking his second straight Southern 500 at Darlington, S.C., became the first NASCAR driver in history to win more than $200,000 in consecutive seasons. He hit a record $236,295 last year, has earned $201,625 so far in 1972.

AL UNSER won the Hoosier Hundred at the Indiana Fairgrounds in Indianapolis for the third straight year. However, by finishing second, A. J. Foyt took USAC overall dirt track championship.

PRO FOOTBALL SAN FRANCISCO, the only team in the NFC West to win more than one preseason game, defeated Oakland 34-21 and Los Angeles 17-14. John Brodie's three touchdown passes handed the Raiders their first loss in 10 exhibitions over two years, while Steve Spurrier fired a pair of scoring passes and engineered the late drive that beat the Rams. Bruce Gossett tindid his old teammates with a 38-yard field goal with 22 seconds remaining. DALLAS handed Oakland its second defeat 16-10 and finished with a 6-1 preseason record, the best in either conference. Cornerback Charlie Waters' 61-yard interception put the game out of reach. BUFFALO struck for 24 points in the middle periods of a 34-17 victory over Philadelphia. Bob Chandler caught two touchdown passes from Dennis Shaw. The Bills were tied by Chicago 24-24 earlier in the week under bizarre circumstances. A pass-interference call on what should have been the last play of the game gave the Bears possession on Buffalo's two-yard line. Quarterback Bubby Douglass plunged over for the score and then had to run in for the tying extra point. ATLANTA finally won a game, clubbering Cincinnati 44-14. Trailing 14-7 in the second quarter, the Falcons exploded for five touchdowns and a safety. Two of the scores came on passes from Quarterback Bob Berry. Earlier CINCINNATI beat winless Cleveland 27-21 on Jesse Phillips' one-yard run with 1:08 to go in the game. GREEN BAY shut out Kansas City 20-0, holding the Chiefs without a first down for nearly 28 minutes. ST. LOUIS pounced on three Chicago fumbles in the second quarter, two by Gale Sayers, and turned them into touchdowns in an easy 33-14 triumph. The New York Jets caught San Diego 20-20 on a 33-yard field goal by Bubby Howfield. Pittsburgh also tied with Washington 10-10 on a three-pointer by Roy Gerela. MINNESOTA got four field goals from Fred Cox against both Houston and MIAMI, but with different results. His kicks spelled the difference in a 26-14 win over the Oilers, but a miss from the 44-yard line with only two seconds left cost the Vikings a victory before a record crowd in the Orange Bowl. Marcus Mitchell scored on power sweeps of seven and six yards as Miami came back from a 19-7 deficit to win 21-19. Houston and New Orleans played to the week's fourth tie, 14-14, when Oiler Running Back Ward Walsh scored from 10 yards out with 52 seconds left. BALTIMORE relied on 39-year-old Johnny Unitas, who passed for two touchdowns in a 20-13 victory over Denver. In other action the NEW YORK GIANTS stopped Cleveland 28-21 and NEW ENGLAND edged Detroit 34-30.

TENNIS ILIE NASTASE of Rumania won the U.S. Open at Forest Hills, his first major championship, beating a fatigue-ridden Arthur Ashe in the men's finals 3-6, 6-3, 6-7, 6-4, 6-3. Defending champion BILLIE JEAN KING never extended to a third set in the tournament, was victorious in the women's finals over Australia's Kerry Melville 6-3, 7-5 (page 44)

MILEPOSTS RETIRED. Because of continuing physical disabilities GALE SAYERS of the Chicago Bears, who averaged 5.03 yards per carry (second to Jim Brown) and gained 4,956 yards in little more than his NFL seasons. Among his eight league records are the 22 touchdowns and 112 points he scored in a rookie out of Kansas in 1965, the six touchdowns he scored in a game against San Francisco that year and his 30.56 lifetime kickoff return average. Sayers first underwent knee surgery in 1968 but returned to lead the league in rushing in 1969. However, three more operations followed in the next two years and he was hampered by a foot injury last season.

RETIRED. At least temporarily, WARREN WELLS, 29, wide receiver for the Oakland Raiders who was attempting a comeback while on probation following a year in prison for attempted rape. Warren just isn't ready to play professional football at this time," said Coach John Madden.

DIED CHARLES F. BERRY, 69, an All-America football player at Lafayette College in 1924, a catcher in the American League for 11 years and an official in both sports who once umpired a White Sox doubleheader in the afternoon and relieved the College All-Star football game that night in Evanston, Ill., of a stroke.

DIED J. ROY STOCKTON, 79, former sports editor of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, author and publicist of the St. Louis Cardinals in their Gas House Gang days, in St. Petersburg, Fla.

CREDITS

8 [illegible] 25 [illegible] 26 [illegible] 28 29 [illegible] James Dr[illegible] [illegible] 30, 31 [illegible] 32, 33 [illegible] 34 [illegible] 46, 47 [illegible] 88 [illegible] 89 [illegible] 90 [illegible] 93 [illegible] 94 [illegible] 99, 100 [illegible] 102 [illegible] 109 [illegible] 116 117 [illegible] 118, 119 [illegible] 139 [illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD

GERALD EDDLEMON, 26, a University of Tennessee graduate student, set a record for running a 70-mile segment of the Appalachian Trail in 24 hours, 59 minutes despite being stopped by a pack of wild boars and several bears. He lost a change of shoes and socks.

LARRY TODD, 19, of San Angelo, Texas and **LISA JO MANN**, 16, of Hobbs, N. Mex. won the all-round titles for boys and girls age 16-19 at the American Junior Rodeo Championships in Pueblo West, Colo. Miss Mann scored highs in barrel and optional racing to take the girls' overall title while Todd, outgoing president of the American Junior Rodeo Association, came in first even though he failed to win a single individual event. More than 200 young people participated in the three-day competition.

KARL HARZ, 22, a graduate student at Fairleigh Dickinson University, won the national AAU All-Around title with 7,976 points out of 10,000. His 10-event performance included a 10.5 100-yard dash, a 6' 2" high jump and a 21' 6" long jump.

FRANCES CANNON, 30, a public health nurse in West Vancouver, Canada, became the first woman to swim the tidal waters of the Georgia Straits, 17.3 miles from Nanaimo to Seibelt, in 15 hours and 7 minutes. Eleven women had failed before her attempt.

WENDY BURKHART, 12, the Ohio Jaycee Girls 18-and-under tennis champion, became the youngest person to win the Toledo city tournament when she defeated a 27-year-old woman in the semifinals and a 25-year-old in the finals, losing seven games in four sets.

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THE READERS TAKE OVER

TEST CASE

Sirs:

Bravo to Robert H. Boyle for his article on the Riva Ridge case (*Who and When and Mostly Why*, Sept. 4). Not only does he reveal all the facts of Riva Ridge's disappointing Monmouth race, he gives a desperate account of why pre-race testing should be instituted. Riva Ridge is the clear-cut champion of this year and it is unfortunate that this drugging scandal has taken place. Pre-race testing would put an end to this sort of thing in all races to come. Let's keep the Sport of Kings the King of Sports.

ROBERT A. CARABELLI

Trenton, N.J.

Sirs:

Naturally, when pre-race testing is proposed the question arises. Who is to pay? I have a solution. Use the money the states have been stealing from bettors for years.

After a race in which there is betting in numerous pools, win, place, show, etc., the state takes a percentage of each pool for expenses. Then the number of winning ticket dollars sold is divided into the remaining amount in each pool. This gives the dollar odds for return to the public. But for convenience the state also takes the breakage, rounding the dollar odds to the lowest dime. This means that if the actual dollar odds are $2.48, the state pays $2.40 and keeps the remaining eight cents.

By using only those remaining pennies on every winning ticket in every race every year, the state would have enough money to finance pre-race testing of every horse in every race. Not only would this ensure fair races, but the public would finally be getting its money's worth.

PETER MONTEMARANO

Brooklyn

FIRST RETURNS

Sirs:

At the ripe old age of 21 and as a seasoned veteran of AAU swimming, I sit, SI in hand, in amazement at the miracles happening daily in the Olympic ranks of swimmers. Today, when my heroes of yesterday would find even qualifying in the finals a difficult task, I ask if there is any room at all for superstars like Mark Spitz, Shane Gould and Sandy Nedson to improve. But then, I asked that about Donna de Varona and Don Schollander.

Hail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED not only for your excellent coverage of swimming but for your consistent yet diversified insights into the wonderful world of sports. And from a "has-been," a salute to swimming—a sport that taxes the stamina, the mental and emotional endurance and the guts of so many and rewards so few.

LINDA OLDERSHAW

Farmington, Mich.

Sirs:

Your Sept. 4 cover article on the opening of the XXth Olympic Games interested me, but in no way did it prepare me for what was to follow! Although the early events were slightly tainted by some very poor and unfair judging (at least up to the point of this writing), I believe that what I saw can only be considered the best and most sincere competition among athletes in the history of the Olympics, something that no judge or referee can take away. However, the dedication and accomplishments of one great athlete stand out in my mind. For sure, the Olympics never have and never will see another onslaught upon world records like the Spitzkrieg of '72!

KARL RABENSOLD

Blue Bell, Pa.

Sirs:

No doubt about it. The Athlete of the Year is Mark Spitz. What a performance he turned in at the XXth Olympics!

CURT ASHWAY
LOUANN B. ASHWAY

Woodcliff Lake, N.J.

MR. KILROY'S REBUTTAL

Sirs:

I have examined Avery Brundage's letter (Aug. 21) concerning Los Angeles' bid for the 1976 Olympic Games and, aside from his customary self-serving statement in the first paragraph, I find no foundation for his subsequent statements.

Unless there is a total lack of secrecy among International Olympic Committee members in the vote for the Games, how can Mr. Brundage say that all votes were already committed and that no votes could be swayed by his remarks? My talks, and those of others of our committee, with a number of IOC members would not support this statement.

Mr. Brundage further says of our campaign to obtain the Games, "Nothing less calculated to impress members of the IOC could very well have been devised." Our analysis, which was confirmed by other IOC members, shows that the Los Angeles 1976 Olympic Committee complied with each and every rule and regulation promulgated by the IOC and with all verbal and written recommendations from Mr. Brundage. Mr. Brundage may be well advised to reply as to

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Baltimore Colts 16
Dallas Cowboys 13

Dallas Cowboys 24
Miami Dolphins 3

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whether this was true of all other bidders.

As to his charge that our committee practically ignored Bill Henry and the longer-functioning Los Angeles Committee for the Olympic Games, this is nonsense. Bill Henry and Jack Garland, an IOC member, were fellow architects of our bid until their untimely deaths, and Lee Combs, then president of their committee and active in ours, joined me in a visit with Avery in Amsterdam.

As for William Johnson's article (*Defender of the Faith*, July 24), I should like to set the remark regarding Jesse Owens in context. While we used Olympian athletes and coaches for discussions with members of international sports federations concerning the quality of our technical services, we could not and did not generally use them for negotiations with members of the IOC. These discussions concerned finance, housing, travel, social and cultural events and administration, and we did not feel that an Olympian, without expertise in these matters, was technically qualified to make such presentations.

Mr. Johnson's article was in the negative, and I believe that an article outlining positive cures for the site selection process would be in order. A portion of our interview was spent in discussing the establishment of site selection techniques which would be more equitable and less costly to all concerned, with a few fundamental guidelines to be imposed upon the IOC as well as upon the prospective bid cities.

JOHN B. KILROY

Los Angeles

MR. VAN ALEN

Sirs:

Can James Van Alen (*The Deuce with Love and Advantage*, Aug. 28) really consider himself a sportsman? Whatever merit his VASSS tennis scoring system may have seems to be rather substantially overshadowed by his somewhat inane position on more pressing issues. Further, does a man of his position honestly believe that "if you don't risk in depth, you can never reach in height." Perhaps I am being presumptuous, but failing to rejuvenate a species of European robin does not seem to constitute much of a depth. If Mr. Van Alen realizes that there are more important things in this world than furthering the cause of Santa Claus and wasting enormous sums on his own pet projects, then it is certainly a well-concealed fact. SI's report that he has been trying to make this world a better place than he found it strikes me as hypocritical when it goes on to mention Mr. Van Alen's role in the For America program. Considering the huge weapons storehouse the U.S. possesses, I doubt that a substantial increase in this amount would be in the best interests of making this world a better place.

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The editors of SI should be criticized for elevating a man of such narrow views to a position of honor. One need only turn the page and look at those Olympic athletes who sacrificed and toiled for their higher goal to see who the true sportsmen are. They, not James Van Alen, are risking a depth to reach the height. Ultimately, they are the type of people who leave this world a better place because of their example.

CHARLES MOORE

San Antonio

Sirs:

Your entertaining feature on James Van Alen encourages me to hope that he will prevail upon baseball to adopt the sudden-death victory procedure. Games that run into many extra innings get the fans home too late and impose hardships upon the players who must meet schedules the following day. If a tie-breaking run is not scored in the 10th inning, the victory should go to the team that has managed the greater number of hits in the extra frame.

F. PIERCE SHIRRY

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sirs:

I enjoyed reading your article on James Van Alen. His ideas on spicing up the game of baseball made me smile, because everyone is talking about livening up the game, but no one ever comes up with any practical suggestions. As for Van Alen's suggestions, I think that the shortstop should be left in the game; otherwise, there would be too many singles.

Concerning his ideas on reforming tennis, I'd rather have the game stay the way it is. I still like it the regular way.

JEFFREY BUXBAUM

New York City

SONNY

Sirs:

My compliments to Ron Reid for his excellent story on the Redskin quarterbacks (*When You're No. 2, You Diet*, Aug. 21). As a Redskin fan, I must agree that Billy Kilmer carried the team farther last year than Coach George Allen or anyone else ever dreamed. Even so, in the hearts of the Washington fans, Sonny Jurgensen is still No. 1. He's gone through a lot to prepare for this season, and he just wants to prove that he *can* come back. Thanks again for a job well done!

KAKI GEMMELL

Aquasco, Md.

Sirs:

Thanks for your article about Sonny Jurgensen. Even though he is one of the very best, he hasn't received the publicity that he deserves.

Coach Allen has given the team what it

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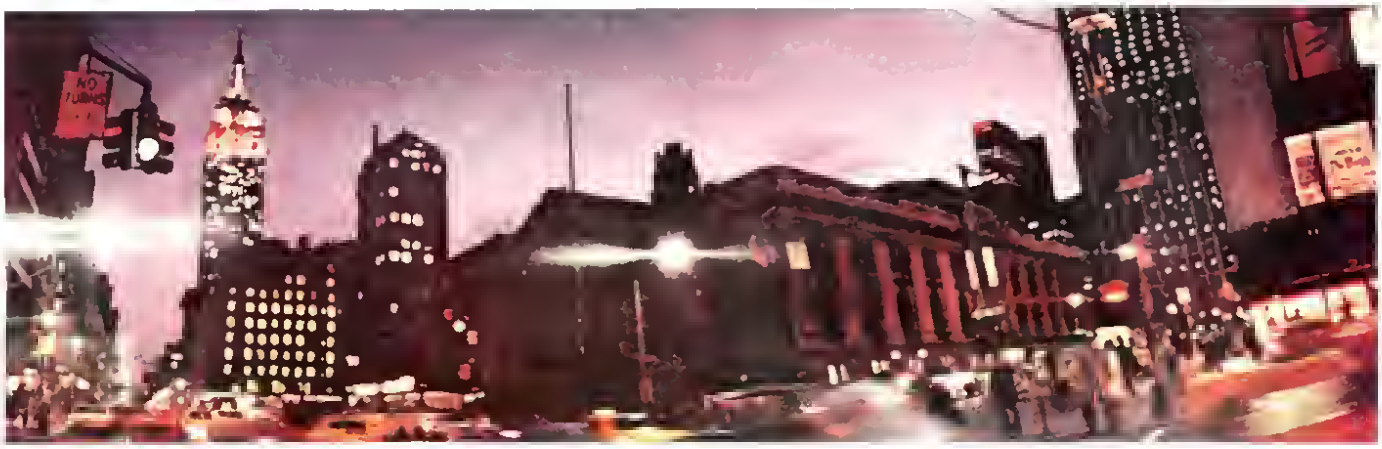

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lacked for years defense! Now if only he won't waste a great quarterback. Kilmer is adequate with the great runners and receivers that he has to work with, but Sonny would be fantastic. I'm afraid you are right, though. Kilmer will really have to flop before stubborn Allen goes with the best.

MONA J. ALDRIDGE

Washington

Sirs:

I would like to know why no one will say what is obvious to many: that the Redskins will be a decaying team for years to come. How can an NFL team survive without any rookies on the squad? No NFL powerhouse team got that way without getting the best of the college crop. When George Allen has long since departed, the Redskins will still be paying the price for his win-now-and-forget-about-tomorrow policy. If you want to look at a team that is really trying to build a winner, try the New York Giants.

PHILLIP C. KIRSCHEN

Parlin, N.J.

FOOTBALL WIVES

Sirs:

In response to the quote on football wives by the former Susan Marr, "You can't really talk to them about anything much except makeup and clothes, or curtains and drapes" (*I Never Promised You a Rose Garden*, Aug. 14), I feel that it is an insult.

Woe be to the football wife who can talk of nothing more than clothes and makeup. Is she doomed to silence when her husband is retired unexpectedly and can no longer provide her with luxuries? One ventures to assume that the husband of such a wife is a player who is equally incapable of initiating and carrying on an intelligent conversation.

Personally, I give my husband and many of his contemporaries more credit than to be satisfied with a wife who fits Susan Marr's unfair homecoming-queen stereotype. I feel that there are many of us who would find Max Factor and Bobbie Brooks insignificant topics of conversation, to say the least, when newspapers are shouting daily headlines of death and destruction that challenge the future of our nation and world.

We may be few and far between, to use the old cliché, but we will still be able to pay for those drapes when the football days are only memories, because we are lucky enough to be married to players who are also men, not men who are just players.

MRS. RICHMOND FLOWERS JR.

New York City

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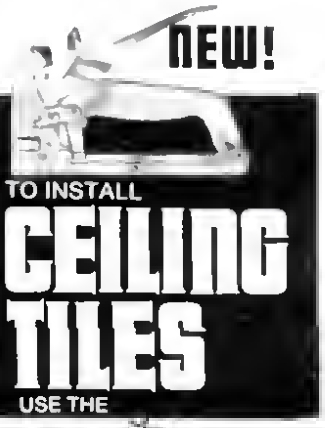
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The Audi®

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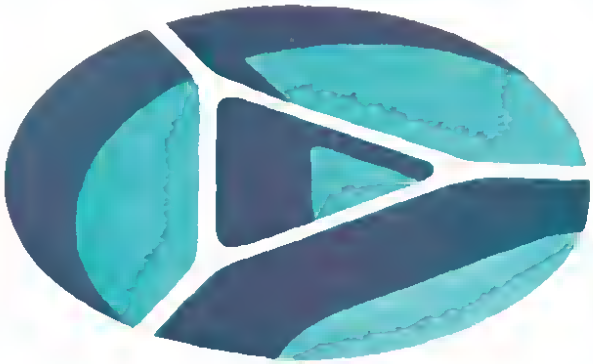

LATEST U.S. GOVERNMENT TESTS:
12 MGS. TAR, 0.7 MGS. NICOTINE

TRUE®

It's still True.

Ever since the U.S. Government began testing the tar and nicotine levels of cigarettes, True has been lower in both tar and nicotine than 99% of all other cigarettes sold. It was True in 1969. True in 1970. True in 1971. And it's still True in 1972.

Think about it. Shouldn't your next cigarette be True?

Regular and M[illegible] 1[illegible] mg. tar [illegible] mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette FTC Report Apr. 72

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health